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The Forehill House.

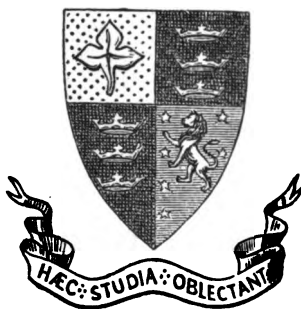


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THE
CLIFTONIAN.



VOL. I, 1870.



TO

THE REV. JOHN PERCIVAL,

HEAD MASTER OF CLIFTON COLLEGE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

May 21st, 1870.

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THE CLIFTONIAN.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS
OF CLIFTON COLLEGE.

DECEMBER, 1867.



CLIFTON:

SOLD BY J. BAKER, MALL PLACE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1867.

LEECH AND TAYLOR, PRENTERS, SMALL STREET, BRISTOL.

IN this, the first number of "THE CLIFTONIAN," we feel that a few words of preface will not be out of place, possibly may be expected. It does seem rather daring for so young a School to start a Magazine ; but we believe the School will not require any apology from us on this head ; and outsiders will probably look with some indulgence on our temerity, regarding it as one symptom amongst others of that youth which after all is possibly not an unmixed evil.

We do hope to be the organ of the School, to be the mirror in which its progress will be reflected for many years to come. And it will be no small matter if twenty years hence, in the libraries of Brown, ma., and Jones, mi., a nook, may we hope, a sacred nook, will be reserved for the old file of "THE CLIFTONIAN."

University honours, cricket matches, football, all the woof and warp of our stirring life in this place will here find its chronicle. Leger scores will flourish, goals will be decked with immortal bays ; and whatever of literary elegance, of taste, of earnest sympathy with nature, with art, with society, may spring up amongst us, we hope to treasure in "THE CLIFTONIAN" as in a casket. In "THE CLIFTONIAN" there shall be free play for all our School energies. Here the grumbler shall grumble over his grievance ; the reformer shall

propose his remedy; the "queer fellow" shall trot his hobby; the partisan shall back his colours.

We know that our first number is a kind of trial business; and we would ask for it an indulgent reception at the hands of the School. In fact "THE CLIFTONIAN" is nothing but what the School makes it. Our great pride is that we represent the School, and our honest endeavour will be to realize that feeling and that idea. "THE CLIFTONIAN" will not necessarily be published every month. The publication will be at irregular intervals, depending upon the accumulation in our box of matter suitable for publication.

THE EDITORS.

CLIFTON COLLEGE, Nov., 1867.

"THE CLIFTONIAN."

Whene'er a School has reached a certain size
Burning ambition will as sure arise—
Ambition—soaring as ethereal vapour
To make known to the world a monthly paper.
Still honoured more is Rugby's honoured name
By her bright "Meteor's" Editorial flame;
Harrow its "Tyro" boasts—the reason clear
All folk allow that it has lived a year.
And there it is, and there it thrives, and weekly draws it's
breath,
Not knowing of its forerunners what should it know of
death?

Allow me—where's my Editor? oh dear,
To introduce oneself is very queer,
My name is—(I could tear myself with rage);
I have it—look upon my title page.
I own a staff of Editors, the best without a doubt,
Yet even they (so good am I) could scarcely get me out.
Can it be that I was heavy—oh dear, no not at all;
Perhaps I was not done enough, perhaps I'm rather small.
Enough of this vain badinage. My readers young and fair,
In me you find a Journal as free as mountain air:
Political events to notice I don't deign,
Events I chronicle are of a more congenial strain.
But out I am, and here I am prepared to do or die;
Cliftonians list to what I say, I do not listless sigh;
My life is in your hands, whether—when years have rolled
And happy Time life's future shall unfold,
I still may live, and like an honoured friend
Claim as of yore your skill for me to lend.
Or whether—when the novelty has flown
The toy is thrown aside, and left alone
A pitiable spectacle, and fit for jeers,
A prey to evil prædicators' sneers.
Not such a fate attends me I am sure,
With this my comfort I can feel secure,
So readers all farewell—a fond adieu
Until we meet again in No. II.

A.P.

A PLEASANT VISIT.—(No. I.)

As a magazine is about to be published I feel it my duty, if possible, to contribute something towards it, but again and again that difficult question presents itself before me,

“What shall I write about?”

A kind friend at my elbow suggests “right about face,” the magazine he says will go to the dogs in a very short time; so indeed it would if everyone were to follow this kind friend’s advice, and leave it to his neighbour to write, without attempting any contribution himself, for very few things would be accomplished if men were never to try.

However, as my friend suggested,

“Right about face,” I *will* write about faces and a face that, whenever I think of it, recalls to my-mind the pleasant days I spent in my Christmas holidays of 186— at my uncle’s house in Leicestershire. Before I begin, I dare say, *gentle* readers, that you would like to know who was my uncle, and all about him and my charming cousins that I have not yet mentioned; however, as I cannot satisfy you on all the points you might like to know, as it might lead to a disclosure of the writer, you must pray be contented with what I am about to relate.

My uncle Tracy de Bracieux was my father’s elder brother, in consequence of which he came into the family estate at — Hall, in Leicestershire; the Bracieuxs were one of those few old families that survived since the Norman Conquest, and it is remarkable in what a direct line the estate has descended from father to son; my grandfather died in my infancy, and I had a very faint idea and recollection of the fine old residence of my ancestors, as I had passed my early boyhood in Canada, until I visited it in 186—. When my father returned from America, I was sent to one of the best public schools in England, where, after a few years my cousin Tom joined me, and became my study chum and most intimate friend. Many a time had he entreated me to spend my holidays at — Hall, but not until the Christmas of 186— was I enabled to avail myself of his kind invitation. The end of the term came at last, and with it the concert and the breaking up suppers at the various houses, which went off with the usual *eclat*; and after having bid farewell to those whom I might never meet again, with boyish spirits on the following morn I set off by train with my cousin Tom, to pass the first fortnight of the vacation at — Hall. (I wont add “and I hope never to spend a happier one,” as once said a fellow in the school-house at a breaking-up supper, when he was about to leave, whilst expressing his sincere regret at parting from the school, and

the happy time he had spent there,—meaning of course that he never hoped or expected to spend a happier time in his life). But let us proceed. Late in the afternoon we arrived at our journey's end, a neat dog-cart awaited us at the station, which conveyed us in about half-an-hour to the lodge of my uncle's park: the gate was thrown open in an instant, and as we drove up we saw awaiting us at the hall-door the pleasant faces of those whom I am about to acquaint my readers with. In the first place my uncle was one of those fine old English gentlemen you so seldom meet with except in the country, with plenty of money and a hearty good cheer for everyone. My aunt had been laid in the silent tomb many years back, so that I can tell you nothing about her. The next in the group that I shall mention was my fair cousin Clara; luxuriant auburn tresses, soft-blue eyes, and regularly formed features, combined with great liveliness and wit, rendered her one of the pleasantest girls you could imagine. Tom just turned 17, a year and a half younger than Clara, was rather an odd character, had a good share of the wit of the family, cared for nothing much but his gun, dogs, and horses, called dancing, evening parties, and such things, sentimental humbug; deemed everyone who had a share in them more or less fools, and voted "girls" generally a bore, saying that they were only fit to lead and not to be led about by sentimental "puppies;" so much for his opinion.

Jack had never been to school; he was however much more sociable than Tom, and ready for any fun and practical jokes that might be set on foot, no matter to him when, where, or what description.

Alice, the youngest, just in her teens, was of a cheerful disposition, and the very image of her elder sister.

"Well, Tom, how are you, old fellow? Bless my soul! is this Charlie, how you have grown, I should never have known you, although I do certainly trace a family likeness," said my uncle; "Let me introduce Clara, Alice, and Jack to you, although I know they would soon have done that for themselves."

The shaking of hands on both sides being performed, we marched into the house.

"Jack, just show Charlie his room, and look sharp, for we must not let the dinner get cold." Jack did as he was bid, and, whilst I was getting myself ready, acquainted me with all the news in the place in about half the time any one else would have taken to do the same.

"I'm awfully glad you came to-day," said he, "as the hounds meet to-morrow at 10.30, at Haversham Corner, about half-a-mile from here, and I'll bet ten to one we shall have deuced good sport." I told him that I was not up to much in

the hunting line, as I got so little of it at home, and that he must not expect grand doings from me."

"Oh, that's all humbug, I wish you would lick Tom, he generally comes in at the death, and thinks that no one can beat him, and when Blackthorn is fresh and Tom on his back, it is no easy matter for any one to do it: however, if Gipsy kept her temper and a good rider were on her, I'll venture to say that Tom would find his match, as she is much faster and lasts longer than Blackthorn, although not quite so good at stiff fences, as she takes her leaps in too much of a 'fly;' the country just round here, however, is very easy; we have not had much rain lately, and if you think you could manage her, I'll tell Jim to get her ready for to-morrow. By Jove! what an excitement there would be at the meet to see any one on Gipsy except Herbert Longfield, or our groom Jim."

"I don't know what you are dreaming about Jack, but I tell you plainly that I have not the slightest intention or wish to be deposited on the green sward in the first five minutes, and that I certainly shall be if what I have heard of Gipsy from Tom is correct."

"Bosh! there's the bell, come along."

"Hallo! you two, what have you been about all this time? Here's Tom nearly famished, and I am sure Charlie must be so also. Come along then Charlie, said Clara, pulling my arm within hers, we'll lead the way, as we perhaps shall to-morrow, eh? Master Tom, if Blackthorn leaves you behind on the first brook."

Tom smiled, "it will take a better horse than Wild Briar, Clara, to lick Blackthorn." We were by this time seated, and for a short time our appetites would not permit much talking. Soon, however, the conversation assumed a brisker turn; the subject was of course hunting, as the morrow was anxiously looked forward to by all parties. My uncle related many interesting anecdotes of his performances in his younger days, and inspired me with such a desire of distinguishing myself on the morrow, as I have not often felt; alas, vain ambition!

"By the bye, Clara," said I, when we had removed to the drawing-room, "do you know what that young brother of yours has been driving at?"

"No! What?"

"Why he evidently wanted me to break my neck; it seems that I was to ride Gipsy, risk my life, and I do not know what else, merely for the sake of beating Tom to-morrow."

"Of course you don't intend doing anything so absurd, no sensible being would, besides I told Jim that you would ride Topsy. Papa has had him a good many years, and he is a great favourite with us all; I'm sure you will like him, he is a better horse than the one I am going to ride, and you could

easily leave Jack and me behind if you chose (but I hope you wont do anything so ungallant, she added with a smile)."
 "Topsy, I answered, will suit me to a 't,' and I shall much prefer to be in yours and Jack's company than to ride a break neck race with Tom."

"Well, unless you *do* ride Gipsy it is not of much use trying to beat him, for nothing stops him; wherever any one else goes he goes too, and woe betide the horse and rider who attempt all the leaps that he does."

"Come, Clara, said my uncle, let us have a song, I do declare that I have been asleep for the last hour."

She immediately complied with his wish, and favoured us, in a rich melodious voice, with the "Last Rose of Summer," and as the last note was dying away, the door was suddenly flung open, and in came Jack leading the most grotesque and extraordinary being I ever set eyes on. It seemed a four-footed monster attired in elegant looking trousers, and top-boots, with huge rolling eyes peering beneath an old-fashioned bonnet which was fastened under the chin, and a loose mantle was thrown over its back.

"Allow me," said Jack, "to present to you my noble friend—the illustrious Sultan of Dumdum."

"Gracious goodness! what have you got there, Jack?" was ejaculated on all sides. "Hush!" said he, "although my friend cant understand English, yet your jestures evidently make him feel uneasy and may hurt his feelings, which are of a very sensitive nature."

Whilst we were looking on in dumb amazement, a low moaning sound was heard, the bonnet slipped round and disclosed to view the ungainly head of a huge calf.

"By Jove! you young rascal," exclaimed Tom, "you have taken my boots for that ugly brute, wont I give it you," with which words he made a rush at Jack, who, however, evaded his grasp, and escaped through the open door, closely pursued by Tom.

No sooner had Jack let go of the calf than it began to move uneasily about, suddenly bewildered by the glare of lights, and probably would have caused destruction amongst the vases and ornaments, had not I immediately sprung up, and after a great deal of exertion succeeded in restoring it to the place whence it came.

So much for that night's adventure. On the following morning I awoke with the same feelings that one usually does when in a strange place, but on looking at my watch and finding that it was past nine, and remembering the prospects of the day before me, I sprang out of bed, and attired myself (in "light bags" and a velveteen coat and vest, being the most suitable things I had with me for hunting

in): when I came into the breakfast-room, I perceived that they had begun; there sat Tom, equipped in correct "cords" and tops, having on a loose morning coat, until he should assume the more appropriate hunting costume; by his side was Clara in a black riding habit, with an elegant lace collar round her neck, looking more beautiful than ever. We soon finished breakfast, and the horses were brought round for us.

Blackthorn and Wild Briar came first, and when Tom and Clara had mounted, Jim went back to the stable and returned holding tightly by the bridle a fine spirited and restless animal; at first I thought it was Topsy, and that he was much more spirited than I should have liked; I was, however, soon undeceived by Tom's voice.

"What nonsense! Charlie *can't* ride Gipsy."

I do not know what it was, and cannot imagine to this day, but some magic power came over me; on hearing Tom's voice I coolly said, "Oh! never mind, as Gipsy is saddled I'll ride her; no sooner said than done, in the twinkling of an eye I was on her back. All right, Jim," said I, "let her go."

I felt a tremendous jerk; there was a rear, a plunge, and ———.

(La suite au prochain numéro).

L. C. B.

A G O A K.

When peas are seen,
Of sweet pale green,
And sauce of mint hath ever been
A welcome guest, to minds possest
Of reason;
Come, tell me true
Why I and you
Should ever mourn, should ever rue
The juicy roast
Which then is most
In season?

THE ANSWER.

Dinner, of all the meals, should be
Least *Lamb-on-table*, don't you see?

“LUPUS.”

Ædibus in nostris locus est, ubi quisque catervæ
 Convenit electæ,—seu ludi pectora captant
 Gaudia seu grati sermonis; sive legendi
 Dūrum opus Euripidis versus, et carmina Flacci,
 Doctrinamque gravem Demosthenis et Ciceronis,
 Convocat invitos—Subito vox ærea clamat—
 Huc, illuc, libri jaciuntur; quisque rapaci
 Ore petit promum; casei panisque catinum
 Postulat, et cyathum *vappā vel lacte repletum;
 Tum mensas onerant nudas, epulæque parantur
 Regifico luxu; primus sine lance coronat
 Bos mediam mensam, “fumosæ cum pede pernae.”
 Cumque bovis linguā, †salmo perfusus aceto,
 Perdicesque decem “tergent nidore palatum.”
 Nec desunt fructus ‡cocti, nec magna placenta.

Hand mora, sed capiunt cuncti simul omnia raptim
 Quisque sibi; tentat quidam superare vorando,
 “Cui” *Lupus* “ex vero dictum cognomen adhæret.”
 Quattuor hic solus perdices, devorat ore
 Ingenti, stomacho salmonis frusta reponit
 Multa, bovis fauces complet nunc lingua rapaces;
 Derident comites quum devorat ille placentam,
 Dimidiosque haurit fructus—“atque integer ipse.”
 Dumque bibit vappam, rursus vox ærea clamat
 §Vota jubens; illum magnus “sic servat Apollo.”

H. B.

* Swipes. † Pickled Salmon. ‡ Jams. § Prayer bell.

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY.

We are painfully aware of the fact that our subject is no new one, and that every sentence and expression may threaten us with the terrors of plagiarism. Deeply do we feel it and as deeply do we regret that our efforts have been so weak, and that others have trodden so often in the same track. Our only excuse lies therefore in the fact that we believe such a subject to be an essential accompaniment of every school magazine, and on that account we beg that the reader will be graciously pleased to make allowance for the unworthiness of our productions. But should it by any chance happen that any of the remarks herein contained are new to the eye of anyone, why in that case

I wont insult their reading by the mention
 Of the book's name, but if they *have not* read
 I here bespeak the honours of invention,

and if unluckily they have, I implore them to consider my intentions as of the best, though their fruits may be distasteful.

It has been often said that school is a little world, and that our stay at school is in miniature that which life is as a reality. But we must also bear in mind that the "big" life outside is itself a school, and that our education is intended to teach ourselves when we launch out into the serious business of our existence. The world has been compared to a stage on which "each man in his life plays many parts." The school-boy though there represented as one of the personages, we think might almost as well be the inmate of the "Green Room," where he learns the part that he has to play and performs the "great piece" over in mimicry.

Yet we need to be reminded of this. For so much engrossed are we with the "to-day" that it takes more than an ordinary reminder to thrust very forcibly upon us the "to-morrow." Schoolboys are as a rule a thoughtless set, with light hearts and few cares, with full determination to enjoy the present, and hopeful confidence for the future. Perhaps you may here or there meet with a solemn countenance big with the consciousness of great deeds to come, but then the possessor is far beyond his years, and is at best but an unnatural creature.

"He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

No, speak not ill of the light heart and the merry laugh of boyhood. The stream that leaps down with a buoyant spring and rushes eagerly into its future gathers strength and vigour for the course beyond, when its waters shall have deepened, and the hills that gave it birth are left far behind. But to steady its rapid whirl and give it some of the dignity of a full river, to aid in forming an under-current of thought in the stream of life is one of the great reasons why a Debating Society is established.

"A Debating Society! Only imagine people quite inexperienced and thoughtless contriving to set up a Debating Society. What an absurd idea! Why don't they wait until the stream deepens of its own accord, without trying to dig under it in that way? They cannot make the waters deeper though they do let them sink beneath the earth. They cannot force them like a plant. Besides just imagine the sort of existence such a thing would have among a set of boys. They would make fun of it! or if it was really a serious undertaking they would get tired of it and give up the idea altogether! What 'intermortuæ conciones' you would have, to be sure!"

Stay, gentle sir. I perceive that you are almost as headstrong and hasty as those whom you censure. What is the

whole course of education intended for? Is it not to cause that under-current to flow? My words were to "*aid* in forming;" so you see Debating Societies do not work alone, and the "idea" is not so "absurd" after all!

Yet it must be confessed that it does lead a curious sort of life *at present*—it is only an infant as yet you know—shifting, struggling, at times even desperate. Like the northern mosses it flourishes most in the cold and bleak season of winter, when social meetings and a good fire are most inviting, when after the exciting "big-side" match and its attendant gloryings and disputes it is really wonderful to see the resignation with which our giants of the field submit themselves to the cold—we hope not spiritless—discussion of some abstract topic carefully chosen with a view not to prejudice them at all. Party spirit is not tolerated in these august assemblies; such things we leave for the hot-headed disputants outside. *We* discuss our questions with stolid coolness and disinterestedness; and though we may confess to some who are so frail as to wax ardent, yet, as a rule, our temper is well under command, and it is not often that we are stirred to any undignified violence of speech.

Then the language. How impressive! how eloquent! its only fault that it is a little too laconic, if that may be called laconic, which leaves the listener anxious for its continuance. No, it cannot be a fault! Why it is considered to be the pitch of a writer's art to tickle but not satisfy the fancy of his readers, and why not so for an orator?

You should see the effect of such a judiciously ended speech upon the rest of the audience. How they sit silent and still, entranced no doubt by the eloquence of the last speaker until after the lapse of some sixty seconds a busy stir reminds them that others as deeply regret as they do the abruptness of the oration, so short does it seem to their ardent ear!

Oh! who can tell save he whose *ear* hath tried. *Procul este profani!* These words are only for those initiated in such matters. Ye who are without could not with your weak nerves and weaker understandings bear such a strong dose!

Religious topics, as is right, are most carefully shunned, but we *do* deign to handle politics, and most delicate handling they undergo at the hands of our learned members.

But questions which are of interest at the present day are generally preferred to those of bygone times, and perhaps unnaturally—considering our years.

The existence of the world has often been compared to the life of an individual, and the dawn of knowledge to the first ideas of boyhood. Certainly that period is the most fanciful, and chivalry was the baby growth of the European intellect.

But the "march of mind" soon led to more prosy subjects, until in our era it reached its present state of deep philosophical culture. Well, then, reasoning by analogy the state of the intellect in youth should be on a level with the period from Chaucer to Milton, and it is surely unnatural to expect any great interest to be taken in proceedings requiring such advanced mental culture as those of the present day. Whether our preference for these topics is owing to the immense superiority of our intellects, or to the predilection in favour of such subjects as are most uninteresting, we cannot say for certain. It *may* be that the theory we have quoted is at fault, but we for our own part consider that it is owing to the first mentioned cause. But to speak seriously. Debating Societies anywhere—and especially at schools—cannot but be most beneficial. They improve the diction and style which are always apt to become debased by every day parlance. They accustom men to public speaking, and to the expression of their thoughts in language suited to the occasion. They produce an intellectual life and tend to preserve that originality of ideas which suffers most by being drilled through the monotonous lessons of the school career. They also "combine instruction with amusement, as the printed pocket handkerchiefs say," and do much towards the destruction of those villainous "greenbacks" with sensational pictures without, and sensational rubbish within. Besides no one when present need have any fears for his regular work. We assure you that "*pros*" and "*cons*" are there liberally supplied!

But more than this,—to return to a serious strain—the habit of debating teaches men to think quickly and readily, and to put their thoughts into a connected shape with promptness and facility. It gives them an acquaintance with matters which do not fall within the limits of school routine, yet with which it is perhaps of no less importance that they should be familiar. But the great reason of its success is the pride that is taken in such an undertaking. The feeling that it is a work of our own hands unassisted or directed by others gives also a determination not to let it fall to the ground, and creates an interest akin to that felt in the athletic sports which are left more dependent on the efforts of the boys for success.

If the object of a school magazine is "the study of the human character in the age of youth with a view to its improvement," the Debating Society has the "improvement of youth" for its aim by a method not less sure. It is there that we learn to profit by the thoughts of others, and we are ourselves stimulated to efforts for our own advancement by the thought that every step we gain will be common to the whole society.

N. B.

THE OAK.

Grim and huge the old Oak stood,
 He had braved the tempest's wrath,
 When the black sky thundered forth,
 He, the monarch of the wood.

He the howling winds had fought,
 Sent them baffled to their home,
 He had seen and overcome,
 Turned the blusterings to nought.

Then as howling on they flew,
 And on him dark vengeance vowed,
 Laughing at their threats he bowed,
 Bade their routed bands adieu.

But he felt not others woe;
 For the blast that he defied
 Smote the weaker at his side,
 Him it shunned; yet laid them low.

Towering o'er the rest he stood,
 Grimly proud and proudly grim;
 And they all were proud of him,
 Lordly monarch of the wood!

RUSTICUS.

A NOVEL MODE OF ANGLING, AND WHAT CAME
 OF IT.

Not long ago, on a tour in the Highlands, my father and I put up at a very diminutive inn on the banks of Loch Awe, a favourite resort of anglers. We came, intending to try a hand on the Loch for a couple of days. I had pictured to myself all sorts of things in the shape of salmon grilse and trout, but we soon ascertained that the fly-fishing in the Loch at that season was little or no good, and that we had better try for pike. This was no end of a sell, and we thought we need scarcely have come so far for pike-fishing. However, there we were, and so made up our minds to be content.

The first day was so stormy and wet that we did not venture out on the Loch, but I amused myself for an hour with catching half a dozen very small trout in a little burn hard by the inn. In the evening, as we sat in the one sitting

room which the inn afforded, two men arrived with rods, baskets, and all the necessary paraphernalia for angling.

They very soon began to enquire about the fishing, and as we had as yet no information to give, one of them began to tell us what he intended to do. He said he had not brought any pike tackle, he did not care for that kind of fishing; where he lived he could catch a dozen good fish any day; he had come to the Highlands for better game, and intended to try a novel mode of fishing, with which he expected to astonish the simple natives.

Well, I went to bed, thinking this man was either a very knowing hand or else an egregious fool. Next morning it rained cats and dogs, and as the fishing was the only inducement to the place I lay in bed longer than usual to pass the time; when we got down stairs we found our friends had been gone a good hour, without a boatman, so confident were they in their own skill. About one o'clock it began to clear up, so we soon followed down to the Loch with old Donald the boatman. When we had got fairly afloat, and at some distance from the house (we had to row four miles to the head of the Loch), I found to my chagrin I had brought my fly rod instead of my pike rod. There was nothing left for me to do, therefore, but to fish for trout as we rowed along, which I did without raising a fish, as the water was as smooth as glass, and the nice little splash I made at every throw, I should think, fully accounted for the absence of fish in my basket when we reached the head of the Loch. Here, in a most beautiful piece of water, the governor trolled unsuccessfully for about half an hour, and not being so eager as I, he put down his rod, and I gladly seized it to try and tempt the fish. In about five minutes I hooked a small one, but, on attempting to haul him bodily into the boat, the little wretch (he was hardly worth having) dropped in again. In another minute I was battling with a much better fish, which weighed 5 lbs. when we got it into the boat. Almost immediately afterwards I got hold of another, and after a short struggle he lay by the side of the first, a nice fish of 6 lbs. weight.

The governor now began to be jealous, I think, or else did not feel quite so lazy; any how, he began again, and soon landed another of 4½ lbs. After a little more unsuccessful fishing he handed the rod over to me again, and I hooked a few more fish and lost them. And now we had used all our baits (we only had the few trout I caught the previous day), so I put on an artificial bait, which I had just bought, and was very anxious to try, but which I did not believe in at all. My belief was pretty well confirmed, and I was about to give up, when I saw a large fish chase a trout out of the water two or three times; so we rowed gently up, and the first throw I

made the fish seized my despised bait, and as my tackle was very fine, he was in the weeds before I knew what he was up to. However, Donald understood his business, and rowed round the fish, and drove it out into the clear deep water, and here, after a ten minutes' struggle, we landed a beautiful fish of 10½ lbs. As it was then getting rather late, we put up our tackle and started home, and as I rowed along, watching the effect of a glorious sunset reflected in the glassy water, and casting all sorts of fanciful shadows, which my fertile imagination changed into monster pike and sportive trout, I thought I had never enjoyed an afternoon more in my life.

On reaching the land, old Donald was much pleased at receiving the accustomed tip, which varies with the sport obtained; as we were very well satisfied with ours, Donald came in for rather more than usual, and I am sure he was thoroughly satisfied with his share in the day's work.

We then proceeded to the inn, and there found our friends at tea. The tail end of a fish was visible on the table, and we naturally supposed they were eating the proceeds of their day's sport. However, on enquiry, we found that they had got cold, wet, and hungry, without ever seeing a fish.

Having looked at and admired our fish, at the same time telling us they were good for nothing, they told Donald they should require his services the next day. But Donald, who enjoyed the sport as well as we, and perhaps bearing in mind the late addition to his pocket, refused to engage himself to any one else as long as we remained at the inn and were likely to want his help. However, as we were going away the next day, Donald was engaged to catch baits and get every thing ready for them. He brought them a plentiful supply of fresh little trout, and they—poaching rascals—rummaged up from the innkeeper's stock a lot of trimmers and some very strong coarse line, ridiculing our fine tackle and ten minutes' struggle with one fish, when they could haul in a fish twice the size without any difficulty, but with an engine which resembled a chain cable and a meat hook.

As we were anxious to hear what they did with their poaching contrivances, after such an elaborate preparation, we asked the innkeeper—who was a bit of a wag—to send us word to the next town by the daily coach, and a few days after we heard the following account:—"They began by setting their trimmers here and there to fish by themselves, and then fished the whole day, and caught nothing but one pike, barely four pounds in weight, which was caught on one of the set lines. They then thought an artificial bait might answer, just as if pike would run at any bait trailed through the water with line like a cart rope.

"Our friend who talked so much the day before was so utterly

disgusted that he would not take the trouble of putting his tackle up, but contented himself with reeling up his line till nothing was left hanging from the end of his rod but his artificial bait. As he walked home by a hedgeside, he came to a sheep which had left the rest of the flock in the next field by means of a gap. In a discontented and nothing-to-do kind of state, he applied the end of his rod to the sheep's back, intending to drive it through the gap again; the hooks naturally fixed themselves in the wool, and as the sheep started suddenly, and burst through the gap, they very probably buried themselves in the flesh. The hooks held so firmly that the sheep ran off with the greater part of the line, which was scarcely strong enough for sheep fishing, though the man had boasted it would haul in bodily anything of the pike species. Upon losing his tackle he dropped his rod and tore up a hill after the sheep, but his agility was not up to that of a Highland sheep on its own hills, so he was forced to return to the inn minus his borrowed tackle, and thus ended his novel mode of fishing, and I am quite sure it *did* astonish the simple natives when his companion, who left him playing his last fish, returned to the inn by himself and related the incident."

The last I saw of this man was on a steamer on Loch Lomond, and here he told me *part* of his story, adding that he did not believe in Loch Awe pike, and had now come to try his novel mode in Loch Lomond.

Y. R. L.

PERILOUS ASCENT OF THE SCHILTHORN, AS ACHIEVED BY A CLIFTONIAN IN 1867.

Mürren, August 25th, 4.30 a.m.—“Hullo, there! get up! get up! we shall start in ten minutes. Why, man, I called you half-an-hour ago. Now *do* be a good fellow; only think how jolly it will be when once you are up.” “Get up? Oh, yes, yes, only stop that confounded knocking, and go away. I’ll be down in a minute.” Not a bit of it; the fates were against me, and he would not listen, so I was obliged to tumble out of bed, and into my bath and clothes simultaneously, as well as I could in my state of semi-imbecility.

We took a hasty breakfast, grasped our Alpen-stocks, and stepped out resolutely. The party consisted of five English ladies, a gentleman, and your humble servant—two horses for the ladies, and three guides. The ascent begins immediately

on leaving Mürren, by an abrupt path at the back of the hotel. One of our horses, who seemed to know what was before him, soon began to object, and offered a passive resistance to my pressing entreaties. Those whose knowledge of the German language advances no farther than "Ahn's Exercises," can, perhaps, sympathise with my frantic though piteous endeavours to abuse in good round vernacular our sluggish Swiss horse and three thick-headed Alpine guides. My readers may imagine my feelings when I looked back and saw our steed standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, my sister slipping off slowly and majestically as the saddle turned round, and the guide scratching his head and staring at her! My emotions permit me to say no more. At last, however, we got fairly under weigh, and no adventures worth relating occurred. The path was well marked; on all sides flowers peeped out from among the rocks, the deep blue gentian side by side with the sturdy larkspur, and the meek little pansies hiding themselves under the broad leaves of the Alpine ranunculus. Three of the ladies of our party were great botanists, and as we had grown very intimate at the hotel, we were all likewise bitten by a botanical mania, and loaded ourselves, our pockets, and boxes (the contents of which have created the most delightful confusion upon being turned out at home). But to resume. We kept merrily on our way for one-and-a-half hours, when the first patches of snow were reached, and the highest peaks of the Schilthorn became visible. The path diverged to the left, up a long rugged ravine, with beetling crags on either side, and snow at intervals. Here one of our guides, Ulric Veuzy by name, a broad-shouldered young mountaineer, and by far the most intelligent of the three, sang a Swiss "jodel" with a clear manly voice, the echo to which was caught up by the surrounding cliffs, and we heard it until it died away in the far distance. Another hour and the ladies dismount, the horses are tied up, and the real work begins. From here to the summit the path lies almost entirely through snow, the ascent in places is steep, but nowhere dangerous. On hearing a shout behind us, we looked round, and saw the gentleman of our party, rather a mild specimen of his sex, floundering in a hole up to his waist, and were greatly amused at his comical expression, while Miss —— good naturedly helped him out.

Not long afterwards we reached the monument to poor Mrs. Arbuthnot. It is impossible to help feeling melancholy when looking on that sad silent cross. You no doubt remember the story. How the young couple (they had only been six months married) started gaily from Mürren up the mountain. At this point, three-quarters of an hour from the summit, Mrs. Arbuthnot feeling tired sat down to rest, while

her husband went on with the guide; they had not been gone long before flashes of lightning were seen, and Mr. Arbuthnot's mind misgiving him he returned to his wife to find her—a corpse. Stunned and bewildered by the sight, he seemed to have lost all control over himself and rushed to the edge of the precipice—the guide seized and drew him back, and persuading him that the lady was only in a swoon, with ready presence of mind set him to chafe her hands while he hastened down the mountain for assistance. Who can describe that dreadful hour! The watch of the husband by the dead wife—nothing to break the infinite stillness of the mighty Alps—nothing to rouse his stunned brain. The place is bleak and barren and seems as if a curse was upon it; not a flower grows near, and even the snow seems to shrink away; the exact spot marked by a small marble cross, with a simple inscription and the date June 25th, 1865. Excursionists however had been before us, and seemed to have been in no way either touched in mind or checked in appetite, for the place was strewn with paper-bags and egg-shells. Let us hope that these traces were not left by Englishmen. Three-quarters of an hour more stiff walking brought us to the summit in time for a glorious view. The magnificent Jungfrau towered above us, blushing under the glances of the morning sun, while the Silberhorn stood out pure and dazzling in contrast with the frowning precipices of the Schwartz Mönch. Farther on lay the glaciers of the Eiger and Mönch, while far down beneath our feet lay the gloomy depths of the Sufineuthal and valley of Lauterbrüden; to the left stretched the vales of Hasli and Brienz, while in the distance the old Niesen rose black and grim from the shores of Thun. Behind us the snowy range was continued in the ridges of the Mittaghorn, Grosehorn and Gspaltenhorn, while far, far away, the peaks of Mont Blanc were faintly visible. Never can we feel the sense of our own utter insignificance more strongly than when gazing on these enormous types of grandeur.

After enjoying the view for some time longer we commenced the ascent. The upper snowy slope of the Schilthorn affords a famous “glissade;” but as many of my fellow Cliftonians may not have tried this novel mode of progression, I will attempt a short description of it. The summer sun soon melts the upper surface of the snow, which, congealed again by the evening frost, becomes crisp and hard enough to admit of persons walking over it without sinking further than the ankles. To accomplish the glissade the Alpen-stock must be held behind, with the weight thrown well upon it, and the feet kept close together. Imagine a slide of from one hundred to two hundred feet

without stopping and you can form some conception of the sensation.

But I have lost time over descriptions and the others have started. Just watch them: down they go, the ladies screaming with laughter and fright, hanging on like grim death to the coat-tails of the guides, and brandishing their Alpen-stocks in every conceivable direction but the right one. Its bad enough to help a lady to skate, but it is ten times worse to help a lady down a glissade. Watch the mild gentleman: he starts at first solemn of countenance, then ludicrous apprehension steals over his face as the pace increases, suddenly relapsing into a triumphant smile as he finds himself, contrary to his expectations, safe and sound at the bottom. The fun and excitement were so great that we several times reclinced the snow slope to glissade back again. Everything, however, must have an end, so when our breath at last failed us we resumed our way, and reached our chalet house without further adventure.

I have nothing more to add, save a sincere hope that my readers may all have spent as pleasant a vacation as that which I spent in Switzerland. W. G.

THE TWO PREDICTIONS,

OR

THE LAY OF THE CLIFTONIAN.

"Great actions," as I've read, "are not always true sons
Of even the greatest and best resolutions."
Of course this is only a proverb, and therefore
Absurd—we need not state the why or the wherefore.
Long time it was since our resolve had been made,
Well matured you'll observe were the plans we had laid,
When the long-delayed meeting was summoned at last,
And without opposition the motion was passed.
We declared one and all it was "shabby and mean
"To delay, and we must have a School Magazine;
"And, therefore, resolve that whatever the cost
"It be started at once—that no time may be lost."

Here are the Editors: "Come, let us see,
"What shall our paper be? What *can* it be?
"With so many sharp fellows,
"Twont need any bellows

B

"To puff it—an eager demand, and a sale
 "Beyond all expectation—'twill tell its own tale.
 "What *shall* it be? Why, a decided success!
 "What *can* it be? Well that's no harder to guess.
 "It 'shall' be as good as it 'can' be, I take it.
 "It cannot be better than what we will make it.

"But comic or serious, which shall we choose?
 "A volume of treatises, essays, reviews,
 "Or a Judy, a Punch,—or a regular News?

"We'll make it a Chronicle!

"No, that won't do.

"It must be retrospective and prospective too.

"Then, why not say a Times or a Standard at once,
 "'From our own Correspondent,' and 'latest from France,'
 "With proper political 'crackjaw' and phrases
 "Chopped up and made ready to fit in their places?"
 (Chopped up by the way, not a bad idea half!
 One would think this "chop" logic would savour of chaff.)

While thus they disputed, one "son of a gun,"
 Who had happily hit on what ought to be done,
 By mistake, blurted out, "Make 'em all into one!"
 "Let your Paper be Bell's Life, Punch, Judy, and Fun,
 "Clifton Chronicle, Standard, Times, Treatise and Essay!
 "For if so successful when single, I des' say
 "Combined, they'll combine their success in proportion.
 "I call it a most salutary precaution!

"And what if it's called particoloured?

"Why quote

"Your best ancient authority, viz., Joseph's coat.

"And if it don't turn out as good as I've said

"And better—why bless me! I'll eat my own head!"

This speech pleased them so beyond mortal conception;
 They all gave applause—with a single exception.
 But when "tumult dwindled down into a calm,"
 And he no longer feared grievous bodily harm,
 In tones that inspired his hearer's with awe,
 He exclaimed with due dignity, "There; hold your jaw!"
 "What do *you* know of school magazines and their history?"
 He could speak with a proper proportion of mystery.
 The qualification you'll please to observe—
 It is all that an orator wants besides nerve.
 "For my part, I've searched ancient history through
 "And I *safely* can say that I know more than *you*;

"But in all my researches I've never once met
 "With e'en the bare mention of such a thing yet.
 "We know that the Magi who came from afar
 "Owed all their success to the 'Evening Star.'
 "That Cain took 'a Bell's life' we've frequently heard,
 "And though some don't believe it, it really occurred.
 "But it stands pretty clear that a school magazine
 "At that time was not thought of, much less ever seen.
 "That schools then existed of course is quite plain,
 "For a school is a *sine qua non* to a 'Cain.'
 "Pray were not the patriarchs wiser than you?
 "Do you think *you* know all *their* experience knew,
 "That over the pathways that they never went, your
 "Foolhardy presumption thus tempts you to venture?
 "You've 'counted your chickens before they are hatched.'
 "The result will, I tell you, be tattered and patched.
 "For there's not a man here that's enough of a swell
 "To walk in the path where his forefathers fell
 "Without his eggs 'hatching' a regular 'sell.' "

Exit the "exception." The rest half inclined
 To believe him, but could not quite make up their mind.
 Then the first speaker said "If I may be so bold,
 "If our eggs 'hatch a sell' *we* shall hardly be 'sold.'
 "He thought it would turn out 'Great cry, little wool:'
 "He may think what he likes, silly fellow, but you'll
 "Bear in mind 'tis th' 'exception' that proveth the rule."

My story is done, and I leave it to you,
 Gentle reader, to say which prediction was true.

N. B.

IN MEMORIAM.

BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25TH, 1854.

Swords are ringing, clashing, as the squadrons close;
 Troopers madly slashing at their shrinking foes,
 Pistols snapping, knelling, vapour thickly rolls;
 Each report is telling of departed souls.

In the charge the quickest, foremost in the fight,
 Where Death's hand raged thickest, there his sword flashed
 bright;

There his voice rang loudest, there the blood ran red,
 God cuts off the proudest, and his soul has fled.
 Mangled forms are lying on the bloodsoaked sod,
 Where the trooper dying yields his soul to God ;
 Breezes moaning, sweeping, night dews round are shed,
 Nature too seems weeping for the noble dead.

Tenderly they bore him to his hallowed grave,
 Green the grass grows o'er him, Jesus loves the brave ;
 May the sod lie lightly, and from out the skies,
 Shine, O ! sun, shine brightly where the hero lies.

And when death's deep river ye have safely past,
 When ye reach for ever Heaven's gate at last ;
 There in spotless beauty, he who fell in fight,
 He who did his duty, lives a Son of Light.

BIG-SIDE RUN—PENPOLE COURSE.

Experiences, Observations and Advice, by an Old (though somewhat lazy) Hand.

As the Penpole Run seems to be a great favourite with Big-Side hares, and as I have myself followed on that course a good many times, I think it may not be presumptuous on my part to say a few words, and offer a little advice with regard to it. I shall describe in particular the first run of this season, which took place on Saturday, October 12th. There was a far larger attendance on that day than I ever remember having seen before, and in my opinion it was the pleasantest run in which I have ever taken part.

I may state that when I start, I am always possessed with the laudable determination of "coming in," but which generally ebbs out gradually as I proceed, and has entirely vanished by the time I get to the top of the hill in King's Weston Park. The day in question proved no exception to my general rule. I started with the rest, but had not gone far before I got a hasty stitch.

Advice.—When you have a stitch, don't stop, press your hand into your side and run on ; it will go away soon.

I was all right again by the time I got over the Downs, and did not feel any further distress till I got past Sea Mills, for I foolishly tried to jog-trot up the incline there.

Advice.—Always walk up this ; there is a splendid place for a spin along the path through the turnip field and down the meadows to the left at the bottom.

Well, I ran to the foot of the hill in King's Weston Park, and walking up this did not tend to freshen me by any means; I was now about a hundred yards behind the first hound.

Advice.—If you are foolish enough to wish to come in, (which, remember, I *have* myself accomplished once or twice) this is the place to keep, for you can stand still and blow a bit every now and then, whilst the first people are looking for scent.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! what are those first fellows made of? Look! they have begun to run directly they have reached the flat ground at the top. I really must walk a bit. They are at the sunk-fence before I can screw up my courage to begin running again. And now some of the fellows behind come up, and I fall back into the second lot. The next trying place is that quarry on Penpole Hill, by the side of which we have to scramble down.

Observation.—Why should the hares always lead us down this way? It is not much shorter than the road round on the left; and a slip might easily be fatal.

I now see the leading hounds just four fields ahead, of course my chance of a place at the finish is quite gone; the calves of my legs are very stiff, and I groan within me as I contemplate the "grind" over the Downs at the end. From this point to the road, however, I consider the nicest part of the run; there is nothing I enjoy so much as the brook jumps.

Advice.—Never take a jump at sight, but having chosen your take off and landing place, go at it at once; if you can't clear it, rather wade in and scramble up the other side than run out of your way in search of a crossing.

After the jumps I caught up three of the people who went ahead before Penpole, but who had now found the pace too much for them; to these I stuck till the end of the run. We took it pretty easily, "grinding" and walking in alternate stretches of about two hundred yards, (I can't stand your fellow who pounds along the whole while).

Advice.—As a matter of course join yourself to two or three other fellows at this part of the run, when you begin to feel done up, give vent to a loud Oh! or some such exclamation, and your companions will generally begin walking on this, so that you can get a rest without the humiliation of confessing yourself tired. If, however, this fails there is nothing for it but to ask the rest to hold hard; this never fails, unless you are in the first lot.

I greatly refreshed myself with two or three blackberries which I picked from the hedge as I went along.

Advice.—Never get into an orchard to get pears or apples, they only blow you out, besides which you get cold whilst

picking them, and stand the chance of getting a pitch-fork run into a certain part of your anatomy.

We only had one ploughed field to do, thanks to the hares (most unusual consideration on their part I may say); over this we trotted.

Advice.—Don't funk a ploughed field; it is much less trouble to go across it than to toil round; always jog over, the mud does not stick to your feet so much.

Next, after some very up-hill work we got on to King's Weston Downs, doing these pretty quickly.

Advice.—Always "spurt" over these Downs; the turf is like India-rubber, you have only to let your feet go down pretty hard, and they spring up again of their own accord.

And now we had a good stretch of "'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'ard 'igh road;" and came without much more ado to the Downs in a pretty fagged state. However, we "ground" over the first half of them to the Stoke road and then took it easy to the quarry near Pembroke road.

Advice.—Always walk over the last part of the Downs, in order that you may come in with a spurt and look as though you were as fresh as a lark.

We came in in fine style, just five-and-twenty minutes after the hares, and departed to our several boarding-houses. The most enjoyable part of the day, in my opinion, was the glass of beer; which, however, I took care not to drink till I had eaten two or three biscuits, which I always keep in my study for such occasions.

Advice.—Never drink beer after a run, without first eating something, or it will make you feel "seedy" all the evening.

N. R. P.

A VISIT. TO THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

Through realms of fire and water next the Sprite
Speeds on; and to the House of Sleep he goes.
Swiftly he flies, but slower as the night
And murky gloom grow deeper, for he knows
And feels as he draws nigh his eyes must close.
The guardian dogs lie watchful in their lair—
The body's rest, the quiet of the soul is there.

The moon shone forth her double light and ray ;
 Within the double gates lay heavy sleep,
 Who ne'er had seen the sun of brighter day.
 The silver streamlet from the rock did weep,
 And spouting down from shelf to shelf would leap.
 And when he saw the giant Morpheus calm,—
 Care, through the gates, with hollow eyes would peep
 Till loud the heavy dogs gave the alarm,
 Obedient to their master's will to keep out harm.

RAVEN.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

A Debating Society had flourished in the School House since May, when the Committee considered that it had gained sufficient strength to form the nucleus of a School Debating Society. Accordingly the matter was brought before a Sixth Levée, and it was determined that the School House Society should be transplanted into the School. The first debate took place on Saturday evening, November 2nd; the subject was "The Enfranchisement of Women would prove a great evil to the Country." Neale, Bird, ma., and Hall spoke for the motion; Bean, Tylecote, mi., and Pearson against it. The division resulted in a majority for the motion; 16 voting for, and 4 against it. At present Neale is president, and Mc.Mullen secretary. The Committee are Neale, Hall, ma., Bird, ma., Swann, Hinde, Tylecote, ma, Tylecote, mi., Riddell, Mc.Mullen, and Yockney.

OPEN PRIZES.—MIDSUMMER, 1867.

English Essay.—Given by Rev. Jas. Heyworth.

1st., G. E. Bird; 2nd., E. Bean.

English Poem.—Given by Rev. T. E. Brown.

E. Bean.

History.—Given by Rev. R. B. Poole.

J. A. Neale.

Latin Prose.—Given by the Head-Master.

1st., not awarded; 2nd., E. N. P. Moor.

Latin Verse.—Given by the Council.

1st., not awarded; 2nd., H. S. Hall.

Greek Translation.—Given by W. G. Coles, Esq.

J. A. Neale.

Greek Prose.—Given by the Council.

1st., E. N. P. Moor; 2nd., H. S. Hall.

French Translation.—Given by M. de Candole.

V. Inglott.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—APRIL 26TH & 27TH, 1867.

OPEN TO ALL.

Mile.—Prize given by Head-Master.

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., T. A. Taylor. Time, 5m. 13sec.

100 *Yards*.—Prize given by Mr. Wilkinson.

1st., J. C. A. Yockney; 2nd., W. F. Goodwyn. Time, 10sec.

Half-Mile.—Prize given by A. E. Peile, Esq. (O.C.)

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., F. Penny. Time, 2m. 23sec.

300 *Yards*.—Prize given by M. H. V. de Candole.

1st., J. C. A. Yockney; 2nd., H. J. Bodington. Time, 38sec.

High Jump.—Prize given by Rev. T. E. Brown.

1st., R. Kellie; 2nd., E. F. S. Tylecote. Height, 5ft.

Hurdle Race.—(120yds., 10 flights)—Prize given by Mr. Handsombody.

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., W. H. C. Whigham. Time, 18sec.

Broad Jump.—Prize given by Mr. Wilkinson.

1st., J. C. A. Yockney; 2nd., E. J. Davies. Breadth, 16ft. 5in.

Grand Steeple Chase.—Prize given by Mr. Trimnell.

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., H. J. Bodington. Time, 55sec.

Throwing the Cricket-ball.—Prize given by W. D. L. Macpherson, Esq.

1st., A. J. E. Swindell; 2nd., W. F. Goodwyn. Distance, 103yds.

Hopping Race.—(70yds.)—Prize given by Rev. P. A. Phelps.
1st., J. C. A. Yockney; 2nd., G. Arthur. Time, 10sec.

Visitors' Race.—(300yds.)—W. Easton, Esq. Time, 36sec.

E. F. S. Tylecote won the Challenge Cup for the year, winning the Mile, Half-Mile, Hurdle Race, and Grand Steeple Chase, and being second for the High Jump and the Broad Jump.

The Challenge Cup is presented by the Old Cliftonians.

Yockney, unfortunately, lost his chance for the Challenge Cup, by failing to start in the final heat of the Grand Steeple Chase, owing to a mistake, having beaten Tylecote in the trial heats.

CRICKET.

We intend making a short summary of this year's proceedings, with a few remarks on each player as sent up to Lillywhite (by W. R. Collyer, Esq.) for 1868. The eleven were not so successful as we expected at the beginning of the season. Out of 11 foreign matches they won 4, lost 5, and 2 were drawn in their favour.

C. B. L. Tylecote, Captain for 1867: A thorough cricketer all round, being a fine firm bat, a dangerous bowler, and excellent field; (has left).

E. F. S. Tylecote: A really fine bat, combining a good defence with extraordinary hitting powers. He promises, also, to be a first-class wicket-keeper if he practises. He is a good field anywhere, and bowls both round-arm and slows.

W. F. Goodwyn: A very useful man, being an excellent though unlucky bat, and an immaculate long-stop.

A. C. Lloyd: A good bat, with a fine cut and leg hit; also, a good bowler; (has left).

G. Roper: A good bat and bowler; rather too apt to hit at a good one; will become a first-class cricketer if he takes pains.

C. H. Fussell: A left-handed bowler, with plenty of "work" and liveliness—very dangerous on his day, but apt to get unsteady; also an improving bat; (has left).

W. Fox: Has improved very much during the season, and will continue to do so as he gains confidence. His style is very good, and all he wants is boldness to make him play quicker and more decisively.

- H. J. Bodington: A most useful man, being always up to the mark, and ready to do his best; a capital field.
- L. R. Erskine: A very promising bat, with fair defence and good hitting powers. Always recognises a half-volley when he sees it, but sometimes gets deceived by a short one, and "skies" it. A very good field.
- W. C. F. Cross: A steady and defensive bat, useful at the beginning of an innings, but should try to improve his fielding.
- A. Bush: A left-handed man, who bothers the field a great deal, and will make a good bat some day. He is also a fair wicket-keeper and field.
- J. W. Duthy: A neat bat and very fair field. He unfortunately was obliged to leave quite at the commencement of the cricket season.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Inns.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
C. B. L. Tylecote	21 ..	477 ..	80 ..	2 ..	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. F. S. Tylecote	19 ..	846 ..	144 ..	1 ..	44 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. F. Goodwyn	21 ..	227 ..	48 ..	0 ..	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. C. Lloyd....	8 ..	171 ..	55 ..	2 ..	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. Roper	20 ..	186 ..	*34 ..	2 ..	9 $\frac{3}{5}$
C. H. Fussell ..	19 ..	165 ..	26 ..	2 ..	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Fox	15 ..	195 ..	34 ..	3 ..	13
H. J. Bodington.	15 ..	154 ..	31 ..	3 ..	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. R. Erskine ..	12 ..	187 ..	47 ..	1 ..	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. Bush	7 ..	77 ..	16 ..	4 ..	11
W. C. F. Cross..	17 ..	171 ..	42 ..	4 ..	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. Arthur	12 ..	110 ..	*26 ..	4 ..	9 $\frac{1}{2}$

The professional for 1867 was J. Morley, of Canterbury.

The scorer for the eleven was G. H. Dean.

A. Shaw, of Nottingham, was professional during September and the early part of October.

FOREIGN MATCHES PLAYED BY CLIFTON COLLEGE C.C.

	1867.	1st. inns.	2nd. inns.	Total.
May 23rd	} Clifton Club	120	.. —	120
Clifton Club ground		Clifton College	147	.. —
C. B. L. Tylecote scored 44 for the College. F. Townshend 48, not out, for the Clifton Club.				

* Not out.

	1867.	1st. inns.	2nd. inns.	Total.
May 25th and 28th	Clifton College	237	.. — ..	237
At the College	The Masters	54	.. — ..	54
The College won easily. E. F. S. Tylecote scoring 112.				
A. C. Lloyd, 55 for the College. W. R. Collyer, Esq., 26 for the Masters.				

June 6th	Sherborne School	116	.. — ..	116
At the College	Clifton College	*53	.. — ..	53
Drawn. The College lost two wickets for 53, but owing to the rain the match was unfinished.				

June 10th	Queen's College			
At the College	Oxford	144	.. *19 ..	163
	Clifton College	112	.. — ..	112
Queen's College won on the 1st innings by 32 runs. T. B. Tylecote, H. Belcher, C. Smith and Bowyer all making good scores. They lost three wickets for 19 in their 2nd innings. For the College C. B. L. Tylecote made 46.				

June 15th	Stoke Bishop	169	.. — ..	169
At the College	Clifton College	*58	.. — ..	*58
Drawn. The College losing two wickets for 58 runs. For the Stoke Bishop, Mills made 74 in good style; when time was called C. B. L. Tylecote and Fussell were well in, having run up 27 and 16 respectively.				

June 20th	Weston-super-			
At the College	Mare	243	.. — ..	243
	The College	183	.. — ..	183
Jenkins made 85, and E. W. M. Lloyd 39 for Weston. C. B. L. Tylecote, H. J. Bodington and E. Roper scored 37, 31, and 25 respectively.				

July 6th	Clifton College	102	.. — ..	102
At Radley.	Radley College	111	.. — ..	111
The best scores were S. H. Akroyd's 22 for Radley, and E. F. S. Tylecote's 20.				

July 11th	Lansdowne			
At the College	(Bath)	108	.. 75 ..	183
	The College	65	.. *76 ..	141
The College had four wickets to fall when time was called. E. Tylecote's slows were very effective; he also scored 41 in the second innings. For Lansdowne R. Sainsbury scored 35.				

July 15th and 16th	The College	60	.. 47 ..	107
At Knole Park	Knole Park	135	.. — ..	135
It rained heavily each day. Knole Park won in one innings; C. S. Gordon scored 68.				

* Innings not played out.

	1867.	1st inns.	2nd. inns.	Total.
July 27th and 29th } Past	79	.. 55	.. 134	
At the College } Present	232	.. —	.. 232	
An easy victory for the Present. E. F. S. Tylecote scored 78, and L. R. Erskine, 37. The highest score for the Past was C. Gosse's 16.				

July 30th and 31st } Belmont	68	.. 89	.. 157	
At the College } The College	96	.. *62	.. 158	
The College won by eight wickets. E. Tylecote carrying his bat for 50.				

* Innings not played out.

SWIMMING AND DIVING,

July 17th, 1867.

This event came off at the Victoria Baths, Clifton, with the following results.

OPEN TO ALL.

12 Lengths	1st, F. A. Bowles	2nd, M. Boyle.
4 Lengths	F. A. Bowles.	
Long Diving	C. H. Howard	Distance, 136 ft.
Object Diving	C. H. Howard.	

Under 5 feet 2 inches.

6 Lengths	1st, W. Gilbert	2nd, A. S. Young.
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For the Long Dive only two competed, Howard and Yockney. Yockney dived at least 40 feet further than Howard, and at length fainted in the water, and was obliged to be pulled out. As he did not dive straight he lost the prize.

BIGSIDE RUN.

This was the first run of the season, and came off on Saturday, October 12th, this time being the interval between the end of Cricket and the commencement of Football. There was a very large "meet".—The whole School turned out in great force—the School House doing so almost to a man ; and

Brown's House, who supplied the hares, was as usual very well represented. The run was over old ground—Pen Pole, and back by Westbury.

The Hares started at 3.5, P.M.

Taylor ma. (Brown's)	} Came in at 4.30
Riddell (Brown's)	

The Hounds started at 3.20, P.M., and came in as follows:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------|---|
| 1. { Bird, mi. } | 4.39 | [The first two hounds thus gained 6 min. on the hares.] |
| 1. { Caird } | | |
| 2. { Henderson } | 4.42 | |
| 2. { Lucas } | | |
| 3. Arthur | 4.43 | |
| 4. Bodington | 4.44 | |
| 5. Wilson | 4.44½ | |
| 6. Rev. E. M. Reynolds | } 4.40 | |
| 7. Radcliffe (under 15) | | |
- All School House Fellows.

SECOND BIGSIDE RUN.

Saturday, October 19th.—The hares, after passing the Trym, headed directly for Blaize Castle, by way of King's Weston Down, thus throwing off the hounds completely, who, imagining it was the usual course, followed the last Saturday's scent, and made a larger bend to the left, and therefore went over more ground than the hares.

The Hares started at 3.

Arthur (S. H.)	} Came in 4.34
Bush (Town)	

The Hounds came in as follows:—

1. Caird (S. H.)
 2. Barstow (Cay's).
 3. Riddell (Brown's).
 4. Cross mi. (S. H.)
 5. Rev. E. M. Reynolds
 6. Fox, ma. (Cay's).
 7. Warner (Cay's).
 8. Battersby (Town).
 9. Neale (S. H.)
- Tylecote, terts (under 15) (S. H.)

FOOTBALL.

CLIFTON COLLEGE, *Thursday, Oct. 24.*—SIXTH v. SCHOOL.—This, the opening match of the season, began to-day. The School were, of course, much superior in weight and numbers, and were, therefore, able to “pen” their opponents the greater part of the time; but only once did they succeed in touching the ball **down in the Sixth goal**, though they drove it in several times. And this touch-down **was only** obtained after a desperate and spirited struggle, three of the School to one of the Sixth (Peile, O.C.), who by his tremendous exertions moved the “maul” almost into “touch in goal.” A. Bush (head of School side) then punted the ball out, but his men failed to catch it, and the School thus lost their try.” After some very hard work, the School were driven close to their own goal, where Crutwell (O.C.) made a fair catch for the Sixth, near touch-line though; the wind, too, was unfavourable for “placing” from that side. Yockney, however, tried the “place,” but the ball unfortunately rolled, and the “try,” therefore, was a failure. As nothing decisive occurred before “no side,” the Sixth had thus, nominally, the best of it. The Sixth were greatly assisted by W. H. Lock (O.C.), G. Godwin (O.C.), and A. J. Vickers (O.C.), forward, and by A. E. Peile (O.C.), and P. W. D. Crutwell (O.C.), half-back, the former playing beautifully, and both making several fine runs. For the School, A. Bush, Fox, ma. (O.C.), Fox, mi. (O.C.), Penny, ma., Taylor, ma., and Lucas were most conspicuous.

Saturday, Oct. 26.—The game to-day went more in favour of the School, for they drove the ball into the Sixth goal several times, and compelled them more than once to touch it down in self-defence—a sure sign of being “hard up.” Upon two occasions, when the scrimmage was near the Sixth goal line, the School drove the ball in by sheer superiority in weight and numbers, and succeeded in touching it down. Both the “tries” at goal were, however, lost by them, for an error having been made in the somewhat intricate ceremony which precedes a punt out, Yockney, in the “maul” which followed, obtained the ball for the Sixth. Upon the second occasion the would-be punter inadvertently stepped into “touch in goal.” The following up on both sides was very good, especially on the part of the Sixth, who played well together, and exhibited great pluck throughout the game. Where all did their best it is hard to individualise; however, these names should be mentioned:—For the Sixth, Hinde, Godwin, (O.C.), Vickers (O.C.), Bunyon (O.C.), Fussell (O.C.), forward; and A. E. Peile (O.C.), P. W. D. Crutwell (O.C.), Tylecote, ma., Tylecote, mi., and Yockney, back. For the

School, Fox, ma. (O.C.), Fox, mi. (O.C.), Tovey, Hodge, and Warren. The absence of W. F. Goodwyn was felt very much by the Sixth; he had sprained his ankle before the season commenced.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—This was the third and last day of the Sixth match. The ground was very greasy and slippery, and a drizzling rain was blowing continually in the faces of the players. Owing to the state of the ground, the weight of the School did not tell so much against the Sixth as in the two former days; and the play was oftener near the School goal on this account. The Sixth felt the loss of the old Cliftonians, who had been of such service to them before. The School, who drove the ball into their opponents' goal a great many times, on one of these occasions obtained a touch-down; and as it was considered impossible to catch a punt out, owing to the slippery state of the ball, a "place" was attempted at once. This, however, fell just too short of the crossbar. The School and the Sixth had thus one "try" each; but the former had obtained three touch-downs on the previous days, not to mention the number of times they compelled the Sixth to do the same in their own goal in self defence; the School had thus the best of it on the whole. The play on both sides was very spirited, and on the part of a great many was very good. For the Sixth, Neale, Hall, Stow, Pearson, and Riddell, forward; and Bird, ma., Tylecote, ma., Tylecote, mi., and Yockney, back, were very prominent. For the School, Wilson and Howard, forward; and Bush, Bodinton, Taylor, ma., Penny, and J. Fox (O.C.), back, played well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIFTONIAN.

SIR,—I have frequently heard a wish expressed that the board in the open Fives Court should be repaired. It would save innumerable disputes about a ball being up or not. I might also suggest that a few pegs should be placed somewhere near, so that the players need not be obliged to throw their coats on the ground.

Moreover, I propose that the Fives Prizes be competed for this term, for when the snow comes, as it usually does in the Easter term, the playing is, in a great measure, prevented. Also, if you would allow me to suggest that a school prize be given for *double* hand-fives, and that each player may choose his own partner, as at Oxford and Cambridge, or else the partners be chosen by lot, as at all public schools, you would greatly oblige,

Your humble servant,

FIVES PLAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIFTONIAN.

SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to a deficiency in our out-door sports. No school, if possible, should be without a boat club, and there is nothing to prevent boating being a great success here. The distance to Bristol may, indeed, be argued against it, but many other schools are obliged to go much greater distances—for instance, Cheltenham and Radley. A short distance above Bristol there is a fine stretch of water entirely free from all obstructions. I think if this was taken up by an active committee, it would carry itself through, and be a decided success. Attention to this will oblige,

Yours, &c.,

REMEX.

THE CLIFTONIAN.

NO. II.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS
OF CLIFTON COLLEGE.

FEBRUARY, 1868.



CLIFTON:

SOLD BY J. BAKER, MALL PLACE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1868.

THE SCHOOLBOY SPECTATOR.—No. 1.

Cum talis sis, utinam noster essem!
 Could I but call so great a genius mine!

It is often the case that, in literary questions, private information and family manuscripts are the only means for arriving at an accurate knowledge of the truth. Much can, indeed, be settled by internal evidence and evidence of style, but these are not everything. The identity of Junius will not be established beyond a doubt, until his friends reveal the secret. The Percy family having, at length, consented to give up the original M.S., we shall now know which ballads in the Reliques are genuine, and which are marred by the Bishop's own emendations.

On the 1st of March, 1711, a certain man accosted the world under the assumed name of "The Spectator." He describes himself as of a taciturn disposition, of great learning and observation, and of sound good sense. Like all really great men, he is very modest—though his modesty affects not his truthfulness—and he desires not to be drawn from his obscurity. During life he had his wish; and surely, now, when he has so long lain in the grave, we shall not be to blame if we disclose his name, and add fresh honour to his silent dust. His real name was Joseph Addison. I am descended from him, and it is by reason of this that I crave to be allowed to call myself "The Spectator," and, even as he did, to keep secret my real name and personal appearance. In disposition I am somewhat different from my ancestor: I cannot confess the same love for silence; perhaps, indeed, I am somewhat too fond of hearing the sound of my own voice. I have been at school here for upwards of four years, and was generally accounted a good fag. I have received, it may be, rather more than my fair share of kicks, and rather less than my fair share of halfpence. I have certainly not fallen short in point of laughter, and have cried less perhaps than might have done me good. I bury myself in no particular set or club, as did my ancestor, but am lucky enough to be on familiar terms with everyone. It has always been my delight to study my companions, and see, if possible, into their dispositions, marking any little particularities in them. For this purpose I am ever ready to laugh at pleasantries, and, should the conversation flag, tell some story I may have heard

elsewhere—for I have a good memory. But I take care never to intrude myself in society, nor attempt to, assume a leading part in the conversation, as I care not myself to excel, but only to obtain the private satisfaction of seeing through others and reading their natures by their words. Thus much for myself; and I sincerely hope my readers will not set me down as, in any way conceited or egotistical in so speaking, since I feel that it is but just that I should let the world see in what light I look upon myself, if I am to endeavour to describe to the world its own nature.

In a school we always find great diversity of character and great field for observation, by reason of there being so many, and such various natures brought into close contact. Let us give its due weight to intellect, and look first upon him who is termed, in schoolboy phrase, “a swell at classics.” We shall generally find such an one a pleasant companion; his wit and understanding will make themselves felt in his conversation; he will find a humorous explanation for every matter; he will be ready to laugh at the witticisms of others. He will be conscious of his own parts, and delight to multiply his work, but he will so put off and mingle the performance thereof, that his life will be marked by a constant air of listlessness, neither will he be above playing babyish tricks in form. In dress he will be never neat but still always look the gentleman; his clothes will be fashionably cut and fit him well, but he will misuse them in the most reckless manner. He will be remarkably good natured, and allow the youngsters to put upon him, perhaps a little too much. To conclude his description, he will be justly considered a desirable companion. Let us call him Primus.

Secundus is the “swell at mathematics.” In appearance he is always untidy; he wears a black tie, which he has had ever since he entered the school; his hat was made when the present French hat was in fashion before. These things show his sound sense; he knows worth, not look, to be the real jewel. His logical mind is ever active, he would work problems throughout the whole night. He bears a hearty hatred to classics, and is always ready to laugh at his own ignorance in this branch. He runs riot to such a degree in going through the necessary drudgery of preparing his translation lessons, that he drives his fellow-construers almost out of their mind; he spends scarce five minutes over his composition copies. He affects to be a great judge and admirer of English, especially English poetry. His memory, too, is indefatigable, he will be able to give a list of all the senior wranglers and state in what year each took his degree. He has a notion of principle which affects his whole life; he does this, or will not do that, because it is a good or bad

thing; it is a bad thing to get up in the morning, he prefers to lie in bed five minutes longer, and be late for prayers. We shall generally find such a character very obstinate, but a good companion withal.

And now we come to that rare phenomenon, "the swell at both classics and mathematics." As he is rare, so also is he singular. He is very fastidious as to style and accuracy in work, his scholarship is good, his verses smooth, his problems neat; but, strange to relate, he cares not to write his mother tongue. He has a surpassing memory, for a story, but an odd weakness for forgetting that he has told it before; but what of that? do not guitars and port improve with age, as well as his tales? The temper of such a character is often uncertain, but, when in his merry humours, he will laugh heartily and keep the room in a roar; he has the happy knack of giving utterance to droll sayings with a solemn face. If anything strikes his fancy he will remember it for ever; he can, and often will, quote whole chapters of such works as Artemus Ward. He abounds in several comical saws and Americanisms, to which he gives vent on every possible occasion. His dress is in no way remarkable. He may be called Tertius.

The next we shall notice is the hardworking boy. A person of indefatigable industry, shy nature, and solitary habits. He is seldom to be seen except in his study or taking a constitutional walk over the Downs; he shuns the Close and Gymnasium. He is very silent and it is hard to fathom the depths of his mind. He is conscientious to a degree, and has a fine sense of honour and duty. His clothes are sober and always neat; he is in no other way remarkable. His name is Quartus.

A character by no means without presence in schools is the idle genius. One who can do everything, but accomplishes nothing. He can translate better than anyone in the form, but he never opens a Dictionary; he has great Mathematical power, surpasses in Natural History, Chemistry, English—everything in a word, but he prefers to fritter away his time in childish idleness. He never concentrates his attention on the subject before him; he is composed of contradictions: during a classical lesson he will work problems or feed a pet snake. Out of school he scorns to look at a book; at the Gymnasium he shuns the regular exercises and delights to walk on the high plank. In the Close he is never seen. He is accounted a clever fellow if he would but work; thus Quintus lives on his reputation.

Sextus is a specimen of a genus very common in a school: the fellow who makes up for his want of brains by the excellence of his apparel. At present his collars reach to his ears, and his trousers are conspicuous for the tightness of their

fit; he wears a double-breasted waistcoat, and shows as bright a tie as he dares. Some humorous fellow, low down in the school, invents a senseless slang term, Sextus takes it up and wears it to rags. Such a character professes to despise work, and considers school a necessary evil. He loves to speak of what he has done in "town," and will discuss the beauty of this actress, or the histrionic merits of that actor, with great intelligence. He is a fellow of imperturbable good nature, and if it takes him a long time to see the point of a story, when at length he does, his kindly laugh rings out right merrily. Such an one will generally be a great authority upon all matters relating to the dance, and will set up as a monitor with reference to etiquette. His conversation, if not intellectual, is diverting, he amuses himself and others, and hurts no one; let him rest.

And now, gentle reader, I have finished. In my next paper, if the world smile upon my labours, I will endeavour to wind up these machines I have made; to breathe life into these creations of mine and set them to act and speak among their schoolfellows.

G. E. B.

OUR WALKING TOUR.

It was our seventh day at Interlaken. For six and a-half we had been besieged, I should rather say "stormed," by the united forces of wind, hail, and rain. For two days we had hardly stirred from the hotel; on the third we grew desperate and sallied forth; and the consequence of this rash act was, that ere a week had elapsed our five umbrellas could boast of but five unbroken ribs among them.

At length our jubilee arrived. The sun, bright and dazzling, had at last dispelled the murky clouds, and burst forth with all the splendour of a Swiss summer morn, till the crystal drops yet hanging from the trees danced and sparkled in its rays. Here was our opportunity. To call H——, and stow away a few appurtenances in my knapsack, was the work of five minutes; in five more having bidden our adieus, and received all due maternal advice, such as, "Now, pray be cautious, and don't go climbing up precipices or sleeping between damp sheets, for if you *do* you know, &c., &c.," we started. With all our haste the day was well advanced by the time we were under weigh, and this soon began to tell upon our pace. As a matter of course we stepped out gallantly as long as we were in the town, but I am ashamed to confess that after we had turned the corner there was apparent a lamentable falling off in the briskness of our steps. The first day's walking is always tedious work, until

the shoulders get accustomed to the pressure of the straps, and this together with the heat of the sun is almost intolerable. Let me pause a moment and strenuously advise my readers when they start on a similar tour, never to begin work later than 6 a.m.

We had a long pull before us, and so had no time to waste. Our destination for the night was the hostel on the summit of the Schynige Platte, which is famed as possessing one of the finest views in the Bernese Oberland. After three-quarters of an hour of road work we struck off into a little path to the left and the tug of war began. Our way, fortunately, for the greater part of the ascent lay through a thick pine forest, which offered a grateful protection from the noon-day sun. We should have continued on our way rejoicing had not bitter fortune led our steps past a golden haired, blue eyed little damsel, on whom, "because she was pretty," H——, like a maniac, bestowed a halfpenny. Our fate was sealed. In a second we were surrounded by shoals of dirty little urchins; every chalet by which our wretched footsteps wended seemed to pour them forth by the dozen; it was as if they had dropped down from the sky, the trees, from everywhere. Some considerably offered us dirty little saucers of blackberries for six sous. Some held out most uninviting looking goat's milk and sipped it first themselves to show what it was intended for, while others thrust into our faces pears that I am sure mother earth never intended to be digested. It was not until we had accomplished half of the ascent that we finally shook them off; till at last, when they found that their efforts were unavailing, golden haired damsel and all abused us in terms that would have put to shame the most vituperative of Oxford bargees. Golden hair is a sore subject with H—— to this day.

In an hour and a-half more we had gained the Platte (5,800 feet). And having secured beds at the inn, we went up the Taubenhorn, a somewhat higher peak close by, to enjoy the sunset. The rosy tints had already begun to tip the snowy peak of the Silberhorn, and soon the colours spread. The Jungfrau towering above in all the pride of her maiden purity, was decked in a blaze of light, while as we looked down the dizzy precipices we saw the vales of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen lying black and still. At our feet, like twin sisters, lay the lakes of Thun and Brienz, the one bright and dazzling, on whose fair bosom the sunlight seemed rapturously to linger, the other calm and placid, in whose still depths the mountain shadows were reflected distinct and clear. Above, a thousand tiny clouds floated in the air, some saffron, some rich golden, some of a deep purple hue; while the breeze, as it played among the pine thickets murmured a

soft lullaby to nature as she sunk to rest. In a moment the tints faded, twilight set in, and stillness reigned unbroken save when the far off tinkling of the goatbells was wafted up from the valleys. The Jungfrau put off her gay attire and assumed her night robe of snowy whiteness, frowning upon us as we gazed. We could not tear ourselves away, but remained still lingering on. It was an evening that has left an indelible impression on our minds.

Our next day's work was to be a long one. We intended to cross over the Faulhorn (8,261 feet) to the great Scheideck. With this intention we breakfasted at five and started with a guide whom we had engaged as far as the Faulhorn. The walking was very rough in parts as there was no path, and we had continually to scramble either round or over huge boulders that had fallen from the cliffs on either hand. The mountain side was bleak and barren of pasturage although studded with many varieties of Alpine flowers. Our road lay chiefly over loose crumbling shingle, very trying to the feet, with patches of snow here and there. We could muster up sufficient German to inquire of the guide what were the names of the peaks that we passed, but were by no means capable of keeping up a conversation. He was a merry active little fellow, and had a fine tenor voice of which he seemed very proud. In return for some of his songs, we taught him part of the words of "Vilikins and his Dinah," and simply roared with laughter at the solemnity with which he joined in the "toorali-toorali-toorali-day."

We had not gone far when the little man suddenly got in a furious state of excitement; shutting one eye, dashing off his hat, and finally dropping on hands and knees, he crawled to the edge of a ridge, and peeping stealthily over beckoned us to follow. We crept up as he had done, and on looking cautiously down we saw, on a patch of snow to which he was pointing, some animals that at first we thought were goats; but with eyes gleaming and teeth chattering with excitement, he hissed out the magical word "Gemse." There were five in all. As far as we could make out from his words, he said that it was very rare for chamois to be seen so far down the Alp; and so, as soon as we had done with him he intended to hasten back for a gun and go after them with all speed. Whether he succeeded or not we never heard.

We reached the Faulhorn in two hours and a-half, having got over the ground very quickly. We spent an hour on the summit, and then employed our time till dinner by bathing in a tarn near at hand. The water was icy cold, being merely the meltings of the snow that lay in patches a few yards off. Swimming was almost out of the question, for we could hardly do more than jump in and out. The people of the hotel were

immensely tickled at the absurdity of the thing, and turned out in force to stare at the "mad Englishmen." H——— averred that these good folks had one great wash-day in the year, viz., in the Spring, before they came up to the hotel for the Summer months, and that this lasts them till they go down again in the Autumn, at once as he said accounting for their surprise at us. I am happy, however, to be able to state that in this instance H———'s love of a good story overcame his veracity, for a more cleanly people than the Swiss can hardly exist.

Our bath had increased our appetite. And the "rosbif" and "bifteck" that they gave us disappeared with marvellous rapidity. The bill of eight francs a-piece rather astonished us, but it was our own fault for not having settled the price beforehand; and after all, perhaps, when the height to which the things must be carried is considered, it was not too much. In the evening we went on to the Great Scheideck, which we reached without further adventure, and where we passed the night.

Our next day's work was short, being merely the descent from the Scheideck to the valley of Meiringen. The nature of the road had now entirely changed. We followed a well marked track that led us by the course of the Reichenbach, through beautiful woods and verdant meadows, with deliciously cool little rivulets trickling down

From lawns and meadow ledges filled with flowers.

We rambled leisurely along, now stopping to pick some rare orchid, now peeping into a mossy nook where tiny ferns were cosily nestled. After being some time on the road we reached Rosenlauri. This, to one seeing Switzerland for the first time, is the *beau idéal* of a glacier. Owing to the calcareous nature of the rock of which the mountains are here composed no deposits of stone or earth sully the crystalline purity of the ice or darken the transparent azure of its crevices. Much of it has melted in the last few years, and therefore from its comparative insignificance in extent it is much less grand than that of the Rhone, but, nevertheless, owing to the beauty of the surrounding scenery this forms one of the most lovely spots in Switzerland. Unfortunately, Mr. Cook's excursion tickets have penetrated even there, and the place is swamped, so we were told, with brass-headed canes, flash neck ties, and coloured collars. We saw in passing some specimens of the species "Cockney," *genus* "Snob," and were by no means edified thereby.

On getting a little farther down, the panorama, as we looked back, was truly magnificent. The bare crags of the Engelhorner formed a background, with the snow clad peak of the Wetterhorn towering above. A thick belt of wood

made a striking contrast, varying the landscape with different shades of foliage from the sturdy pine to the emerald green of the wavy birch. While the Reichenbach, foaming down through a wide meadow over which flocks of goats were scattered, lent a still greater air of poetry to the scene. Meiringen was reached at last, and right sorry were we when the walk was over. In the evening we saw the falls of the Reichenbach illuminated by different coloured lights. The sight was pretty, but the effect was quite spoiled by a peal of thunder that burst over our heads, followed by a glorious flash of lightning that lit up the whole valley, and, as may well be imagined, threw red and blue lights quite in the shade.

Descriptions are wearisome, and I am afraid that I have tried your patience too long already. I should like with you again to follow up the course of the Aar, and stand on the bridge over the Handeck Falls and peer through the boiling torrent at the many coloured rainbows ever varying with the dashing spray. But, alas! I am afraid that my powers are wholly inadequate to paint these beauties as they ought to be painted; and are not sufficient to induce you to accompany us as we toil up the Grimsel, and sit gazing in awe at the Finster-Aarhorn, the mighty "Giant of the Oberland;" and shudder at the gloomy "Todtensee," the Pool of Death, whose dark waters surge silently over mingled French and Austrian bones, relics of 1799. Suffice it to say that we did all this, and having seen the lovely fall of the Giesbach on our way, returned to Interlaken, delighted with our tour and looking as brown as berries. For any who wish for a short, beautiful, and not too fatiguing tour, I can strongly recommend them to follow our footsteps.

W. G.

A PARODY ON "THE BROOK."

(Dedicated with all due deference to A—d T—n, P.L.)

I take my fly and throw it out,
And watch it gently sailing,
And here I hook a lusty trout,
And here again a grayling.

But fish grow fewer, and I know
That down the brimming river,
Still poachers come and poachers go,
And so they will for ever.

I fish the stream with skilful eye
 Through sedge and bushes peeping.
 And soon beside the bank I spy
 A poacher slyly creeping.

I crawl, I steal, I creep, I glide,
 And with excitement quiver,
 But long before I'm at his side
 He's off, and down the river.

With many a puff my sides I fret
 Through many a field and fallow,
 But many a yard he heads me yet
 By willow-weed and mallow.

He leads me over stony ways,
 Through many thorns and brambles,
 He leaves the river's eddying bays,
 And up the hill he scrambles.

I follow, follow every turn,
 I make a sudden sally,
 I send him flying through the fern
 And kick him down the valley.

H. T.

SCHOOLBOY MANIAS.

Everyone knows what a "follow-my-leader" sort of spirit always exists among schoolboys, and how ready they always are to follow in the steps of a companion who may have introduced and set in fashion something, no matter what, as long as the idea is a novelty; but there are few probably who know to what an extent this inclination is prevalent, and to what an absurd pitch it is sometimes carried. This inclination to follow after such novelties I call "schoolboy manias," and I propose to describe some of those which I have noticed during my school life.

One of the most common, and certainly one of the most disagreeable manias I have ever noticed is the rage for keeping birds, mice, and other animals, which very often become a regular nuisance. Imagine a great noisy parrot in the next study to you whilst you are busily engaged in a difficult copy of verses or a hard proposition of Euclid. I think one such bird would be a sufficient excuse for grumbling, but when a piping bullfinch, a shrill toned

canary and a few young half-fledged thrushes and blackbirds, each add their little quota towards the *shindy* (I can call it nothing else), it is enough to make one vow eternal vengeance on the whole race of winged bipeds. The same may be said of silkworms, white mice, lizards and snakes, all of which I have seen introduced into a fellow's study, and two or three other madmen are sure to follow suit, and produce a hawk or jackdaw, or some creature which equally adds to the annoyance of the community.

Some years ago a little fellow at the bottom of the school I was at, enraged at the inroads into his grub-box, set a trap and soon caught a mouse. By way of exacting summary vengeance, he skinned the mouse, preserved the skin, and made a pen-wiper of it. No doubt this was a childish and foolish bit of work, yet some of his companions were ready enough to follow the leader, and mousetraps were soon set in every available place. Soon they found the stock in the house diminished, and discovered that the skins of field-mice were cleaner than those of the common house-mice. Accordingly the play-ground became the field of action. Well, this rage reached such a pitch of folly that they even began to trade in the skins and set up opposition firms, and some of the bigger fellows joined them, and when the mania was at its height the room in which we used to live (we had no studies) was turned into a workshop for making traps, and a slaughter-house for the unfortunate mice, and you may be sure we reaped the benefits of a most odoriferous state of affairs while the skinning was going on.

Of course one would not expect such a thing as this in a public school, but it sufficiently shows the absurd way in which these manias sometimes originate. I may add that this ludicrous butchery never actually died out for the four years that I remained at the school, but that every winter some advocate would be found to renew the fashion.

This sheeplike, imitative inclination, which is so apparent in schoolboys, only wants some single individual to set the fashion, and advocates are immediately found to support the new idea and form it into a mania. The existing fashions and different styles of dress, so changeable as they are, experience still greater vicissitudes in a large community like a public school. For in such places there are and always will be some fellows who make up for their want of brains by dress, and, as in everything else, if one or two start a novelty in *flashy* ties, suppose, a large number of fellows will be sure to transgress the *black-tie rule*, and be hauled up continually by their form master while the mania lasts. Again one term I remember it was quite amusing to go round the studies and see the different cooking apparatus at work.

Some screwed a tripod on the gas-burner on which to place a saucepan; and they were always spilling their boiling water or milk on the carpets, chairs, and sofas, and making everything look as uncomfortable as possible, others brought the gas down by India-rubber tubes, others used lamps and made all the passages redolent with oil and spirits of wine. As for the things cooked, their name is legion, comprising everything you can think of from toffee to mutton chops and beef steaks. And all this originated from the example set by one solitary individual, and like most other manias, this one had a short and spirited life and then quietly subsided.

But perhaps the most common form of all is the rage for slang of every description. A new slang expression is introduced by some facetious fellow, it is snapped up directly by those in his own form, then by others, and finally if it is sufficiently witty, it may perhaps become a standard expression, and very probably it is in this way that the different forms of slang originate which characterize a public school.

I might enumerate many more cases all equally stupid when looked into. In fact there is scarcely anything for which there has not been a mania at some time or other; and if there were a Damasippus amongst us of whom it might be said—

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo,

I feel sure he would speedily find followers, and our studies would be adorned with Cupids and Apollos and all sorts of heroes, probably about as much like the original as Artemus Ward's "Versatile Statoot," which was made to represent Edmund Head, George Washington, and half-a-dozen others, all in the same day.

Y. R. L.

B I G - S I D E R U N .

January 23rd, 1868.

Here's Jan. 24th, and I see on the Editor's box the awful warning, "No contributions will be received later than Jan. 24th." I have written nothing for the *Cliftonian*, and if it is to be done, it must be done at once. If I turn to my holiday exploits I must tell how cleverly I shot one wary moor-hen, how I blew another to pieces at four yards distance, and how I stalked two screech-thrushes; if I turn to my hunting I must describe a blank. It is evident then I must betake myself to a theme more generally interesting to the public at large.

I will follow in the track of a former contributor to the "*Cliftonian*," and attempt to give an account of the first Big-

side run in the Easter term. During the break yesterday I saw this notice stuck up in the cloisters, "There will be a Big-side run this afternoon—hares start at 3 o'clock from the top of the Downs." I at once made up my mind to go, but while I sat in the reading-room after dinner by a bright fire, shivering at the prospect of cold flannels and jersey, and putting off the evil day three o'clock arrived, the bell rang for call-over and I was called to my senses.

In a moment I was inspired with more courage than I could summon up in the previous half-hour, and after dashing down through the cold frosty air to call-over, I hastened back to don the orthodox costume. Having made such preparations as an old and experienced hand knows how to make, I arrived at the top of the Downs at a gentle trot and found I was five minutes late and the hounds just out of sight. Not being inclined, however, after so much exertion, to lose the day's sport, I jogged on, thinking that a check of a few minutes would bring me up with the rest.

The direction they took was in a straight line from the usual starting place to the Westbury end of the Downs, and, as I conjectured, there was a check in throwing off into the fields, which enabled me to come up with them, and we were soon moving on again, at a good steady pace breasting a keen frosty air.

For the next three miles, which was across a country by no means interesting, I had time to remark the state of the ground. There had been a frost the night before, but as the sun and frost had been engaged in a determined struggle all day, the surface had become greasy while the ground underneath remained hard. So after much slipping and occasionally in some very miry places breaking through the frost of the previous night, over our ankles in mud, we came to Horfield Common.

This is a remarkable little place: the run took us the whole length of it, which is about half-a-mile, though it is at no point more than a hundred yards wide. Here we sank over our ankles at every step, while the water every now and then squirted up to our knees from the saturated turf. The common is intersected by a network of roads running to and from the city of Bristol, which is about three miles distant. One end of the common you might have taken for an Irish settlement to see the number of pigs, geese and dirty children running about indiscriminately, and the general squalid appearance of the whole place. The common is of very irregular shape, with here and there the corner of a field jutting into it, now the garden of a house which is half hidden by shrubs and trees, and which but for the unattractive locality you might be led to think was a gentleman's residence. In the centre there is a little country church surrounded by a narrow

churchyard with its hawthorn fence, and almost buried in trees. Nestling under the trees, which overhang the churchyard hedge, may be seen a National School and a cottage resembling an Irish cabin, and admirably in character with the place. At the further end of the Common are the Horfield barracks, and as I saw the sun glancing on the bright bayonet of the sentinel at the entrance, I was reminded that a grievous rebellion is at our doors, though all around seems to be peace.

Well, as we came up to the National School we saw faces beginning to gather at the doors, some laughing, some looking in utter astonishment and thinking, I have no doubt, we were out of our minds, while an elderly man, who had probably not shaved or washed, if the truth were known, for a fortnight, in a beaver hat—once black, but now of a rich russet brown, and altogether very much the worse for wear—leant against the aforesaid cottage and favoured us with some “raal” rustic chaff. Passing on and giving the “old governor” a friendly hail, we came up with two soldiers on their way to the barracks, good sturdy fellows, who backed the “young ‘un,” and wanted to know whether we were running a race, who we were, where we had come from, and a dozen other particulars. Having, however, dismissed these questions with laconic brevity and with the respect due to those who have to fight our battles and preserve our nation’s honour unsullied, we left the high barrack walls behind us, and turning through a gate on the right we saw the scent was leading over a long stretch of level country.

In the first field our passage seemed likely to be disputed by a fierce sheep dog who, not approving of our appearance, set up his bristles (you know what I mean) and giving a few subdued growls made a most determined charge. The sheep dog, however, was met with quite as determined a resistance, and after we had given him to understand what would be the consequences of a rash onslaught, and used a little judicious coaxing, our enemy retired from the field.

After crossing several fields at a good steady pace we passed over the New Passage Railway, which is the route from the South of England to the South of Wales, and came to some fields of a park-like character. I could not understand the place at first: the country, though dotted with a few elms was rather open with a badly kept carriage road running through it, and skirted on the left by a wood of considerable size. After following this road for about half-a-mile we came in sight of what seemed to be a model farm-house, built quite in a modern style, and surrounded by spacious slate-roofed out-houses, which, I think, a bad taste has substituted for the old fashioned thatched sheds. But what most attracted my attention was an old oak tree which stood in the bottom,

gnarled and knotty, a splendid monument of England's glory, recalling to my mind the world-wide fame of our brave wooden walls. I should think the tree must be a thousand years old, and must have stood in good King Alfred's time. I felt at once that I was a hundred times repaid for my exertion in turning out, for I know of only two other such monarchs of the wood, and only one of them surpasses this in beauty.

For those who love old oaks I will say that these stand in Spy Park, about six miles to the north-west of Devizes, and anyone who pays them a visit will be well repaid for his pains.

I think that such trees ought to be protected by a law; for it would be a thousand thousand pities that they should run the risk of being ruthlessly cut down by some ignorant farmer for firewood, trees in which every Englishman may justly glory. But we must leave the old tree behind.

We now begin to bend to the left and a few more fields brought us again to the New Passage Railway. How I groaned when I saw the steep embankment! I might have consoled myself with the thought that if we never went up hill we could never appreciate the pleasure of going down hill; however, I didn't think of it. When I *did* manage to get to the top of it I thought I saw a farm-house, but as I came up to it I saw it was the back of a gentleman's residence. The scent led round to the front into a carriage drive which stretched away up an avenue of elm and ash, at the end of which there was a high wooden gate facing up a quaint little village. The house had no doubt seen better days, and the carriage drive unmarked by wheels and now nearly overgrown with grass might tell you that perhaps in the great failures of the last few years a blow had been struck there too. I passed up the avenue, through the gate and was trotting briskly through the narrow road of the village when turning round a sharp bend my attention was suddenly attracted by the village church. It was small, and capable of holding about two hundred people. I failed, however, during the short glimpse I had of it, to discover the style in which it was built, if indeed it was built in any style. The tower, which was the most conspicuous part of the church, was adorned at its top by the most hideous row of heads possible to conceive. Of these the most remarkable was that of a woman who, to judge from a large swelling on the left side of her face, a flannel bandage tied tightly round her head, and the exquisite expression of pain which pervaded her whole countenance, must have been experiencing the excruciating pangs of *tie-doloureux*.

Why, may I ask, do we see such hideous creatures on the outside of our churches? Can it be for ornament, or is it to

frighten away the good and attract the bad—*ἡλιξ ἡλικά τέρπει*—But though I stop to ask these questions I don't cease to run, and so I come in due time to "The Anchor," the village inn.

"The Anchor" is a large house on the main road from Bristol to Gloucester, and like many other large road-side inns of the same kind misses the bustle of the good old days of stage coaches and breathes an air of emptiness and poverty, while half its rooms seem untenanted save perhaps by the parish ghosts which rural credulity conjures up in every direction.

Upon enquiry here I found the name of the village was Filton. I left Filton and turned into the fields on the right, and having lost the scent and made some useless endeavours to find it again, I found my way to Horfield Common, thus completing a circle. Here, as luck would have it, I hit upon the scent and just at the same moment two fellows came up who had followed the scent the whole way. They were inclined to question whether, after missing the scent, I could "come in" fairly, but I declined all controversy with many thanks and apologies, thinking that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," for all chance of coming in after losing so much time seemed hopeless. So I left them behind, and after running the last few miles at a good pace, contrary to my expectations, I only just failed to come in.

I swallowed my disappointment, took a mouthful of bread and a glass of beer, jumped into a bath, and in less than a quarter of an hour was doing stern justice to the festive board.

J. A. N.

ARTEMUS WARD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.

You've probly all heern of my fite with the Secesher, but alars, alars, fu nose the konsekkents.

How my show was konfistigated, embracin as it did a wonderful kollekshun of livin wild Beasts of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endless variety of live size wax figgers, and the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky, the most amoozin outrajus little cuss ever introjuiced to a discriminatin public.

Baldinsville no longer looked upon me as here²⁴. Betsey Jane kalled me a old fool.

I thare⁴ drowndid my sorrers in the flowin Bole; girded up my Lions and fled the festiv seen to British sile; thare to live in truly British stile, which is poeckry, though such was not my intenshun.

I lived as a Kuntry gentleman, and went in putty kon-siderabul for sportin. Huntin I ollers sed I coodn't afford ; but the fack is, the very fust time as I crost the pigskin, I fell into a ditch kersmash, serverely damagin myself and I kame out with my clean biled Shirt rather more'n ornery rumpled. Suml axed me to git up and go on sum moor, but as I didn't hanker arter Reynard, I konkloodid I woodn't.

Onet I was persuede to go fishin in a punt. My friend was a most enthoosiarstic lover of the angel. Bein of a very poetic turn myself, arter fishin ruther more'n harf an hour with nary a bite, my feelins were too many for me, and I began to spout,

I'm erfiote, I'm erfiote,
On a fiat bottom'd bote.

(COTASHUN FROM HAMLICK.)

The putty little fishes which was in

The swift rolin tide

stoppt their nibblin to onet ; my friend gettin putty ril'd, called me a outtrajus ornery cuss, or suthin to that effect. But I indoosed him to carm his trubbled spirits with

Kuba segar, with tip so brite
Welkum to me by day or nite.

(POECKRY.)

I gave myself up to the booties of natur, and was just beginnin to repose in the klassic arms of Murphy, when I herd a huge splash at the back side of my hed. I jumpt up and saw suthin resemblin a smawl Pig sportin in the deep blue wave. As I had been snatcht from my chased couch, so to speak, I cood not restrane my feelins, and in a stentoorian voyce I exclaimed, " You egrejus ass, lug that pig out to onet." As the pig continnered to splash, I ceased the line and tride to hawl the animile into the bote.

He returned to his nativ Elerfunt.

I follered amid the cusses of my frend.

You will plesse to obsarve, that he was a most enthoosiarstic lover of the angel.

Nevertheless, I court a kold, whareas my frend, so enthoosiarstic, sich a lover of the angel, court nary a fish.

However, fishin did not agree with my konstitooshun, there4 as I am konsidered a putty good hand at Bolin over the cony, I konkloodid I wood go in for shootin sum more.

Why lasserate the publick buzzum with statin how and whare I obtained sport! May it suffice the a4sed Buzzum 4 me to say that I had shootin both covert and uncover'd, (N.B.—This is a goak). The fust time I went out I hadn't bin in cover moren' 5 minits when my dorg court a hare. I rushed 4ward to reskew the poor animile, from the jors of death.

(N.B.—My dorg's called "Death"). All to onct my keper yell'd out, "Mark, kok," I didn't see aised kok, and was turnin round to ax his whareabouts, when a gun went orf and killed a burd, which I konklooded was the kok. My gun did not go orf, konsecently I was put out about it.

At this krysis in the dim vister of the futur I obsarv'd a tall man kumming 2wards me. My munkie riz, and I exclaimed "Who air you, take yorself orf stranger, these air my preserves, or your hed will get *jamm'd* up putty konsiderbul.

(N.B.—When my munkie is at bilin pint, impromptoo goaks kum down like rane.)

He replide—"My frend, there is sum mistakek."

Sez I, "Nary."

Sez he, "Kum, kum, this is goin it too mutch."

I replide, "Yes, I think it is a darned site too mutch," with which remarks I comenst to pull orf my extry garmint, and smashin my hat wildly over my ize, I rusht at him and prepair'd to foller the coarse of axion and artful strategy with which I polish'd orf the aised Secesher *ar lar* Benike Boi. I thare4 began by hittin my weskit putty hard agin his fist, which indoos'd him to put his nose in my mouth, arter which, to facilitate matters, I druv my rite eye into his nuelle bones. We then got to close 4s, bunted our heds together, and made spittoons of ourselves ginerally for sum minits. After punchin my inards putty hevvy, my antaggenist brawt it to a close by adroitly placin his stummick agin my rite foot, then to show that he was not ill-dispos'd to me, he kindly put his hed too roost under my wing. I here thawt fit to larf.

He didn't roost muchly, but kontented hisself with sittin down in a thick bramble bush. Obsarvin that he could not possibly leave his situation without leaving the seat of his trowsis behind him, I left.

Be4 we got clear of the wood, a huge feline cat rush'd out of the brambles; my keper's gun goin orf at this krisis, the animile was injered. I ran 4ward and keepin orf my dorg, carest the putty creatur. Upon which, sed putty cretur in konsiderashun for my kindness druv his teeth thro my finger.

I stoppt caressin to onct.

But as he was a very putty cretur, I continner'd to kepe *Death* orf him, but, alars, the putty cretur died.

Upon leavin the wood I axed my keper what he thawt of the fight; if he didn't think I was sum Pumpkins.

He larfed as if he'd kill hisself, and intermated that I had jist lugged the wrong pig by the ear.

I coodn't see no pig, konsecently I replide, "Air you drunk?"

Sez he—"Wish I was."

He then commenst for to hint that my late antaggernist was in the rite.

Sez I, "I never heern brambles kalled by that naime be4; but I spose its rite."

Sez he, "You've bin trespassin. "

Sez I, "Bust my gizzard, you pusillanermus cuss. This is onprecedented," at the same time feelin rather oncumfutable in my inards.

But he only bust out larfin—a little silvery larf, reminding me of the wife of my buzzum—Betsey Jane, fond mother of twins, wayin about 18 pundz jintly.

I was konfoozed, I was a loonytick 4 the time bein. However callin to mind how I had left the itinerent vagabone in natur's pin kooshun so to speke, my sperrets riz accordin. But aised sperrets were not destin'd to remane in there elervated posishun too mutchly. Bimeby I saw, alars, alars, 2 police and the cuss with whoos blud I had jist water'd the sile, kummin up 2 hoss speed.

I can ashure you the grass did not grow under my feet while I ran 3 miles to the nearest railway stashun; kompletely distancin the keper, who, I began to suspek was in league with them, from the onnateral way in which he puff'd and blow'd and endavour'd to kepe me back.

But A. Ward was too mutch for him. I arrove at the bookin offiss in time to get my tickut 4 a trane which started just as the outrajus keper rusht up with the 3 onprincepled retchis in pursoot.

As they seem'd not to no my whareabouts I carmly, quietly, and sedately put my hed out of windor and in a winnin voise exclaimed, "Hunky boi, go it my gay and festiv cuss."

I larfed all the way to hum; thus virtoo was awarded, for virtoo is its own

A. WARD.

A MEDLÆVAL LEGEND.

When the knights of the Cross so bravely fought
In the burning eastern regions,
When the muscles were all, and the brains were nought,
And troubadours wandered in legions,
There lived a king in a sunny clime,
With seventy wives in his harem,
And if they offended his highness sublime,
He never would pardon or spare 'em.
He cut off their heads with his scimitar bright,
Had them dried and then placed in his study;
But his time came at last, and a brave English knight
Paid off this old tyrant so bloody.

Sir Launcelot loved a fair young maid,
 Who lived in a country villa,
 And Isabel loved him so much she said
 If he died it would certainly kill her.
 But the king spied out this country belle,
 And pressing attentions he paid her,
 And he thought at last it would be as well
 Some night to serenade her.
 Sir Launcelot heard of his highness's plan,
 And being aware of his habits,
 He placed in the park, where the pathway began,
 A gin that was used to catch rabbits.

Not a star shone out, and the night was dark,
 When the king set out with his fiddle,
 But just as he got to the path in the park,
 He dropped down his bow in the middle,
 It happened to fall where the sharp-toothed gin
 In ambush lay ready for battle,
 And in stooping he just touched the plate with his chin
 And it sprung with a crash and a rattle.

Fast by the neck next morning he lay,
 Stiff and stark in his glory,
 Sir Launcelot married his bride next day ;
 And that is the end of the story.

P. C.

[We are unable to continue "The Pleasant Visit," in this Number, but hope to do so in our next.—*Ed.*]

T H E C O N C E R T .

This event took place on Wednesday, December 19th, and there was, as usual, a great demand for tickets, but owing to the good management and arrangements of the Concert Committee, big school was nicely filled, without the uncomfortable crush we have experienced once or twice before. The concert was, on the whole, as successful as its predecessors, though, in our opinion, the solos were not quite so good as on former occasions ; at the same time the choruses and part songs were so well selected, and so well rendered, that they quite made up for the slight deficiency in the solos, and all combined to make a most delightful programme, which we give in full :—

PART I.

PART SONG,—“Auld Lang Syne”	<i>Edward Laud.</i>
ROUND,—“Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum”	<i>Sir H. R. Bishop.</i>
SONG,—“Didst thou but know”	<i>M. W. Balfe.</i>
F. G. A. WIEHE.		
SOLO PIANOFORTE,—	{ The Bee's Wedding	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
	{ Valse in D flat .	<i>Chopin.</i>
A. W. M. CAMPBELL.		
PART SONG,—“For the New Year”	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
SONG,—“The Song of Hybrias, the Cretan”	<i>J. W. Elliot.</i>
H. J. BODINGTON.		
SOLO AND CHORUS,—“Where the lordly Stag”		<i>Ernst Linde.</i>
DUET,—“I would that my Love”	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
F. G. A. WIEHE, C. P. TYLER.		
PART SONG,—“Gaily through the Greenwood”	<i>W. I. Young.</i>
SONG,—“The Monk”	<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
C. J. HOLLIDAY (O.C.)		
CHORUS,—“Gipsy Life”	<i>R. Schumann.</i>

AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

PART SONG,—“Take Care”	<i>M. Bartholomew.</i>
BALLAD,—“Rose Atherton”	<i>C. Jefferis.</i>
C. P. TYLER.		
MADRIGAL,—“Awake, Sweet Love”	<i>Dowland.</i>
SOLO PIANOFORTE,—Fantasie “Theme Allemand”		<i>Leybach.</i>
H. J. BODINGTON.		
SONG,—“The Knight of the olden days”	<i>A. Plumptre.</i>
E. ROPER.		
TRIO AND CHORUS,—“The Chough and Crow”		<i>Bishop.</i>
Solo parts by F. G. A. WIEHE, C. P. TYLER, H. J. BODINGTON.		
BALLAD,—“The Liquid Gem”	<i>Wrighton.</i>
C. A. WIEHE.		
PART SONG,—“Awake, my Love, Awake”	<i>J. H. Walker.</i>
The “Carnovale,”—“We are Beggars struck with Blindness”	<i>G. Rossini.</i>
PARTING GLEE,—“To our next Merry Meeting”		<i>H. J. Phillips.</i>

F. G. A. Wiehe unfortunately had a cold, which made itself evident in some of his high notes, but his song was nevertheless very well received. H. J. Bodington's voice was capitally suited to Campbell's “Song of Hybrias, the Cretan.” The duet, “I would that my Love,” was admirably rendered by F. G. A. Wiehe and C. P. Tyler, and we considered this quite one of the best things in the programme. C. J. Holliday (O.C.) sang “The Monk” with great feeling and good taste. After the interval the first thing worthy of especial mention was “Rose Atherton,” by C. P. Tyler. The visitors and ladies in particular seemed to be greatly taken with his clear treble voice. Among the choruses and part songs we would especially mention “Where the lordly Stag,” “The Chough and Crow,” and Rossini's “Carnovale,” which were

all very well sung and duly appreciated. We also were much pleased by H. J. Bodington's and A. W. M. Campbell's piano-forte solos. And now we have only to thank the Stewards for their kind exertions during the evening, which added greatly to the success of the entertainment.

FOOTBALL.

ELEVEN AND TWENTY-TWO v. SCHOOL.—*Nov. 2nd and Nov. 4th.*—This, though ever an exciting match, has hitherto always ended in a victory for the cricketing community. During the past season the Eleven and Twenty-two were peculiarly eminent for their prowess on Bigside, and the event accordingly proved no exception to the rule. H. G. Dakyns, Esq., and the Rev. P. A. Phelps played for the school, and the Rev. R. B. Poole for the Eleven. Neale with his forty strong looked most formidable on the field; and with a vigorous rush drove the ball behind the enemy's goal, where a "touch down" was obtained for them by Pile, ma. The superior speed and science of the Eleven however soon became apparent, and the ball was driven back into the School's domains, where a clever goal was dropped for the Eleven by C. B. L. Tylecote (Captain). In the second day the School were regularly penned. Yockney made a good run in and crowned his effort with success by "placing" a second goal, thus deciding the match in favour of the Eleven and Twenty-two. For the latter the forward play of A. Bush and L. Stow, and the back play of C. B. L. Tylecote, Rev. R. B. Poole, E. F. S. Tylecote, and J. C. A. Yockney was especially deserving of notice. For the School side, J. A. Neale, H. G. Dakyns, Esq., Riddell, Tovey, and Hinde played well.

MODERN v. CLASSICAL.—*Thursday, Nov. 7.*—This proved the best and hardest fought match of the season. The Modern Twenty was undoubtedly the heaviest; but perhaps the Classical numbered the oldest and most "knowing" hands. Neale, having won the toss for the Classical, chose the upper goal, and the game began with great spirit. The superior weight of the Moderns soon made itself felt, and the Classical were at once aware that hard work was before them. After the first rush however the ball got away into the hands of the latter's half-backs, and the Moderns were slowly driven into their own goal. Fox, ma., here made a fair catch for the Classical, but the "try" was missed. The Moderns now

with a furious rush drove the ball again dangerously near their enemy's goal, but gained no material advantage.

Saturday, Nov. 9.—The game was renewed with even greater energy and spirit than on the preceding Thursday. After some long and lively scrimmages, Tylecote, mi., got away with the ball and passing the Modern backs, obtained a "touch down." The "place" was a long one and though well tried was again missed.

Nov. 16.—Long and lively scrimmages were again the order of the day, and the hacking was kept up spiritedly. The following up of the forwards on both sides was admirable. C. B. L. Tylecote made a good run in, but being collared in touch, dropped the ball, which, however, was immediately touched down by Tagart. Yockney, most unnecessarily as we think, raised an objection on the ground of "off side." After a long and warm argument, the Classical gave in. The game was evenly contested throughout, ending in a draw, greatly in favour of the Classical. For the latter, Tylecote, ma., Tylecote, mi., Hall, Stow, and Bodington were conspicuous. For the Modern, Yockney, Bush, Taylor, ma., Tovey, and Penny played well.

SCHOOL HOUSE v. SCHOOL. — Tuesday, Nov. 23.—This match, usually one of the most exciting and interesting of the season, was this year very one-sided, and consequently soon finished off. The House having lost the toss, kicked off, and their first rush was so spirited and determined that they carried the ball at once before them, and Tylecote, ma., soon "dropped" the first goal for the School House. After the second kick off, the School were again gradually driven back, and in less than twenty minutes from the commencement of the game, the second goal was obtained for the School House by Tylecote, mi. Play, however, was resumed, and the School were again penned for a short time, till Tylecote, mi., dropped his second goal. It is only fair to add that the School were deprived of the services of three of their most prominent forwards.

DARK v. LIGHT.—This match was played on Nov. 21st, 23rd, and Dec. 5th, and was very evenly contested throughout. On the second day Tylecote, ma., "dropped" a goal for the Light, and on the last day Tylecote, mi., succeeded in obtaining a good goal for the Dark.

OLD RUGBEIANS v. CLIFTON COLLEGE.—*Saturday, Nov. 30.*—D. B. Collyer, Esq., kindly undertook to bring down a Twenty of Old Rugbeians from Oxford, as he had done in the previous season, but unfortunately when the day came round

several of his men did not turn up. The deficiency, however, was made up by some of the masters and resident Rugbeians. The weather could not have been more unpromising. Heavy rain had fallen during the whole morning, and kept on throughout the game. Under such unfavourable auspices, and upon the most swampy ground, play was commenced. The School, having won the toss, chose the upper goal, and D. B. Collyer kicked off for the Rugbeians. Notwithstanding the slippery state that Bigside was in, the following-up was admirable, and the "backs" on both sides made several good runs. The superior training of the School Twenty soon began to tell, and the ball was speedily driven into their opponents' goal. The "forwards" stuck to their work ably. Several of the Rugbeians, whom we regret that it is not in our power to name, were very conspicuous; but the School played so well together, that they repeatedly carried the ball through the "scrimmages." Two "touch-downs" were obtained by the School, but the state of the weather precluded all possibility of a goal being kicked. The "forwards" on the School side were so good all round that it is almost unjust to individualize. Still we feel bound to mention Neale, Hall, Bush, and Tovey. Among the "backs" the two Tylecotes and Yockney are deserving of especial notice. For the Rugbeians, D. B. Collyer, W. R. Collyer, H. G. Dakyns, — Johnston, and H. Haines were perhaps the most prominent in the midst of most excellent play.

PAST v. PRESENT.—*Wednesday, Dec. 18.*—The old Cliftonians mustered in greater force than on any previous occasion, and the match was consequently well contested. After a long and spirited struggle, during which the old fellows' goal was continually in danger, the School obtained a "touch-down." As the "touch-down" was too far from the goal for a "place," a "punt out" ensued. The catch, however, was missed, and the game continued with great energy and vigour, until T. B. Tylecote, Esq., (who assisted the old fellows) unfortunately dislocated his knee-cap, and thus his side was deprived of one of their men. After the short delay caused by this accident, the game went on very evenly, and no further advantage was obtained for either side. W. R. Collyer, Esq., A. E. Peile, A. J. E. Swindell, and P. W. D. Cruttwell (backs) especially distinguished themselves among the old fellows, while for the School, Tylecote, ma., Tylecote, mi., and Yockney ably sustained their reputation. The forward play on both sides was extremely good, and Neale, Bush, and Tovey in particular worked hard to secure a prominent position.

THE CAPS ARE AS FOLLOWS :—

Black Caps.	J. A. Neale (Captain)		L. J. Stow	
	F. W. Goodwyn		W. A. Riddell	
	C. B. L. Tylecote		H. J. Bodington	
	E. F. S. Tylecote		A. Tovey	
	J. C. A. Yockney	5	F. H. Penny	15
	A. J. Bush		G. W. Wilson	
	A. T. Taylor		J. K. Fox	
	H. S. Hall		E. O. C. Tagart	
	H. M. Hinde		H. A. Pile	
	S. N. Fox	10	—	

BIGSIDE RUNS.

Thursday, January 23rd.—This was the first run of the season. A new course was taken. The Hares ran round Horfield and the adjacent villages, and came home through Redland. The country was flat and uninteresting, and altogether the run was not as satisfactory as usual. The Hares were Caird (S.H.), and Riddell (Brown's).

Caird (S.H.) }
Riddell (Brown's) } 4h. 49m.

CAME IN.

Taylor (Brown's) } 4h. 56m. | Rev. E. M. Reynolds,
Lucas (S.H.) } 5h. 0m. 50sec.

UNDER FIFTEEN.

Brownlow, ma. (S.H.) }
Brownlow, mi. (S.H.) } Time not taken.

Thursday, January 30th.—The start for this run was on the other side of the Suspension Bridge. The run was entirely a new one, and it proved a success. The jumps were good, and the distance was not long. The Hares were Taylor (Brown's) and Lucas (S.H.)

Taylor (Brown's) }
Lucas (S.H.) } 4h. 14m.

CAME IN.

Caird (S.H.) } 5h. 0m. | Rev. E. M. Reynolds } 5h. 1½m.
Battersby (Town) } | Neale (S.H.) }
George (Town) 5h. 4m.

UNDER FIFTEEN.

Vyvyan (S.H.) 5h. 7½m.

The Hounds went on the wrong track for a considerable time ; and where therefore somewhat late.

Thursday, February 6th.—The old Pen Pole Point* run was chosen ; but the Hares made a slight variation in their course. They cut off Blaize Castle Wood, and crossed instead the iron bridge that leads on to King's Weston Downs. The Hares were Lucas (S.H.) and Caird (S.H.)

Lucas (S.H.) }
Caird (S.H.) } 4h. 11m.

CAME IN.

Pearson (Town) 4h. 22m.		Prichard, mi. (Town)
Cook (Brown's) }		4h. 25½m.
Rev.E.M.Reynolds } 4h. 23½m.		George (Town) }
Moor (Town) }		Maisey (Brown's) } 4h. 26¼m.
Campbell (Cay's) }		Pile, ma. (Cay's) 4h. 27m.
Jenkins (Cay's) }		
Riddell (Brown's) } 4h. 25m.		

UNDER FIFTEEN.

Brownlow, ma. (S.H.) }
Brownlow, mi. (S.H.) } 4h. 31m.
Fisher (Town)
Hardy (S.H.) 4h. 35m.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first debate this term was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 1st. The subject was proposed by Bird, ma., "Novels do not represent real life." The principal speeches were those of Bird, ma., Tylecote, ma., Goodwyn, and Neale for the motion, and Moor against it. After a spirited debate, the original motion was carried by 14 to 6.

February 8th.—The subject for this evening was "Perpetual peace is not advantageous to a nation." It was proposed by Bird, mi., and seconded by Bean. Owing to a larger attendance on the part of the members, this debate was rather better than the previous one. After some excellent speeches, especially those of Bird, mi., Neale, and Riddell for the motion, and Pearson and Hall against, it was carried by a majority of 8.

February 15th.—The subject was, "A system of compulsory education would be highly beneficial in England," proposed by Pearson. A lively debate ensued, the principal speakers being Pearson, Hall, Goodwyn, Neale, and Bowles. The result of the division was 16 for and 15 against the motion.

Neale has been elected President for the term, and Hall Vice-president. Mc.Mullen is Secretary. The Committee are:—Neale, Bird, ma., Moor, Maycock, Fox, ma., Goodwyn, Riddell, Tylecote, ma., and Mc.Mullen.

MISCELLANEOUS.



The Shakspeare Reading Club, which was so successful this time last year, has been started again. The Club comprises the greater part of the Sixth Form, with a few masters, and holds its meetings every Friday evening. *Othello* and *Much Ado about Nothing* are the plays already chosen. The characters are distributed by lot.

The first ties for Mr. Collyer's prize for bat-fives, open to all, have been played off. The second drawing gives:—

Bird, ma. }	Goodwyn }	Bodington }
Fox, ma. }	Bush, ma. }	Boyle }

The second ties for Mr. Dakyns' prize for bat-fives, under sixteen, are:—

Boyle }	Brownlow, ma. }
Hardy }	Tylecote, mi. }

Mr. Brown has offered a prize for hand-fives, open to all. The result of the drawing for ties has not yet been declared.

The surplus from the money collected for the last Concert has been given to the School Library by the Concert Committee. The sum is, we understand, about £25.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE BLACK CAPS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIFTONIAN.

DEAR SIR,—One of the greatest attractions of your admirable magazine to an Old Cliftonian, is that it is the most direct means of communication between the fellows who have left the School and those who are still there. I should be glad to take advantage of so opportune a medium if you can find room in your next publication for so long a letter on—to all appearance—such a trivial subject. When I was down at Clifton for the concert at Christmas I very naturally, with sundry others, attended the "old fellows' match," and was much astonished at seeing many of the caps come on to the field in black and gold caps. It was some time before I quite recovered from the shock occasioned by this somewhat extraordinary apparition—but at last I managed to collect my scattered faculties and began making some inquiries as to what was the meaning of this modern innovation. I regret to say that although I asked several of the fellows now at the School, not one could give me a really satisfactory answer, one or two even owning that they knew not that there was a difference—beyond simply that of houses. Is not this very strange, that any boy in the School should not thoroughly know the meaning of the very thing that is intended to incite him to attempt those great deeds that alone can enable him to hold one of the first honours in our School. In the course of the day I found out—unless I am mistaken—"that those fellows who had held their caps for two years and more were entitled to wear a black and gold cap and that on bigside the *senior blackcap* is head of side,"—at first I own I was immensely amused at the utter absurdity and quaint conceit of the whole thing: but on thinking the matter over I found that it was indeed more serious than it appeared at first sight. It was in fact a direct blow at our School constitution by disturbing that quiet influence which is the simple junction between the life of a boy in and out of School, as the Sixth Form out of doors, by this new rule, will have scarcely if any authority on the football field: in effect, this will be felt throughout the School—it will break up the boys' lives and ideas; they will lead a species of double existence, the indoor and the outdoor—in the Close their leaders, those in authority over them, will be those who are the best at athletic games of all kinds; in School they are ruled by another set, namely, those who are

above them in form—"no man can serve *two* masters." Taking a merely superficial view of the whole thing—the only way of carrying on a School—where the games are so thoroughly appreciated as at Clifton—without having a constant succession of petty quarrels, is by joining the leading powers; till now such has been the case at our School. The institution of the black cap simply upsets and curtails the external authority of the Sixth Form. Even those who would defend this "new idea" must admit the fact—they can only gloss it over by saying "but it is only in football"—let them remember that if the wedge be but once inserted, every tap, however light, *must* increase the incision. I do not stand alone in this strong objection to the black cap, every old fellow I have seen yet equally condemns them; many now among you also do so: even the majority of your masters have strongly spoken against them. All that I have already written—the arguments that I am now about to bring forward—are not simply my own private opinions, but of all that I have spoken to on the subject, collected and as clearly arranged as it is in my power to do. The day before I left Clifton it was decided by several of us that we would strive to do away with this weakness (as it appears to us) on your part, if possible—and I was asked to write a few lines to this paper on the subject, in hopes, that by drawing your attention to these facts, some change might be made. If you can only point out to us clearly and thoroughly how in any way this new institution can benefit the School either privately or publicly—you may rest assured that we—the old fellows—shall be the last to offer any protestation against it. On application to those who had first instituted the "black cap" for their reasons for so doing I collected the following—and all I think may be called very lame ones indeed.

(1.) That the old caps get too small, and that consequently a new one is wanted.

(2.) That this being the case, it is better to have a distinctive cap for the two year old veterans, than one of the ordinary kind.

(3.) For besides being older "caps," they will as a rule be much better than the other "caps," and therefore intitled to additional honour.

(4.) For otherwise old "caps" have no honour, or distinction, since it is not (as in cricket) the oldest, but the highest "cap" who is head of side.

(5.) That this institution will be the foundation of a "school twenty."

To which arguments, or phrases claiming to be arguments, the following we think, seems to be sufficient answers:—

(1 & 2.) The first word that very naturally rises to our lips when we contemplate these first two most admirable reasons is *bosh!* most likely followed by *humbug!* Any one can get his cap let out to almost any length, and even if it were not so, the argument is most feeble. What would we think of a fellow who had been two years in the twenty-two, and finding that his light blue jacket and cap are getting shabby and too small, should wish for a distinctive mark, and get some other coloured jacket and cap. If any one of the caps has the pitiable conceit to desire to be so gorgeous in his dressing and despise that toil-stained cap, that has borne the brunt of many a hard-fought game (which every one else prizes the more, for that very reason and which in my day we were indeed proud of) please do let him have a *new one!*

(3.) To an experienced football player it is very well known that "caps" often fall off even at the third year! Again you must remember that the "sixth" have full right to take their caps whenever they like—consequently they are perfectly justified in taking the black cap also—if you attempt to stop this by saying, either that they have not served two years, or that they are not good enough, you interfere with the rights, rules, and privileges of the Sixth Form. Therefore the argument that they will as a rule be much better than the other "caps" does not hold good—besides if we go by rule we may as well toss up for a match instead of playing it out. As for additional honour—let us take cricket as a parallel—*Tylecote, ma.*, has been in the Eleven, *Hall, ma.*, in the twenty-two, longer than anyone else—do they require any distinguishing mark?

(4) But (it will be said) the case is quite different from cricket, *Tylecote, ma.*, has a practical reward for being in the Eleven longer than other people, he is *Captain* of it, not so in football? This is, as far as it goes, a good argument, but how about *Hall, ma.*? In cricket only *one*, the senior man gets the honour—it is only so, because you are forced by custom to have a Captain; naturally it falls on the fellow supposed to have the most experience; a good Captain of an Eleven must have something more than simple good play. In the case of the caps—you sprinkle great honours indiscriminately to good men and to men who *do not deserve even their caps.* Let us look at our great model, Rugby, and see how they manage these things there; they have one rule that holds good throughout the School—"the highest in call-over order on the side is head of the side." Nor have they any other caps than the different house caps. Now, if at Rugby, out of 100 "caps" (be the same more or less), there is no need of any distinction, why do our fellows want extra distinction out of 10 to 20 caps? Is it not great vanity? Add to this, it is well

known who are the old and good "caps," and in truth they look ten times more like "veterans" in their old caps than in brilliant new ones. Again, now that new Houses are springing up, the number of different caps is getting so great as to make considerable confusion. If a fellow has any House feeling he ought to be prouder of his House cap than of any other.

(5)... We don't want a School Twenty, as we only play one foreign match, and this is by no means certain to be annual. In case there should be one, why could not the Head of the School choose out a twenty from amongst the "caps," as at Rugby? Besides this it is hard to see how it could be the foundation of a "School Twenty"—they are merely veterans, there is no provision whatever made for their being better than the other "caps," and as I have just said, lots of fellows do not improve, and a few quite otherwise. Then why should the fresh, eager young blood be kept back by a mere paltry sentimental regard for past skill and success? Why risk the honour and position of our School by letting yourselves be constrained by an unnecessary and unwholesome etiquette? For if perchance there be *less* than twenty "caps" the "black caps" must form the nucleus of the twenty—if *more* you are bound to take the oldest "black caps" first—be they good or bad—as this new institution is based on the rights of seniority.

The absurd argument about age would prove too much even for those who advance it. We have had a case of a cap being held at the School *four* years—on what principle was the holder not presented with a much blacker cap, or at any rate one of a distinguishing colour? and why were the "caps" of 1865 allowed to wear the same badge and cap as those senior "caps" of 1864?

Till now I have simply mentioned that part of this subject connected with the School alone. I must now point out to you the fact that this new institution also influences those who have left the School—for it materially alters the position and value of their caps. Many in our ranks have held their caps far longer as a rule than those among you now;—many are by-words among you as the good players of the past; whose play has never been surpassed in your Close: the black and gold cap quietly and calmly consigns them to an inferior position. But we are indeed loath to lay the injustice to ourselves too strongly before you—we feel certain we have simply to call your attention to this fact, and you will do your utmost to ameliorate, or even to recall, if possible, any injudicious act you may have thoughtlessly committed.

If you look back on all that I have written you will see that the main objections are indeed powerful—they bring themselves under three particular heads, viz. :—

1st. It lowers house feeling—the great stimulant to internal competition in the School, which alone keeps up a good wholesome tone in it, and tends much to enhance its physical or out-door development.

2nd. No other Public School in England has such an institution—having no doubt tried and found out the utter uselessness of the thing.

3rd. It lowers the value of the old or House cap—giving them a false valuation, as they will for the future be much easier to gain, being only a minor honour—forgetting of course, that even if a man does not play again after he has gained his first cap, yet he will be entitled to take the second one.

I would not have laid the matter so strongly before you but that it happens after this year—so we are told—no other black caps can be made for at least twelve months or two years. Why have any more? It is certainly hard to ask those fellows who have got them already not to wear them; as they otherwise would be useless. The most simple remedy (if you will allow us to suggest one) to prevent any discontent would be to let the school take the new caps off their owner's hands at a valuation, and as they are few in number, and still new, let the next house that is likely to have caps, buy them up again. Mr. Cay's will very likely have caps soon—I do not think they have any yet—(in fact they are sure to have some, and good ones, if they only follow up the desires of their energetic leader); he might perhaps consent to such an arrangement.

In the course of our many conversations on this subject, one fellow amiably suggested that the only way to arrange differences was to allow all old fellows, who had been caps, after one year, to take the black cap. This would certainly be ridiculous. First, there are no differences to arrange. Secondly, we do not want the black caps at all; we prize our old dirty ones too much. But we, the old fellows, established an important institution, not carelessly, but with great deliberation and thought. We now mix in the world, and see how public-school "caps" are received—and the more we see, the more are we convinced that this new system will be greatly prejudicial to the extension of the good name and standing of the School, among those men who, though they may not be schoolboys still, yet keep up the games and noble exercises that delighted their hearts in youth. Again at times (it is certainly commendable as being done in all courtesy and great kindness—though even that will not make it any the more advisable) men on leaving school are presented with their caps. This should not be? And yet, ought these men still further to deserve the black caps?

We do not ask you to give up these caps without great deliberation on our part. Remember if while yet the School is so young you tamper too much with the scarcely formed internal institutions of the School—they will ever be sickly—and never grow into strong powerful traditions like those that guide and keep firm all the other good public Schools of the day. Also recollect that these mild eccentricities on your part will be but a precedent for those who will succeed you in the high places of the School, to wander off into still wilder vagaries—take care lest in time they also touch you who are even now at Clifton College. We can only trust that the authorities of the School will take all these things into careful consideration. And our hope is that soon we shall hear of this very obnoxious institution as having been totally abolished. With many apologies for having taken up so much of your, no doubt, very valuable space,

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

CHAS. J. HOLLIDAY.

P.S.—To show that an objection is not made in a spirit of rank conservatism, we would suggest, that is, if you come to the full determination to retain the “black caps”—that you lay down *very* stringent rules about the two years. For instance, say a man has had his cap given him at the end of last term—say the last day of 1867—when may he take the black cap? In 1869? According to that he will have only worn his cap *one* football season. The rule used to be at the School “no man could take his cap at all till he had played *one* whole football season,” accordingly the cap must be held *two* whole football seasons, therefore the cap gained in 1867 (the last day) can only be changed into a black one at the end of the season, that has its termination in the spring of 1870. We also recommend the institution of a book in each house, in which may be written the names of every “cap” that is made, together with the date. And when a man has reached the time that he is entitled to change his cap he must notify the same to the other “black caps,” and if after application to the books kept they find that he has served the required time—then let him change his cap. It would indeed be better if the “black caps” had the right of rejecting—say by vote—any such application if they thought that the applicant was unworthy of so great an honour.

[Our correspondent has been greatly misinformed about the “black caps;” so, while we thoroughly appreciate the patriotic interest which he has evinced in the matter, we must warn our readers not to accept as facts all the statements in this letter. We hope to go into the subject fully in our next.—Ed.]

THE LABORATORY.

SIR,—The other day I was making merry with some tungstate of soda and sugar of lead, and I hit on the following experiment, which may, perhaps, be new to some of your readers, as it is not mentioned in any of the common chemical hand-books. Make a clear solution of acetate of lead (about an ounce to a pint) and arrange at the bottom a few crystals of tungstate of soda. Let be, and soon from each crystal a delicately sculptured pillar of purest white will rise to the top of the water. If the crystals be well arranged, the result may, with a little stretch of imagination, be likened to a church or a glacier. The crystals should not be larger than a grain of wheat. They may be obtained at Giles', the chemist, opposite the Post-office, Clifton. Hoping that your readers will try to produce similar effects with other salts—coloured ones especially—I remain, Sir,

H.

SIR,—I am glad to see that a Debating Society has been started in the School. May I be allowed to offer a suggestion concerning it.

Could it not be amalgamated with Bigside Levée? By this it seems to me that two advantages would be gained. Firstly, a great number of practical questions would arise which would much enliven the debates, and secondly, Bigside Levée might become an orderly assembly, which should really discuss questions instead of being what it now is.

It has always struck me as the peculiar charm of the Union Debates that the minutest points in the Society's affairs receive due attention, and are discussed under the same forms as the greater questions for debate. Have we not peculiar facilities for imitating this?

Then no one can deny that Bigside Levée might be improved. Why should not a couple of days' notice be given of the subject to be discussed, and assent or approval be expressed by the traditional "hear, hear," instead of by shouts and scrapings? What is gained by having such a crowd round the head of the School that but few can see or hear what is going on? Why should not every motion have a regular proposer and seconder, and amendments be entered in due form; and every speaker (the mover alone excepted) be allowed to be once only on his legs?

It may be argued that there is no time for such levées; but why not on Thursdays between dinner and call over, and when necessary the debate might be adjourned till the Saturday and then decided?

Then, if besides the ordinary run of school topics an historical or political subject were occasionally introduced,

the useful and the pleasant would be very judiciously mixed : the Debating Society would become more attractive, Bigside Levée more dignified and effective.

I believe this plan has been tried at Wellington, and succeeded very well.
T. M. K.

SIR,—A want has long been felt of a more suitable plan of taking the Fives' Courts ; the method of posting up the name of the person who takes the court upon the door is not satisfactory, for the paper is often blown off and lost.—Hoping you will be able to establish some better mode,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
R. P. Q.

SIR,—As you say in your preface that in the " Cliftonian " a grumbler may grumble over his grievance, I shall need no apology for bringing forward mine.

The rule that the highest " cap " shall be head of his side is beginning to be disregarded, and the old " caps " are beginning to usurp this distinction. At first sight this may seem perhaps a very small matter, for the present head of the School being a " black cap " still continues to be head of any side on which he may find himself. But this is obviously a mere accident, and as it is evidently the principle which is at stake, I must beg your readers to bear with me whilst I say a little more about it.

There are, I know, several objections which may be brought, and continually are, against the rule as it at present stands. The oldest " cap," it is said, will make a far better head of his side than he who merely happens to be head in call-over order, and it is absurd to mix up schoolwork and games in such a way. The rule which holds in cricket, it is argued, ought to be extended to football—namely, that seniority shall rule promotion.

These are certainly specious, but I hope that a little consideration may serve to overrule them.

Granting then that in cricket because of old custom in schools, and because of the peculiar nature of the game, it is wisely arranged that school order shall have nothing to do with captaincy, I hold that in football the case is quite different.

In the first place all schools playing the Rugby game have nearly always made the head " cap " head of his side. Football again is very like a small battle, and I own that it seems to me as natural that a house twenty should be led by the head of the house, as of old time it seemed that the chief should lead his clan to battle, even though he were not the most experienced warrior, or the most expert swordsman among his

people. I confess that I view with dislike the kind of spirit which is trying to bring about this change, as I regard it as something democratic and Chartist, and as savouring of the "supremacy of physical force" theory.

The present rule favours in a peculiar manner that union of physical and intellectual energy which it is one great end of a school to produce. The head of a house will play as he probably would never otherwise have played in order that he may be not unworthy to lead the other "caps:" he will make the better præpostor for leading his side at football, the better leader at football for being head of his house. Depend upon it that if he has not some precedence in the games he will not be in any real sense "head." You may call him head; he may call over at tea time, and have his name written in capitals at the head of the house list, but his hold on the house and his opportunities of influencing it will be lamentably diminished.

It is on such grounds that I object to the proposed change, wishing at the same time no disrespect whatever to the old "caps," heroes of many a well-fought day. Their advice is always asked, and everybody knows who are the oldest and best "caps." But if our cap is worth anything at all, it surely should qualify the wearer for being head of his side. Surely when the number of "caps" is so limited the rule might be left as it now is, when at Rugby with four or five times the number the same rule holds.

I have spoken almost exclusively of House Matches, but the same remarks will apply to any ordinary Bigside, and to the leadership of the head of the school.

I have only now to call attention to the very irregular manner in which this is being brought about, without (as far as I know) any vote of Bigside Levée, or any notice on the part of the Sixth, and I may perhaps be excused for asking whether the question at issue was not one of the conditions on which the Head-Master gave over to the school the government of Bigside?—Yours, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

[On what grounds our correspondent makes the assertion that the old "caps" are usurping the rights of the highest "caps" in the School we know not. However, we do know that in no single instance have those rights been usurped by the old "caps." We feel, moreover, the greatest confidence in asserting that the School will ever preserve, instead of destroying them, by unconstitutional, or even constitutional measures.—Ed.]

CAPS *versus* CADS.

SIR,—I have a grievance. Why should the dirty little street cads be so continually seen in our School caps? I trust

that I am not uncharitable or selfish in this, but I must confess that the tips of my boots always feel uncommonly inclined to commit an assault, when a dirty little wretch comes up and begs for a copper, broom in hand, and school cap on head. It would be very easy to rip off the ribbon from the caps before giving them away, which would answer all the purposes of the charitably inclined, without creating an eyesore to all of us who glory in the C. C.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

PRIDE NOT PREJUDICE.

[This is a real grievance, and one which we have ourselves often noticed, and we hope this letter will have the desired effect.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—In your last impression there appeared a letter from an individual styling himself “Remex,” in which the necessity of a boat club was strongly urged. I do not myself pretend to know much about such a thing, having always preferred *terra firma* to the “shining river,” but I cannot help giving my opinion, which is that a boat club would not be practicable at Clifton. The “fine stretch of water” your correspondent mentioned had to be reached under many difficulties, and is, I fancy, hardly as free from obstructions as he would have us imagine. With reference to Cheltenham and Radley having to put up with like disadvantages to those we should have to undergo, “Remex” is rather at sea; for though the Cheltenham Boat Club keep their boats at *Shrewsbury, yet they are able to get there by train in less time than it would take our crew to walk to Bristol Bridge, to reach the †“fine stretch,” from which point is by no means the work of a minute. I have visited Radley and am pretty certain that the distance from the school to their boat-house is not more than a mile—(the geographical position of this place must have been as unknown to “Remex” as America was to the ancient Greeks)—so that the Radleians, enjoying as they do the same river as the Oxford crews, possess advantages which we could never have. With due respect then for your “oar loving Phæacian,” it is my private opinion that a boat club at Clifton, even though it were to be “taken up by an active committee,” would not prove the “decided success” he fondly imagines it would. I beg you will pardon this intrusion and want of brevity on the part of

Your humble servant,

OUTIS.

* Our correspondent perhaps means Tewkesbury.—Ed.

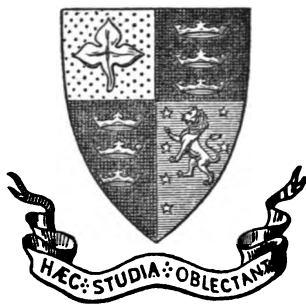
† Many emendations have been proposed for this difficult passage; we prefer, however, to give the MS. reading.—Ed.

THE CLIFTONIAN.

NO. III.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS
OF CLIFTON COLLEGE.

JULY, 1868.



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THE SCHOOLBOY SPECTATOR. [No. II.]

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.—*

Mart. 2 Epig. lxxxvi.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I have observed before that my friend Secundus, amidst all his good qualities, has a spice of obstinacy, and that his virtues as well as his imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain stiffness of opinion, which makes them particularly his own and distinguishes them from those of others. This cast of mind, though generally disagreeable in itself, still renders his conversation somewhat attractive, and more delightful than the same degree of studied compliance would appear in its ordinary colours.

As we were supping together the other night in the study of one of our number, the conversation happened to turn upon a neat version which had been proposed by Primus in that day's Classical lesson; and we good-humouredly rallied Secundus upon the sad failures he had experienced in attempting the same. Now Secundus, who values himself very highly upon the hatred which he bears to Classical learning, immediately took up the point with considerable warmth. "What advantage," he urged, "could arise from being able to turn a few sentences of elaborate Greek or Latin into a few sentences of still more elaborate English. It was a trick, he averred, a mere trick, which could be acquired by anyone who had from Nature intelligence enough to build a card house." Here Tertius broke in, reminding him that what he said might be vouched with equal plausibility against his favourite study of Mathematics. The Mathematician, however, obstinately maintained his point, but finding that he could not bring forward any substantial argument, with no mean tact turned the subject. "And what fool," he said waxing warm, "could fail of getting a great reputation for excellence in scholarship, who chose to shut himself up in his study and commit his grammar and irregular verbs to memory, but what real remuneration would he derive from such sheer mechanical labour? And the absurd folly that you great Classical authorities put forth under the title of comparative philology is astounding. You remark that in Greek $\mu\eta$ and $\mu\epsilon$ are pronounced alike, whilst in English *I* *aye* have pretty nearly the same sound, so you build a theory

that the Greek is a negational whilst the English is an affirmative language, and you prove that this could not but have occurred from the different climate and national features of the two countries." This was said with so grave a face and with such a serious demeanour, that we could not restrain our laughter, which was heightened all the more by Secundus triumphantly asserting that he had placed us now upon the horns of a digamma. Here Sextus interposed, and said that he was really unable to see what was the gain to be arrived at by grinding (as he styles it) at Classics or at Mathematics either. "Would these enable a man to ride better, or throw a fly better, or shoot better, or would they help him to be at ease in the company of strangers, would they assist him to converse with a partner in a dance, would they tell him whether in visiting a friend he should take his hat with him or leave it in the hall?" He was, in fact, growing quite eloquent in the enumeration of what he considered to be the all-in-all to a gentleman's education, when we reminded him that it was not for this merely we were at school, and that these were not the sole aim in life, but were additions and refined accomplishments. "Aye but, he answered, determined not to be beaten, what are Classics and Mathematics but refined additions and not so useful either as those accomplishments you affect to sneer at." And then ensued a long and, in many respects, senseless discussion in which he upheld his point. Everyone, in fact, pressed his own peculiar pursuit or hobby, as men call it; the Natural-historian glorified insect-hunting, the Mathematician figures, the Classical-swell scholarship, the plodder obedience to rules, and Sextus idleness. But Secundus especially urged his original point and carried his declamations against Classics to such a pitch that after prayers I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon the subject.

There is no doubt that the study of Classics as it is conducted at present is to any person, who is not gifted with an extraordinary memory, a very laborious and perhaps uninteresting pursuit. The reason of this is that the note book is so much called in request. It would be hardly unfair to say that there is more of critical annotation than of translation accomplished in the hour. In twenty lines of Virgil there are often as many lines by way of reference and parallel passage to be copied down and reproduced at the end of term; then there are various readings innumerable, and emendations to be chronicled together with the names of the proposers.

Now this would not be so unbearable, if the references were apropos of the spirit and subject matter, but to be broken off in the midst of a beautiful description, to turn out

a passage in which the passive participle is used in a middle sense or where *improbis* signifies not "wicked" but merely "excessive," is at least distasteful if not absolutely disheartening.

It is a proof indeed of certain talent and ingenuity to excel in such a sphere as this, but it is talent which is possessed in common with a city postman or carrier, who remembers the names of streets on his beat, and the ingenuity of a lexicographer who laboriously collects under a single head all the various passages in which a particular word may chance to occur.

G. E. B.

DEIANIRA.

ὥς οὐδέν ἐσμεν, πλὴν σκιᾷς ἐοικότες,
βάρος περισσὸν γῆς ἀναστρωφόμενοι.

'Tis hard for one vexed with a sore unrest
And gloomy dread, to view the cloudless mirth
Of hearts that smile beneath their own bright sun.
For now all Trachis peals with joyous pride;
And at each reeking altar, lily wreathed,
From daughter, wife, and mother, grateful prayers,
Thought-winged, outfly the laggard curling smoke.
Gay-glancing Hope cheers all save me alone.
Me only, me unblest, this cloud of dread
O'er hovers, and I do but mar their joy
Being present joyless; wherefore to this gorge,
Cleft by the hasty torrent, have I roamed
Aimless: and craving care eats out my heart
Quick to the probe, yet ever half consumed.
Like him of yore that stole the flame from Heaven,
Whose liver, night-renewed, the ruthless bird
Daily would rend, still quivering from his beak:
Yet him Zeus' son delivered from his pangs
And rock-chained seat, but never will he come
To me a saviour, and my aching heart
Deliver from these woes, himself the cause.

For he long years ago—such price the gods
Had named as ransom for a deed ill-wrought
Yet of divine propulsion—sailed afar,
Ploughing the barren ocean-path, and left
His wife and children desolate behind.

Nor learned I whither bound he sailed, nor where
 He roamed afar, nor when he would return.
 But this too well my boding heart foreknew,
 That to be sundered from the thing we love
 With fervour-heat, works tenfold keener fire
 Within the breast, but if our love be cold—
 Tho' such were not true passion, nor the use
 Of noble hearts—the blasts of envious spite
 Sweep on the flame, and quench it with a breath.

And lo ! he comes, and leads a captive wife—
 Forsooth a captive ! no, 'tis I the slave,
 Slave to his love that surges in my breast,
 Slave to this dread that mates and masters me,
 Slave most to Folly, mother of Remorse.
 O that I had but listened to the voice,
 The warning voice that cried within my soul,
 'Ere it was yet too late, and the black ship,
 Stone-lashed, not yet had borne away my hope.
 O that I had but listened to the voice
 That cried, "Be wise in love ; for love is blind :
 "Thou hast the key of thine own happiness :
 "Thine is the power to use it ; use it well."

But I, fond fool ! then, when I thought myself
 Most tender for his welfare and mine own,
 Thus wisely pondered : "True, 'tis mine, the power :
 "And, when I will, the torch is set ablaze
 "That lights the funeral pyre of all my woe :
 "As once my mother held the hunter's life
 "Twin-fated with a brand : yet, if I vex
 "His fevered blood with passion all too strong,
 "Perchance the gods will wrench it to my shame,
 "Destroying not my sorrows, but his life,
 "Whom now I seek to cherish. Then, poor wretch,
 "For all my pains, I should be miserable.
 "For he would writhe long tethered by his strength
 "To earth, and I his torturer—what else ?—
 "Would slay him, as yon ivy slays the oak
 "Hugged in its close embrace—and death would break
 "The seal I set to mark him for mine own.
 "For he will dwell amid his father's halls
 "On bright Olympus like a god, and take
 "A goddess wife from those, the deathless ones,
 "And smile at cares once his : nor think of me,
 "A wailing shade in the dim land of death,
 "A murderer, hated both of gods and men.
 "Has he not sworn his love a thousand times ?

"Has he not sworn it? Can he break his oath?
 "Nay, he is noble; and his promises
 "Are not wave-written; braver then to trust
 "Than vilely hoarding lose all utterly."

And I, tho' many hissed their venomous spite,
 Believed not—loved him truly, tho' they said
 He to the Lydian Queen had sold himself,
 And shamed his manhood with a woman's gown.
 And worse they added; worse because more true:
 More true alas! and therefore doubly keen—
 That he had won himself another love,
 Wooing her roughly at the lances' point.

But they thus railing, to my mind there came
 Heaven-sent remembrance of a goodly prince,
 My father's guest in lofty Calydon,
 Noble, and brave, and comely, whom men call
 The Evil-slayer, chaste Bellerophon:
 Whom faith in one unfaithful had destroyed,
 But Zeus preserved him, rendering back the lie
 Upon her head that made it—so I lived,
 Nor loved him less, but waited patiently
 In dim expectance, feeding on my hope.
 And who shall blame the gods, or think it strange,
 Or harsh, that all men suffer ills alike,
 The innocent with the guilty, knowing this,
 How that the silent fortitude of one,
 One blameless soul, when vexed by fortunes foul,
 Hath power to steel a thousand wavering hearts?

And many a vow I made, and many a prayer
 To the all-ruling Lord of gods and men,
 "That he would grant my lord a safe return,
 "And glad release from toil: and keep him mine."
 But only yester eve, as thus I prayed,
 On the high altar piled with lordly thighs
 The gall leapt sputtering from the clammy fat,
 That burned not with it, and the altar quaked.
 Then this sad morning's light shewed all my fears
 Too true, alas! too true: and all their taunts
 Most true, most sternly true. Yet I had hope
 To save him from that impious one, that loved
 Nor home nor country—how then could she love
 A noble husband being base of soul?

But all my hope was as the treacherous calm
 When the wind falls, or seems to fall, but round
 Is heard the murmur of the coming blast.

For now the twilight glooms into the night,
 And yet he comes not, nor is 't hard to know
 What that may be that holds him; for I fear
 Not even all my cunning aught avails
 To win him back from those foul snaky wiles
 And viperous kisses, that have charmed him hence.
 And yet he comes not—he will never come.
 And all my hope is gone, my hope is gone.
 How then can I, weak woman, fight with Fate,
 Stern, chilling Fate that puts e'en Hope to flight?
 And still it creeps, and grows, and shadows me.
 And I do tremble as the aspen trembles,
 That startled hears a storm in every breath,
 And whispers its wild warning to the woods.
 Even so I tremble, and—I know not why—
 Yon muttering cloud, that rises thunder-black
 O'er dim Cencœum, seems the harbinger
 Of storms to blast and shatter all my life.

N. B.

STRAY NOTES.

When a fellow takes up his pen for the first time to write for a magazine he generally begins by saying, directly or indirectly, that he has nothing to write about. Now this bare statement would lead one to suppose that the writer was endued with unblushing impudence to write at all after such a confession; but there are two underlying veins of thought which he, the imaginary Scribe, might vent as follows:—"I have been pestered out of my life by Editors, who know all along that if I do write anything it will be wind, froth, not worth printing-ink; and yet I can't help swallowing a little of their winged words, for after all, worse writers than myself have turned out well in time, and who knows but?"—and at this point up he gets and in hot haste writes, much to his own satisfaction, some rarity in the story way; or an essay; the readers of which we well may pity. The real incentive, which he cannot acknowledge even to himself, is this curious love of taking a one-sided view of a subject, seeing its advantages and being blind to its drawbacks or impracticabilities, which is so common among boys. And this blindness generally concerns previously untried pursuits. Every one has felt now and then that strange elation at praise, that earnest striving to excel in some queer, out-of-the-way branch of the scibile or facile, which sometimes

follows an accidental or momentary, possibly never-to-be-repeated, success, on his first trial of something new. So the Editor's honied words sink into a ready heart; and our Scribe never considers that there are many better writers than himself, that after all he will have very few readers, probably no admirers, and so he obtains his due reward of failure, rejection, sickening disappointment; and if his choice production is accepted, his disgust at his friend's criticisms will be no less bitter.

Look at men coming from College. They all seem to think they can keep small boys in order. Go into their class-rooms; there you see the miserable man at the verge of despair. He begins by neglecting his necktie and ends by taking private pupils. To these my advice is, as a small boy, "take care, we are fooling thee;" but if you must take a set keep near the fire and open all the windows and half the battle is over.

Take another example. Who does not know a score of fellows who are as modest as you like at all times except that short hour spent in chapel. There they must needs parade their one vanity and sing like crows, making hideous the chapel air; for whom there is no remedy save uplifting your own voice.

Consider the next fellow you meet, and ponder well whether he has not some pet ambition, which any one but himself can see is unattainable; and having so pondered, mend your own ways.

M. K. T.

D R E A M S .

Johnson gives: *Sleep, v. n. to rest*. In this I think the stout old lexicographer is wrong. I hold *sleep* to be an active verb. For what says the Grammar? "An active verb is that in which the action passes on." And doesn't the action pass on from sleep to dream? with me it does. Scarce a night passes which I do not spend among the most extraordinary scenes. Visions come and go, shape follows shape, adventure, peril, delight, helpless terror crowd themselves upon the mind in mad confusion. Yes, in my vocabulary "dream" is certainly synonymous with "sleep."

Directly I get into bed, the speed of thought seems to be redoubled. Recollections of what has happened during the day fill my mind. I smile when I think how I spilt the

beer over my trousers at dinner. I hear the whiz-z-z of the mainspring of my watch, which I just broke, whilst winding it up with a pair of tweezers. Tisiphone quatit insultans—Tisiphone insultans quatit—how *does* the line go on? I know I shall get stumped in my rep. as usual. So Hubert did not put out Arthur's eyes after all. "O Heaven, I thank thee, Hubert." That was a long shot, wasn't it, governor? I wiped your eye too. Down charge, you beast, quiet, can't you. I wonder who'll get the mile this year. I really can't run on much longer at this pace, we've only done about half the distance yet. O Heavens! there are four red Indians running after me with long knives * * * * I have run miles and miles and not lessened my distance from them at all. I want to stop, but something makes me run on and on although my legs feel as if they would drop off. I tumble rather than jump into the river, and find myself at a ball dancing with an awfully jolly partner. Soon—but it would take volumes to mention all I see and do. At last, however, I am helping to row a boat on the sea. We are capized and all my companions are drowned. The boat becomes a hideous monster, from which I am running with all my might down the street. Suddenly my feet grow rooted to the spot; the beast seizes me; his eyes flash flames, the fire spreads to the rest of his body, he turns into a huge furnace in the midst of which I am tied to a stake. The cruel tongues of flame lick my limbs, I try, in vain, to draw my breath; all the horrors of suffocation take hold upon me; with a superhuman effort I spring forth, and—find the præpostor of the dormitory flashing the light of his candle in my eyes and pinching my nose to wake me. He merely wished to know what I had done with some book he wanted. I asked him the time. "Half-past ten." Goodness! had I dreamt all this in about five minutes?

I soon go to sleep again, my adventures are very similar to those I have just related. I will not weary by trying to describe them. At one time I am swimming: the water grows colder and colder—I wake to gather up the clothes I have kicked off the bed. At another time I am dashed into consciousness by falling down a deep abyss, and breaking every bone of my body at the bottom. I get up from the floor and return to bed. Many such adventures fall to my lot, but at length I am relieved by a deep and dreamless sleep.

I am roused in the morning by the melodious snores of some fellow near me. I silence him by a well-directed shot with my slipper. Then, when all is quiet, I doze off;—this is by far the pleasantest part of one's time in bed, this period between sleep and wakefulness. My fancy leads me to the

last Bigside Run. I trot along in the most comfortable state, without feeling any of that wretched dog-tiredness which befalls us in real life. I pass Vyvyan Terrace, a street band is playing the Mabel. My mind at once reverts to my last ball in the holidays. I go through all the little nothings I then said to my partners. I ——— a bell rings, it is in the next dormitory, it will be here directly. My thoughts somehow fly off, at a tangent, to cricket. It is my half hour at the net; I notice each ball; my wicket only falls twice. I jump right into the middle of a Bigside match. I have already made about 40 runs. I hit one to long leg, he fields it and shies it in; it catches me right in the middle of the back——oh! I go on again and have just cut a neat one; I run two for it. The bowler—— Eugh! “Mr. ——,” Umph! “Mr. ——, get up sir, you know you’ve had lines for being late, for the last five mornings; you asked me to call you particularly.” “O, hang it! don’t make that row, all right, I’m awake.” What a fearful shame it is, making us get up at this unearthly time. Why can’t we always get up at the time we do on Sundays? It’s simple tyranny and bullying, I think, to make a fellow dress by gaslight.

G. E. B.

DEAR SIR,—Being fond of antiquarian investigation I happened the other day to come upon fragments of an old Latin M.S.; the date and authorship of which I have as yet been unable to determine.

In the hope that some of your readers might be so far interested as to aid me in ascertaining who was the author of this remarkable composition, I have sent you my translation: to the faults and inaccuracies of which I beg your kind indulgence.

Any clue to the discovery will be gladly received by,

Your humble servant,

SUDIBRAS.

Fragment (unpublished) of an unknown Latin Author.

* * * But since we are about to describe the constitution of this celebrated people, it seems in accordance with our purpose to disclose, what we happen to know or conjecture concerning their origin.

The Cliftonians wandering in search of a home are reported to have settled in the extreme parts of Britain towards the setting of the sun. Some seek to trace their origin from their name. In the central parts of the island is the flourishing state of Rockby: which, they say, is the mother city of the Cliftonians so called indeed, but originally Clifftownians, the barbarous dialect having by this time corrupted their name. Certain therefore of the Rockbœans, for what reason I know not, having determined to found a colony demanded a leader. I find in some authors that one was appointed them, as is customary, from the mother city, but concerning his name it is not sufficiently clear; for no trustworthy annals record it. Under whose leadership after having wandered many days they came to a land bordering upon the great sea; and the tribes who inhabited those parts received them in a friendly way, so that they settled and dwelt there. Now the place where they dwelt was rugged and inaccessible; and they living apart increased greatly, and to pass over the rest, became a separate people, the name of their city being called Clifftown; which as the old tradition runs, was so named as a remembrance of the place whence they set out.

This then is what I, for my part, think concerning the origin of the Clifftownians. But on these points some say one thing, and some another. And among those by whom it is held otherwise this opinion chiefly prevails, that the *Keltonians* sent out this colony. Against which, to one carefully considering, many and great objections are manifest: but in favour of it not one proof can be adduced, save only a bare tradition, in so far as that may pass for a proof. For not only does the name of their colony prove the contrary—for without doubt *Cliff Town* and *Rock By* were originally the same, and moreover the rivers which flow by these two places are both known by the name of *Avon*—but also their constitution is in every respect like that of the one, whilst it is altogether unlike that of the other. For whereas the Keltonians were at first ruled under a despotism, both the Clifftownians and the Rockbœans enjoyed from the earliest times their own peculiar form of government, composed of an oligarchy combined with a democracy—which government was also afterwards adopted by the Keltonians, an internal sedition having arisen, by which the oligarchical party became supreme.

Now the whole people of the Clifftownians are made up of two tribes. The one, which is composed of the *Classici*, or citizens of the first rank, is of greater antiquity. The other, since it was added at a later time, was called that of the *Novi Homines*, or *Moderns*. Among the Keltonians also a large

class of *Novi Homines* exists : which is brought forward by some as a proof that the Keltonians were the founders of this colony.

Moreover there were many other divisions of the whole people into separate clans and families, or—and this name is far the most common—Houses. And among these there existed great rivalry, insomuch that they were always at variance one with another.

A separate chief governed each House : and strove to discipline it in such a manner as to surpass all the rest. And this rivalry so far from being hurtful to the state was even advantageous. For being continually on the alert against one another, they grew expert in those arts which constitute the strength of a nation. And so the whole people grew stronger by these internal feuds and emulation. Nor was their jealousy ever so strong, but that they were ready to join and aid one another in case of any danger from without.

Thus then the Clifftownians increased continually both in number and resources ; and * * * * *

P.S.—I am sorry to say that the sheet here was so mutilated that I have been obliged to conclude abruptly.

Yours obediently,

SUDIBRAS.

B. B.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—MARCH 19TH AND 21ST.

The Athletics had been fixed for Thursday and Friday, March 19th and 20th, but owing to the weather it was found impossible to continue them on Friday, and so they were postponed until the next day. Though the weather was anything but promising in the morning, it cleared up on both days by one o'clock, and the ground was in very fair condition. The number of visitors on the first day was large, and on the second day the grand stand was crowded, and in every respect the races went off to the satisfaction of everyone.

The Stewards were : J. A. Neale, H. S. Hall, E. N. P. Moor, S. N. Fox, F. W. Goodwyn, W. A. Riddell, and E. F. S. Tylecote.

The Starters were : C. H. Cay, Esq., Rev. P. H. Phelps, Rev. R. B. Poole, and Rev. E. M. Reynolds.

Mr. T. Elliott was Judge.

The following are the results of the different races :—

OPEN TO ALL.

Mile.—Prize given by Head Master.

1st., N. Lucas; 2nd., R. P. Caird. Time, 5m. 14sec. Caird made the running at a fair pace, but was closely followed by Lucas, who was evidently biding his time, and at a 100 yards from the winning post challenged him and won easily by 5 yards.

100 Yards.—Prize given by Mr. Wilkinson.

1st., A. J. Bush; 2nd., E. Roper. Time, 11sec. There were 33 entries. It was run off in three heats: the 1st. heat was won by A. J. Bush and E. J. Davies; the 2nd. by F. W. Goodwyn and N. Lucas; the 3rd. by E. Roper and E. F. S. Tylecote. In the final heat Goodwyn and Roper got off first, Bush nearly last. This order was kept up to within 15 yards of home, when Bush put on a tremendous spurt and came in a winner by two yards. There was a dead heat between Tylecote, Goodwyn, and Roper for 2nd. place. Tylecote and Roper ran for 2nd. prize, Goodwyn being 2nd. last year. Roper won by a foot.

300 Yards.—Prize given by M. V. de Candole.

1st., A. J. Bush; 2nd., E. F. S. Tylecote. Time, 35sec. First heat: 1st., A. J. Bush; 2nd., H. J. Bodington. A good race, Bush winning by 2 yards. 2nd. heat: 1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., E. Roper. Tylecote won easily by 5yds. In the final heat Bush led slightly all the way, Bodington pressing him hard till 10 yards from home, where he gave way to Tylecote for 2nd. place, Tylecote being 2 yards behind Bush at the finish.

Half-Mile.—Prize given by A. E. Peile. (O.C.)

1st., N. Lucas; 2nd., W. E. C. Cooke. Time, 2m. 14sec. L. J. Stow made the running, but gave way in the last 150 yards, finding the pace too quick for him. Lucas, as in the mile, had the race well in hand, and won cleverly by a few yards. Cooke was a good second.

High Jump.—Prize given by Rev. T. E. Brown.

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., N. Lucas. Height, 5ft. 3in. Tylecote and Lucas had it all their own way, Lucas clearing 4ft. 11in. but failing at 5ft. Tylecote cleared 5ft. 3in. in fine style.

Broad Jump.—Prize given by C. H. Fussell. (O.C.)

1st., N. Lucas; 2nd., H. J. Bodington. Distance, 17ft. 10in. Lucas jumped well for 1st. place; Davies and Tylecote, who were respectively 2nd. and 3rd., were disqualified for 2nd. prize, which consequently fell to Bodington.

Hurdle Race.—Prize given by Mr. Handsombody.

1st., G. Arthur; 2nd., N. Lucas. Time, 18sec. Arthur took his hurdles in very good form, and won easily.

Throwing the Cricket-ball.—Prize given by Mr. Bennett.

1st., E. F. S. Tylecote; 2nd., H. J. Bodington. Distance, 96yds. Tylecote's throw, though not quite up to the standard of former years, was still very creditable.

Throwing at the Wicket.—Prize given by E. M. Oakley, Esq.

1st., J. A. Neale; 2nd., H. de C. Rawlins. There were 55 entries for this. Neale succeeded in hitting the wicket 3 times out of 6, no one else hitting it more than twice.

Grand Steeple Chase.—Prize given by Mr. Trimmell.

1st., H. J. Bodington; 2nd., G. Arthur. Arthur led over the first few hurdles, but Bodington caught him up at the broad ditch, and won cleverly by a few yards.

Quarter of a Mile.—(Handicap).—Prize given by G. de L. Bush. (O.C.)

1st., S. N. Fox; 2nd., E. M. Goodman. Both Fox and Goodman had 25yds. start over the scratch men, and kept up a quick pace throughout.

UNDER 5 FT. 5 IN.

600 Yards.—Prize given by Col. Maisey.

1st., E. J. Davies; 2nd., J. Nankivell. Time, 1m. 31sec.

100 Yards.—

1st., J. Nankivell; 2nd., F. Wyvill. Time, 11½sec.

Steeple Chase.—Prize given by Mr. Wheeler.

1st., E. J. Davies; 2nd., J. Nankivell. Time, 32sec.

 UNDER 5 FT. 2 IN.

100 Yards.—

1st., J. V. Heath ; 2nd., C. Boyle. Time, 13½sec.

High Jump.—

1st., C. Wiehe ; 2nd., A. Woodhouse. Height, 4ft. 4in.

300 Yards.—Prize given by Rev. P. A. Phelps.

1st., C. Boyle ; 2nd., O. Darling. Time, 38½sec.

 UNDER 4 FT. 8 IN.

100 Yards.—

1st., C. B. Brownlow ; 2nd., E. S. Radcliffe. Time, 14½sec.

200 Yards.—

1st., C. B. Brownlow ; 2nd., E. S. Radcliffe. Time, 30sec.

 JUNIOR SCHOOL.

100 Yards.—(Open).—Prize given by Mr. Trimmell.

1st., W. G. Gribble, 2nd., T. A. Daines. Time, 13½sec.

200 Yards.—(Open).—

1st., W. G. Gribble ; 2nd., T. A. Daines. Time, 29sec.

440 Yards.—(Open).—Prize given by the Rev. B. Hartnell.

1st., T. A. Daines ; 2nd., J. C. Gilmore. Time, 1min. 9sec.

High Jump.—(Open).—Prize given by Rev. R. B. Poole.

1st., D. Mc.Arthur ; 2nd., E. C. B. Ford. Height, 4ft. 2½in.

100 Yards.—(Under 4ft. 8in.)

1st., D. Mc.Arthur ; 2nd., T. A. Daines. Time, 13sec.

100 Yards.—(Under 4ft. 4in.)—Prize given by Rev. F. Armitage.

1st., C. S. Penny ; 2nd., M. W. P. Block. Time, 15sec.

Consolation.—(200 Yards, Open).—

1st., F. W. Goodwyn ; 2nd., A. Henderson. Time, 24sec.

Consolation.—(200 Yards, under 5ft. 2in.)

T. H. Fisher. Time, 28sec.

Visitors' Race.—(300 Yards).

W. G. Grace, Esq. Time, 32sec.

Old Cliftonians' Race.—(300 Yards).

C. B. L. Tylecote, Queen's College, Oxford. Time, 33½sec.

The pace in both of these races was unusually good, the winners coming in several yards ahead.

The Challenge Cup and Medal (given by Mr. Elliot) were won by N. Lucas, who was first in the Mile, Half-mile, and Broad Jump, and second in the High Jump and Hurdle Race.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

March 1st.—Subject: "Latin and Greek verses ought not to be considered a necessary part of a Classical education. Proposed by Moor, opposed by Hopkinson. The principal speakers were Moor, Howlett, and Pearson for, Neale and Fox, ma., against the motion. After a somewhat warm discussion, a division was made and resulted in 10 votes for, 7 against the motion.

March 14th.—Before the debate commenced Moor was elected vice-president, *vice* Hall resigned. It was decided that for the future each subject must be chosen at the previous meeting.

The subject for this evening was "Secret Capital Punishment would be more efficacious than public." This debate was not so largely attended as the former. Moor, Bean, Neale, Macmullen spoke for the motion; Hodge and Bird, mi., against it. A division being made, the President's casting vote decided the debate in favour of the motion.

Saturday, April 14th.—Before the commencement of the debate, at the proposition of the President, it was agreed that this should be the last meeting of the season.

Subject: "The Disestablishment of the Irish Church would be advantageous." Proposed by Hooper, opposed by Goodman. Hooper, Caird, Pearson, and Lucas spoke in favour of the motion, while Macmullen, Goodman, Bird, mi., and Neale, opposed it. Decided against the motion by a majority of 2.

CRICKET.

SCHOOL v. MASTERS WITH J. ROBSON.

This match was played on May 7th and 9th, but was not finished owing to some heavy scoring on the School side, who won the toss and appeared first at the wickets. The first three were disposed of rather quickly for 30 runs. Tylecote and Goodwyn now got together and for some time defied the bowling, both hitting very freely: at last Goodwyn fell a victim to Robson's steady bowling after a brilliant innings of 24. The telegraph showed 111 for 6 wickets when Stow faced Tylecote, and another determined stand was made, until, just before time, Rev. G. Style stumped Tylecote, who had just completed his 100, comprising three fives, five fours, seven threes, twos, and singles. Seven wickets for 170. On the second day, Stow by some very steady play, resisted the bowling till he had put together 34. Wilson played well for his 13, and brought the total up to 209. J. Robson's bowling was very good throughout, and six of the wickets fell to his share.

The Masters sent Rev. R. B. Poole and J. Robson first to the wickets, the former was summarily dismissed for 2, and Robson was not long before he gave a chance, which was accepted by Bush. Rev. P. A. Phelps and Rev. G. Style now getting together, pulled the score up a little, until the latter was run out after a good innings of 29. Rev. P. A. Phelps brought his score up to 23 before he was bowled by Wilson. No other double figures were made, and when the stumps were drawn the total was 88 for 6 wickets. The annexed score shows plainly enough the probable result, had the game been played out.

SCHOOL.

W. C. F. Cross, b Robson	7
H. J. Bodington, b Robson	6
S. N. Fox, b Macpherson	4
E. F. S. Tylecote, st Style, b Robson	100
F. W. Goodwyn, b Robson	27
A. J. Bush, b Robson	0
W. E. Fox, b Phelps	1
L. J. Stow, b Phelps	34
C. E. Deare, b Phelps	6
G. M. Wilson, not out	13
E. N. P. Moor, c Luckman, b Robson	3
Extras	8
Total				209

MASTERS.

Rev. R. B. Poole, b S. Fox	3
J. Robson, c Bush, b S. Fox	12
Rev. P. A. Phelps, b Wilson	28
Rev. G. Style, run out	29
M. G. Dakyns, Esq., b Goodwyn	7
Rev. E. M. Reynolds, not out	3
C. H. Cay, Esq., b Goodwyn	0
Rev. B. Hartnell, c Bush, b Wilson	3
Rev. T. E. Brown				
W. D. I. McPherson, Esq.	}	did not go in.		
H. P. Luckman, Esq.				
Extras	9
Total				88

C.C.C.C. v. CLIFTON CLUB.

A match between these clubs was played on May 16th, and resulted in a victory for the School by the 1st innings. The Clifton Club brought an unusually strong eleven, and amongst others W. G. Grace and G. F. Grace. The School having lost the toss, W. G. Grace and T. G. Matthews went in to the bowling of Taylor and Fox. Grace had put together 4, when in the third over of the match he hit one up to long leg which was splendidly caught by Bodington. F. Townsend then joined Matthews, and these two held their own for some time, till they were at last despatched, one by Taylor and the other by Fox, for 25 and 21 respectively. The School bowling was very steady, and their fielding especially good, so that no one else succeeded in reaching double figures, and the innings closed for 84. The two Graces began the bowling for their side, and quickly sent the first three back to the tent. Tylecote and Goodwyn then faced each other, and showed some steady play, till Tylecote put a ball into long on's hands, which was secured, Fox soon followed, and Bush took his place. He and Goodwyn raised the score considerably; Townshend took the ball from W. G. Grace, and went on with the slows. The change was fatal to Goodwyn, after a fine innings of 51, comprising a five, two fours, five threes, twos and singles. Bush held on till the last wicket, being finally clean bowled by a lob. Total 117. In the second innings of Clifton, W. G. Grace was again disposed of for a single figure, G. F. Grace, however, with T. G. Matthews made a good stand, the latter keeping up his wicket until time was called, when the telegraph showed 117 for 7 wickets.

and he and Tylecote were in together till the stumps were drawn, Tylecote having brought up his own score to 118. It comprised two fives, three fours, and seven threes. Total 222 for 3 wickets.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
E. F. S. Tylecote, c G. Horsford, b P. Hammonds	37	not out	118
W. C. F. Cross, c Substitute, b C. H. Fussell	4	c Ware, b McPherson	11
S. N. Fox, run out	4	b McPherson	32
L. J. Stow, b C. H. Fussell	10	c G. Horsford, b C. H. Fussell	17
F. W. Goodwyn, c Matthews, b C. H. Fussell	1	not out	23
H. J. Bodington, c Duncombe, b C. H. Fussell	3		
A. J. Bush, b A. P. Hammonds	1		
G. M. Wilson, c Ware, b A. P. Hammonds	12		
C. E. Deare, b C. H. Fussell	3		
E. N. P. Moor, b A. P. Hammonds	2		
A. T. Taylor, not out	2		
Extras	7		
Total	86	Total	222

MR. HORSFORD'S ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.	
P. Hammonds, b S. N. Fox	16
T. G. Matthews, retired	19
F. Townshend, retired	2
W. H. Wyld, b A. T. Taylor	0
J. Mills, b S. N. Fox	1
G. Horsford, not out	11
P. Harley, c F. W. Goodwyn, b S. N. Fox	0
W. D. L. McPherson, run out	6
W. H. Bailey, c A. J. Bush, b A. T. Taylor	4
C. H. Fussell, b A. T. Taylor	2
A. Ware, b S. N. Fox	2
Extras	6
Total	69

CLASSICAL v. MODERN.

This match is remarkable for the large total of the Classical, and the enormous individual score of E. F. S. Tylecote. At the end of the third day, the Moderns had only succeeded in getting 9 wickets for 630 to their own 100, and the match, so apparently one-sided, had to be considered drawn. For the Moderns, Bush and A. Cross played well for 49 and 20 respectively, and these were the only double figures made. About half-an-hour before the close of the first day's play, Tylecote and Stow appeared at the wickets for the Classical; Stow made a single and was then stumped by Bush, one wicket for 6. W. Cross took Stow's place and ran up about a dozen before the stumps were drawn, Tylecote having made 34. On the second day Tylecote began to make runs very fast, and when Cross was caught for 30, he had made his first 100 with a few to spare. Bush now tried

slows which proved too good for the next man. However, Tylecote and Goodwyn ran up the score so quickly that Taylor had to go on again, and finally took Goodwyn's wicket after a fine innings of 52. S. N. Fox put together 25 before Bush got rid of him with a lob. This finished the second day, 5 wickets for 340, of which Tylecote had made 199. Another good score was made by Bodington, who began with Tylecote on the third day and scored 42 very quickly. Runs now came faster than ever in spite of the repeated changes of bowling, and nearly an hour elapsed before Hall's wicket fell; another 100 having been added in the meanwhile, nine-tenths of which fell to Tylecote's share, seven for 533, Lyon and Bird scored 9 and 10 respectively, and Goodman had made 8 not out, when the clock sounded a welcome signal of release to the Moderns; and Tylecote's fine innings closed for 404 not out. It comprised one seven, five fives, twenty-one fours, thirty-nine threes, forty-two twos, and eighty-seven singles. He ran every run made in the match except four of his own which were obtained by a magnificent hit, far out of the ground, and one which deserved a higher figure than the conventional 4. The time occupied was as nearly as possible six hours, half-an-hour on the first day, and from 2.45 to 5.30 on each of the other days.

MODERN.

W. E. Fox, b H. S. Hall	2
J. C. Fox, b F. W. Goodwyn	0
A. T. Taylor, run out	2
A. J. Bush, c E. N. F. Moor, b E. F. S. Tylecote	49
C. E. Deare, run out	0
G. M. Wilson, b F. W. Goodwyn	5
C. B. Barstow, c E. F. S. Tylecote, b F. W. Goodwyn	2
A. Cross, b E. F. S. Tylecote	20
F. G. A. Wiehe, c C. W. Boyle, b E. F. S. Tylecote	1
R. Warner, c W. C. F. Cross, b F. W. Goodwyn	0
J. Beattie, not out	4
Extras	15
Total	100

CLASSICAL.

E. F. S. Tylecote, not out	404
W. C. Cross, c C. B. Barstow, b R. Warner	30
I. J. Stow, st A. J. Bush, b G. M. Wilson	1
E. N. F. Moor, c G. M. Wilson, b A. J. Bush	8
F. W. Goodwyn, c G. M. Wilson, b A. T. Taylor	52
S. N. Fox, c A. T. Taylor, b A. J. Bush	25
H. J. Bodington, c A. T. Taylor, b G. M. Wilson	42
H. S. Hall, b A. J. Bush	11
C. Lyon, c A. T. Taylor, b A. J. Bush	9
G. E. Bird, c J. Beattie, b A. J. Bush	10
E. M. Goodman, not out	8
Extras	30
Total	630

C.C.C.C. v. WORCESTER COLLEGE.

Played May 21st and resulted in a draw in favour of Clifton College. Worcester winning the toss sent in H. H.

Palairt and G. C. Moor, who were not parted till they had put together 74, when S. Fox bowled Moor after a good innings of 34. The next two men only added a single between them, Palairt was run out soon after this, having played very steadily for 53. The only other double figures were obtained by Baker, Boyd, and Landon, the latter of whom carried his bat for 31, included a six, two fours, three threes, total 191. Cross and Stow were first at the wickets for their side, the bowlers being W. Boyd and H. Harries, Stow was the first to retire, one for 31. The next man soon put a catch into Dooner's hands, two for 33. E. F. S. Tylecote joined Cross and some lively hitting ensued. A change of bowling was thought necessary, and proved fatal to Tylecote. His place was supplied by Goodwyn who fell a victim to the same bowler, though not before he had run up 26, by two fives, a four, a three, four twos, and singles. Almost immediately Cross was clean bowled by Harries, having played a brilliant innings of 64, with a good sprinkling of fours and threes. Bush followed but before he had made a run, time was called. Five wickets for 145.

WORCESTER COLLEGE.

H. H. Palairt, run out	53
G. C. F. J. Moor, b S. N. Fox	34
R. Lawrence, b C. E. Deare	1
W. Collins, b C. E. Deare	0
L. Dooner, b E. F. S. Tylecote	9
C. M. Baker, c A. J. Bush, b S. N. Fox	11
W. Boyd, b A. T. Taylor	21
C. H. Bowley, c A. T. Taylor, b E. F. S. Tylecote	6
C. W. Landon, not out	31
C. Churchill, b S. N. Fox	6
H. Harries, c A. J. Bush, b E. F. S. Tylecote	5
Extras	14
Total					191

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

L. J. Stow, b W. Boyd	16
W. C. F. Cross, b W. H. Harries	64
S. N. Fox, c L. Dooner, b W. Boyd	2
E. F. S. Tylecote, b W. Collins	19
F. W. Goodwyn, c W. Boyd, b W. Collins	23
H. J. Bodington, not out	0
A. J. Bush, not out	0
G. M. Wilson	} did not bat				
C. E. Deare					
E. N. P. Moor					
A. T. Taylor					
Extras	18
Total					145

C.C.C.C. v. QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Played June 1st and drawn, owing to the long time that the Oxonians were kept in the field. Stow and Cross who went in first could not be separated till 75 had been made, Stow contributing 34. Tylecote played a very dashing

innings of 51 before Cross was bowled for 43. Goodwyn ran up 24 and was then run out. Some of the bowling about this time was very good, Belcher bowling 14 overs in succession, 8 of which were maidens, and from the remaining 6 only 8 runs were scored. However, Bush put together 32, with a five and two fours, before Belcher settled him. J. C. Fox also played a good not out innings of 18; the whole score amounted to 266. For Queen's College three out of the five that were disposed of, obtained double figures. C. B. L. Tylecote was caught at long leg by J. C. Fox in a manner beyond all praise, after a steady innings of 31. H. C. Phelps contributed 10 and T. S. Baker 14 not out, and when the stumps were drawn 5 wickets were down for 62.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

L. J. Stow, c T. Tylecote, b Bowyer	34
W. C. F. Cross, b C. B. L. Tylecote	43
S. N. Fox, c T. Tylecote, b Chadwick	3
E. F. S. Tylecote, 1 b w, b Belcher	51
W. F. Goodwyn, run out	24
H. J. Bedington, c and b C. B. L. Tylecote	5
A. J. Rush, b Belcher	32
G. M. Wilson, b Belcher	1
J. C. Fox, not out	18
E. N. F. Moor, c and b H. C. Phelps	10
A. T. Taylor, b Belcher	5
Extras	40
Total		266

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

C. B. L. Tylecote, c J. C. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	31
H. C. Phelps, b A. T. Taylor	10
T. B. Tylecote, run out	0
J. E. Owen, run out	2
T. S. Baker, not out	14
W. R. Burgess, c A. J. Bush, b A. T. Taylor ..	3
Extras	2
Total	62

SCHOOL HOUSE v. SCHOOL.

Hitherto this has always been a victory for the House, but this year the School won the match by 10 wickets. The House sent in E. F. S. Tylecote and A. Cross. Tylecote had scored 7 when S. Fox caught him off his own bowling. Cross soon followed. One and two wickets for 16. Goodwyn and Hall made a short resistance together till a badly judged run ended the career of the latter. Three for 43. Goodwyn pulled up the score a little with a well made score of 33, while Lyon and Wiehe were the only others to reach double figures, total 116. W. Cross and Stow went in first for the School to the bowling of Hall and Wilson. After 14 overs had been bowled without a wicket, Tylecote went on with slows at Hall's end, and Goodwyn relieved Wilson, but still no wicket. The first day ended with about 30 runs to the School without a wicket down. Next day Stow and Cross

were in for nearly an hour together, and runs came slowly, at last Goodwyn got rid of Stow who had put together 44. Cross, after being badly missed at point, was clean bowled by Wilson for 62. Fox soon fell a victim to Hall's bowling, and Bush putting his leg before a straight ball from the same bowler was given out, after a good innings of 34. J. C. Fox, Taylor and Pearse scored 18, 17, and 16 respectively, and brought the total up to 239. In the second innings of the House, Goodwyn again played well for his side, and scored 49, including two fives and five fours. Tylecote made 22 and Goodman 28, including three fours and three threes. The innings closed for 131, leaving the School 9 to make, which was done without the loss of a wicket; Stow making the winning hit; a magnificent one to square leg, clean out of the ground.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
E. F. S. Tylecote, c and b S. N. Fox	..	7	c A. J. Bush, b A. T. Taylor	..	22
A. Cross, c J. C. Fox, b S. N. Fox	..	6	b S. N. Fox	..	3
H. S. Hall, run out	..	14	b S. N. Fox	..	4
F. W. Goodwyn, c L. J. Stow, b S. N. Fox	..	33	b S. N. Fox	..	49
G. M. Wilson, c and b A. T. Taylor	..	7	b A. T. Taylor	..	0
K. M. Goodman, b A. T. Taylor	..	7	b S. N. Fox	..	23
A. Henderson, c L. J. Stow, b S. N. Fox	..	6	c E. N. P. Moor, b S. N. Fox	..	0
C. Lyon, c Stow, b S. N. Fox	..	14	b S. N. Fox	..	1
F. G. A. Wiehe, c J. C. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	..	14	b S. N. Fox	..	7
E. F. Swindell, b S. N. Fox	..	0	not out	..	6
J. Matthews, * net out	..	2	(H. J. Bodington) c A. J. Bush, b S. N. Fox	..	3
Extras	..	6	Extras	..	8
Total 116			Total 131		

* Substitute for H. J. Bodington.

SCHOOL.

FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
W. C. F. Cross, b G. M. Wilson	..	62	not out	..	8
L. G. Stow, c G. M. Wilson, b F. W. Goodwyn	..	41	not out	..	1
S. N. Fox, c F. Swindell, b H. S. Hall	..	7			
A. J. Bush, l b w, b H. S. Hall	..	34			
E. N. P. Moor, b G. M. Wilson	..	12			
W. E. Fox, c E. M. Goodman, b E. F. S. Tylecote	..	9			
J. C. Fox, not out	..	13			
A. T. Taylor, b H. S. Hall	..	17			
C. E. Deare, c G. M. Wilson, b E. F. S. Tylecote	..	1			
E. R. Warner, c E. F. S. Tylecote, b G. M. Wilson	..	4			
G. Pearse, b H. S. Hall	..	16			
Extras	..	15	Extras	..	0
Total 239			Total 9		

C.C.C.C. v. WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

June 13th, Weston took first innings, and sent in E. W. M. Lloyd and J. T. Goldney. The first over was a maiden, the first ball of the second over Lloyd hit away to long leg, but J. C. Fox timed it well, and caught it magnificently with one hand. Taylor was very much on the spot and proved altogether too good for the Weston men, of whom the only score

worthy of mentioning was Whittington's 11. The whole score only reached 27. Goldney began the bowling for Weston, Tylecote made 8 off the first over and got out the first ball of the next. Bodington and Stow held their own for some time, till Stow put a ball into the bowler's hands. Cross made 27 before he was bowled by Horsford. Goodwyn now made a determined stand and defied the changes of bowling. The next wicket was Bush's, who quickly ran up 23, smiting one mightily for 6. Soon after this, Whitting succeeded in bowling Goodwyn after a splendid innings of 118, made up of four fives, five fours, sixteen threes, twos and singles. J. C. Fox played a very steady game for 14, whilst Wilson and Tayler made 33 and 21 respectively. The total score was 293. In the second innings of Weston E. W. M. Lloyd made 28, including a five and two fours, Anderson, Goldney, and Horsford each made 10, and R. T. Whittington 24; when time was called 7 wickets were down for 92.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
E. W. M. Lloyd, c J. C. Fox, b S. N. Fox	0		c F. W. Goodwyn, b S. N. Fox	..	23
J. T. Goldney, c and b A. T. Taylor	..	4	c S. N. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	..	10
E. S. Viret, b A. T. Taylor	..	4	not out	..	0
R. T. Whittington, l b w, b S. N. Fox	..	11	c E. F. S. Tylecote, b A. T. Taylor	..	24
C. E. Whitting, b A. T. Taylor	..	6	b S. N. Fox	..	0
P. Harley, l b w, b A. T. Taylor	..	3	c S. N. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	..	7
G. Horsford, c G. M. Wilson, b S. N. Fox	3		b S. N. Fox	..	10
W. H. Denison, c W. C. F. Cross, b A. T. Taylor	..	0			
E. M. Whitting, b A. T. Taylor	..	0			
E. W. Vaughan, c S. N. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	0 not out	..	1
J. W. Anderson, not out	b S. N. Fox	..	10
Extras	..	5	Extras	..	2
Total	27		Total	92	

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		
E. F. S. Tylecote, c and b E. W. M. Lloyd	..	8
L. J. Stow, c and b J. T. Goldney	..	14
H. J. Bodington, b Goldney	..	27
W. C. F. Cross, b G. Horsford	..	23
W. F. Goodwyn, b C. E. Whitting	..	118
A. J. Bush, l b w, b G. Horsford	..	23
S. N. Fox, c G. Horsford, b G. T. Goldney	..	5
J. C. Fox, c J. W. Anderson, b E. W. M. Lloyd	..	14
G. M. Wilson, b R. T. Whittington	..	33
A. T. Taylor, c and b E. W. M. Lloyd	..	21
E. N. P. Moor, not out	..	3
Extras	..	6
Total	293	

C.C.C.C. 1ST. ELEVEN v. THE TWENTY-TWO.

This three days' match was played at Clifton, on June 18th, 25th, and 27th, and resulted in a draw in favour of the

Twenty-two. The Twenty-two went first to the wickets, represented by J. Beattie and A. Cross. The first four wickets fell for 19, and so far the game looked well for the Eleven, but before the fifth wicket fell R. Warner and W. Fox made large additions to the score, though both of them were badly missed at mid on; Warner was at last run out; 5 for 62. The next man to appear at the wickets was C. Lyon, and another determined stand was made. Both Fox and Lyon punished the bowling severely, several changes were tried but for some time to no purpose, at last Lyon succumbed to a ball from G. M. Wilson after an excellently played innings of 32, comprising one five, one four, one three, five twos, and several singles, 6 for 105. H. S. Hall now came in, and before another wicket fell time was called for that day. Second day.—The not-outs of the previous day were soon parted and the 7th wicket, Hall, fell for 18. W. Fox was the next to retire, finding a ball of S. N. Fox's too much for him; his score of 63, which was excellently made, comprised one four, seven threes, eight twos, and singles. The only other two who got double figures were F. Swindell and E. Davies, both of whom played well. The innings closed for 225. The first at the wickets for the Eleven were L. J. Stow and W. C. F. Cross, who were fated to be quickly separated; the first wicket fell for 9, Tylecote came in Stow's place, but runs came in very slowly, and the second wicket, Tylecote's, fell for 26. In Tylecote's 17 there was one capital hit for 4, and it was in attempting another that he got caught at square leg. The next man in was Bodington, and he began his score by a splendid hit for 6; if there had been more hits like this, the game might have looked better for the Eleven. Runs, however, came in no quicker, and Cross, who had been in from the beginning was run out for 8, 3 for 36. His place was supplied by F. W. Goodwyn, but soon, too soon, Bodington gave a chance, which was accepted, 4 for 49. The wickets now began to fall faster and faster, and the 7th, 8th, and 9th wickets fell while the score was at 74. J. C. Fox (substitute for S. N. Fox) and Moor now made something of a stand, but it was too late; the last wicket, however did not fall till 57 more had been scored, when Moor was bowled by Swindell; the whole score was 131, J. C. Fox playing a good not-out innings of 31. From this it will be seen that the Eleven had to follow their innings. Greater success followed them in their second attempt, and E. F. S. Tylecote and J. C. Fox raised a score of 29 before the first wicket fell. After Fox's retirement L. J. Stow joined E. F. S. Tylecote and no doubt great things would have been accomplished, but time and tide wait for no man, and before another run was made time was called. Tylecote's 21 con-

tained two fours, a three, and some other good hits. Subjoined is the full score :—

THE TWENTY-TWO.

A. Cross, c H. Bodington, b A. T. Taylor	9
J. Beattie, c S. N. Fox, b A. T. Taylor	2
C. Barstow, c J. Robson, b A. T. Taylor	2
G. Pearce, c A. J. Bush, b S. N. Fox	0
R. Warner, run out	14
W. Fox, b S. N. Fox	63
C. Lyon, b G. Wilson	82
H. S. Hall, b S. N. Fox	13
C. W. Poyle, b S. N. Fox	5
A. Henderson, c H. J. Bodington, b E. F. S. Tylecote	12
G. H. Williams, b E. F. S. Tylecote	6
C. R. Deare, b A. T. Taylor	9
F. G. A. Wiehe, b S. N. Fox	9
E. M. Goodman, b E. F. S. Tylecote	7
H. G. Tylecote, c E. F. S. Tylecote, b S. N. Fox	1
F. Swindell, b S. N. Fox	11
C. Porter, b S. N. Fox	5
E. Davies, c H. J. Bodington, b S. N. Fox	11
J. Matthews, c H. J. Bodington, b S. N. Fox	2
V. Jenkins, at A. J. Bush, b E. F. S. Tylecote	5
Shaw run out	0
B. T. Hodge, not out	0
Extras	12
Total			225

THE ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.				SECOND INNINGS.			
L. J. Stow, b C. R. Deare	1	not out	6
W. C. F. Cross, run out	8				
E. F. S. Tylecote, c C. Lyon, b H. S. Hall	..	17	..	not out	21
H. J. Bodington, c W. Fox, b C. R. Deare	11				
F. W. Goodwyn, c F. Swindell, b H. S. Hall	11				
A. J. Bush, b H. S. Hall	17				
G. Wilson, c C. Porter, b C. R. Deare	2				
S. N. Fox (substitute), not out	31				
J. C. Fox, run out	0	c Williams, b F. Swindell	5
A. T. Taylor, b C. R. Deare	6				
E. N. P. Moor, b F. Swindell	17				
Extras	16	3
Total				Total			
181				29			

C.C.C.C. v. SHERBORNE S.C.C.

Played at Sherborne on June 20th, 1868. For this match the Eleven migrated to Sherborne on the evening of the 19th, and were there hospitably entertained. During the night preceding the day of the match there was a heavy thunderstorm, and a great deal of rain, which did not improve the ground, and consequently no very tall scores were made. Play commenced at 10 a.m. Sherborne won the toss and sent to the wicket, W. C. Perry and F. E. Bennett; the former was very soon caught at the wicket by A. J. Bush. First wicket for 10. The next man added nothing to the score, and before many runs had been made the third wicket

also fell; 3 for 14. The next man did not trouble the field long, and the fourth wicket was down for 21. A. F. E. Forman now came in, and he together with S. E. Bennett made somewhat of a stand, Bennett hitting freely to the on, and a change in the bowling was found necessary, E. F. S. Tylecote came on with slows; success followed the change, Bennett fell a victim after a lively innings of 27, comprising one five, five threes, two twos, and three singles. No one else made any stand at all, and the innings closed for 69, Forman carrying his bat for 14. Clifton then began its innings, its representatives at the wickets being L. J. Stow and W. C. F. Cross, but these two were not long together, the first wicket, Stow, falling for 2; his place was supplied by E. F. S. Tylecote, who after having made 17 was caught at mid on, 3 for 41. F. W. Goodwyn followed, and after the score had been increased by 20, Cross who had been in from the beginning, gave a chance to point, and had to retire after playing a careful innings of 21, 4 for 62. The next wicket to fall was Goodwyn's, 5 for 66. Runs now began to come in slower and slower, and wickets to fall faster and faster, nobody else being able to creep into double figures, and the whole innings only amounted to 86. After luncheon Sherborne again tried their luck at the wickets, but were more unsuccessful than in their first innings, two only managed to get double figures, who were Forman, 15; and Hawkins 13 not out. Tylecote's slows were too powerful for the rest, and the wickets fell quickly and the whole Eleven only made 52, leaving Clifton 33 to win. These were got without the loss of a wicket, Tylecote making 21, composed of one six, a splendid leg-hit, a four, a three, two twos, and singles, and Cross making 11; and so the Cliftonians were left winners by 10 wickets. Subjoined is the full score:—

SHERBORNE.

FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
W. C. Perry, c A. Bush, b S. N. Fox ..	3		c G. M. Wilson, b S. N. Fox ..	0	
F. E. Bennett, b A. T. Taylor ..	9		run out ..	8	
E. Henley, c F. W. Goodwyn, b A. T. Taylor ..	0		c A. J. Bush, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	0	
			c F. W. Goodwyn, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	3	
E. G. Bennett, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	27				
H. C. Hawkins, c E. F. S. Tylecote, b A. T. Taylor ..	4		not out ..	13	
A. F. E. Forman, not out ..	14		b S. N. Fox ..	15	
W. B. de Winton, run out ..	0		b S. N. Fox ..	0	
J. Willis, c F. W. Goodwyn, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	6		b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	3	
W. H. Game, c F. W. Goodwyn, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	0		c E. N. P. Moor, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	8	
J. C. Heathcote, c E. F. S. Tylecote, b S. M. Wilson ..	1		c L. Stow, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	0	
S. B. Creswell, run out ..	0		c A. J. Bush, b E. F. S. Tylecote ..	1	
Extras ..	2		Extras ..	1	
	66			52	

CLIFTON.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
L. J. Stow, c S. B. Crosswell, b Hawkins ..	0		
W. C. F. Cross, c S. B. Crosswell, b A. F. Forman ..	21	not out 11
S. N. Fox, l b w, b H. C. Hawkins ..	7		
E. F. S. Tylecote, c E. G. Bennett, b J. Wills ..	17	not out 21
W. F. Goodwyn, c W. C. Perry, b J. Wills ..	12		
A. J. Bush, b J. Wills ..	3		
H. J. Bodington, c and b J. Wills ..	4		
G. M. Wilson, c and b A. F. E. Forman ..	6		
J. C. Fox, not out ..	4		
A. T. Taylor, c W. B. de Winton, b A. F. E. Forman ..	2		
E. N. P. Moor, run out ..	3		
Extras ..	7	Extras ..	3
	<u>86</u>		<u>86</u>

C.C.C.C. v. INCOGNITI.

This was a two days' match played on July 3rd and 4th, and resulted in a draw. Incogniti lost the toss and C. J. Brune and W. D. McLean began the bowling. Stow and Cross as usual went in first. Stow's wicket was the first to fall when 15 had been scored, W. E. Fox, who followed him, made 5; two for 23. Tylecote joined Cross, but before another run was made Cross was bowled by Brune. Goodwyn and Tylecote played well together, and Tylecote made his first runs by hitting a long hop from McLean for five, when 31 had been added Tylecote was caught at long leg. The next man was Bush, who with Goodwyn enlivened the game considerably, and they were not separated till the total had reached 99, Goodwyn hitting down his own wicket after a brilliant innings of 41, comprising one seven, one four, five threes, six twos, and only three singles. Bush was disposed of by Price when the score stood at 103. Another wicket fell before any alteration was made in the scores, J. C. Fox and S. N. Fox made somewhat of a stand against Price's slows, Strachan came on at Price's end, and soon after S. N. Fox was caught splendidly at leg by McLean. Taylor declined scoring and J. C. Fox carried his bat for a well made 31; total 164. F. R. Price and H. H. Palaret came first to the wickets for the Incogniti. The wickets fell quickly at first, Palaret being the only one out of the first six who managed to creep into double figures. However, Martin and Short made a determined stand and added above 60 runs before Short was caught at the wicket, with a good score of 51, which included some fine hits. Two more runs were added and another wicket fell just as time was called, making 8 for 106. *Second day.*—Martin came again to the wicket with W. D. L. McPherson, and they together raised the score to 141, when a difficult catch by W. E. Fox disposed of Martin,

McLean did not trouble the field long, and the innings closed for 155. The Incogniti were soon out in the field again, and 4 wickets were disposed of for 29 runs: Goodwyn and Bush showed some fine play and almost doubled the score before they were parted, Price finishing Goodwyn's career by a magnificent left hand catch at point. Another stand was made when Bodington joined Bush, Bodington, however, was bowled by Strachan, after making 39; Bush's score being at this time about 60. Wilson put together 14, including a leg hit for 5, and two threes. The other wickets fell quickly, the last being obtained from a difficult catch by Strachan; Bush having played a thorough cricketer's innings for 90 not out. His hits comprised three sixes, four fives, one four, and six threes. Total 207. The Incogniti sent in Lawrell and Patey, who made 19 together before the 1st wicket. Price and Lawrell now troubled the field for some time, at last Fox bowled Lawrell for a carefully made 17, and Palairt joined Price. Both these gentlemen scored freely, and it was not until the last five minutes that another wicket was obtained by a very good catch at point, leaving Price to carry his bat for 47, total 3 wickets for 107. The match gave general satisfaction, and there was some very good cricket on both sides, as the scores will show.

C.C.C.C.

FIRST INNINGS.				SECOND INNINGS.			
L. J. Stow, b McLean	9	b McLean	0
W. C. F. Cross, b Brune	9	b McLean	8
W. E. Fox, b McLean	5	c Wheeler, b Lawrell	7
E. F. S. Tylecote, c Substitute, b Lawrell	19	b Lawrell	1
W. F. Goodwyn, h w b Lawrell	41	c Price, b Strachan	26
A. J. Bush, b Price	14	not out	90
H. J. Rodington, c Price, b Lawrell	8	b Strachan	39
G. M. Wilson, c Wheeler, b Brune	12	run out	14
J. C. Fox, not out	81	c McPherson, b Strachan	0
S. N. Fox, c McLean, b Lawrell	16	l b w b Price	2
A. T. Taylor, b Strachan	6	c Strachan, b Price	4
Extras	5	Extras	21
Total 164				Total 207			

INCOGNITI.

FIRST INNINGS.				SECOND INNINGS.			
F. E. Price, c J. C. Fox, b Taylor	1	not out	47
H. H. Palairt, b S. N. Fox	19	c Taylor, b S. N. Fox	27
C. J. Brune, c Stow, b Taylor	8
J. C. F. Lawrell, c Tylecote, b Taylor	1	b S. N. Fox	17
C. H. B. Patey, b S. N. Fox	1	c J. C. Fox, b S. N. Fox	6
G. Strachan, c Tylecote, b S. N. Fox	9
J. S. Martin, c W. E. Fox, b Tylecote	88
C. H. Shert, c Bush, b S. N. Fox	61
H. J. Wheeler, b S. N. Fox	0
W. D. L. McPherson, not out	22
W. D. McPherson, c J. C. Fox, b Tylecote	7	Extras	10
Extras	4	107
Total 155				Total 107			

CLIFTON COLLEGE 2ND ELEVEN v. MR. P. HARLEY'S ELEVEN.

This match was played on June 20th, and resulted in a draw in favour of the College. A. Cross deserves mention for his steady innings of 38, and C. Lyon's innings is also worthy of praise, being a fine dashing one, including some very good hits. Pearse, Boyle, and Henderson played well for their scores.

CLIFTON COLLEGE 2ND ELEVEN.

A. Cross, c Dayrell, b Duncombe	38
C. R. Deare, b Duncombe	1
W. Fox, b Duncombe	15
H. S. Hall, b Welsby	0
E. Warner, b Welsby	0
C. Lyon, c Seecher, b Welsby	35
E. M. Goodman, c Dayrell, b Easton	0
G. Pearse, l b w, b Harley	23
A. Henderson, c Easton, b Jones	27
C. W. Boyle, not out	21
F. G. A. Wiehe, c and b Jones	2
Extras	35

Total 197

MR. P. HARLEY'S ELEVEN.

Capt. Jones, c Pearse, b Hall	0
W. Easton, b Hall	4
E. A. Harley, b Deare	0
G. Russell, not out	15
P. Harley, b Hall	0
C. Duncombe, c Lyon, b Hall	12
D. McArthur, not out	3
Seecher			
Welsby			
G. St. John	} did not bat		
G. H. Dayrell			
Extras	5

Total 39

SWIMMING AND DIVING.

July 8th, 1868.

This event came off as usual at the Victoria Baths, Clifton.

OPEN TO ALL.

12 Lengths.—1st, G. Pearse; 2nd, A. J. Bush. Time, 7 min. 57 sec. Pearse took the lead from the first and won easily by nearly a length.

4 Lengths.—1st, A. J. Bush; 2nd, G. Hooper. Time, 2 min. 10 secs. This was a very exciting race throughout.

Hooper took a slight lead for the first three lengths, but in the fourth length Bush caught him up and won cleverly by a foot.

Object Diving.—F. Bowles and R. P. Caird equal. After three dives each, Bowles, Caird, and Montagu were equal, each scoring 17. After two more dives Montagu scored 10 more, while Bowles and Caird were again equal, each scoring 11. They preferred to remain equal.

Long Diving.—1st, C. E. Montagu; 2nd, F. Bowles. 145ft. Montagu won by a foot. Caird who was third dived 130 ft.

Under 5 feet 2 inches.

6 *Lengths.*—1st, C. A. K. Wiehe; 2nd, A. Blacker. Time, 3 min. 45 secs. This was a good race. Blacker took the lead for the first five lengths, Wiehe passed him early in the last length, and won by about three yards.

H O N O U R S .

H. S. Hall, Open Scholarship, Christ's College, Cambridge, April 4th.

J. A. Neale, Open Hasting's Exhibition, Queen's College, Oxford, April 30th.

T. M. King, Holme's Exhibition, Queen's College, Oxford, April 30th.

A. W. Paul, Indian Civil Service, May 16th.

G. E. Bird, Indian Civil Service, May 16th.

E. F. S. Tylecote, Fereday Fellowship, St. John's College, Oxford, June 13th.

OPEN PRIZES.—MIDSUMMER, 1868.

English Essay.—"Statesmanship is the art of avoiding Revolution."

E. Bean.

English Poem.—Aurora Borealis.

S. H. Prichard.

History.—

S. Maycock.

Latin Prose.—

E. Bean.

Original Hexameters.—Marathon.

H. S. Hall

Greek Lambics.—

1st., E. N. P. Moor; 2nd., J. A. Neale.

Latin Translation.—

W. F. Howlett.

French Translation.—

E. O. Tagart }
T. May. }

German Translation.—

1st., A. W. M. Campbell; 2nd., J. W. Bird.

French Essay.—

S. Maycock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Scholarship Prize, given by the Head-Master and J. M. Marshall, Esq., was gained by E. N. P. Moor.

S. H. Leonard was elected to the Scholarship given by the Council, open to all under 15.

The third Drawing for Mr. Collyer's prize for Bat-fives, open to all, gave :—

F. W. Goodwyn } S. N. Fox
C. W. Boyle }

The final tie was :—

Goodwyn }
Fox }

Goodwyn won the prize.

The final tie for Mr. Dakyns' prize for Bat-fives, under 16, was :—

C. W. Boyle }
H. G. Tylecote }

Boyle won the prize.

Mr. Brown's prize for Hand-fives, open to all, was won by Goodwyn, after beating Arthur, Boyle, Lyon, and Keily, in his successive ties.

In reply to the request of one of our Correspondents, we insert the names of the present Heads of Houses :—School House, J. A. Neale; Town, E. N. P. Moor; Brown's, W. A. Riddell; Cay's, S. N. Fox.

Mr. Whitworth having placed one of his exhibitions for the promotion of Engineering and Mechanical industry at the

disposal of the College, it has been awarded after an open competition to J. Bush, of Cardiff. There were 9 candidates.

A match between U. A. E. E. and Twenty of Clifton and neighbourhood will be played in the School Close on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 30th and 31st, and August 1st. We understand that three or four of the School Eleven will play.

The annual Prize-giving will take place on Wednesday, July 29th.

The Old Cliftonians' Match is fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday, the 28th and 29th of July.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIFTONIAN.

"THE BLACK CAPS."

SIR,—In the last number of the Cliftonian there was a somewhat lengthy letter upon the subject of the black caps, which ought not to be passed unnoticed. The writer has attacked the black caps with all the forces he could command (in fact *more* than he could command,—but this was to a great extent owing to his being wrongly informed), and so I think it only just that a few things should be said in defence of them. The writer evidently thinks that nothing can be said in defence of them, but I don't think that he would willingly charge the School with doing an act, and an act of considerable importance too, such as the institution of the black cap is, without any reasonable cause whatever.

Your correspondent says in the first paragraph of his letter : "I found out—unless I am mistaken—that those fellows who had held their caps for two years and more were entitled to wear a black and gold cap, and that on bigside the *senior black cap* is head of side." I am glad to say that your correspondent was mistaken in what he found out, and as many of his arguments are based on these wrongly-supposed facts, and as many are directed against them, they naturally fall to the ground.

No one who has held his cap for two years merely can take his black cap : you can only take your black cap to begin your third season as a cap ; so that everyone who will have a black cap must necessarily play his third season as a cap.

But the serious statement is that "the *senior black cap* is head of side." This is not the case. And so that "direct blow at our school constitution, &c.," has not been given, nor is "the external authority of the Sixth Form upset or

curtailed" at all, nor will all the serious consequences enumerated ensue.

Your correspondent must recollect that there are other distinctions in the School which may be won by any fellow, but which do not injure the authority of the Sixth any more than the institution of the black cap does.

The first imaginary—for it cannot be but imaginary—reason, which your correspondent gives for the institution of the black caps is indeed a very lame one. I picture to myself Herodotus going about collecting and recording amusing information, though absurd and useless.

The next three reasons stated contain some part of the reasons for instituting the black caps, but stated generally in such a manner as to destroy the real reasons contained in them.

The fifth reason is wrong. The black caps have not been instituted as the foundation of a School Twenty. As your correspondent has pointed out himself it is very seldom we shall require a School Twenty; if he considers he will see that it is next to an impossibility that there should ever be twenty black caps in the School; in fact I should say they will never average more than four or five; and when we may require a School Twenty, there is nothing to prevent the Twenty being chosen as previously; in other words, the best twenty players would be chosen *irrespectively* of black caps, though it would seldom happen I think that a black cap would not qualify for the Twenty.

In the arguments upon the third reason your correspondent says "the Sixth have full right to take their caps whenever they like." This is true; but I can recollect no instance at present in which a Sixth fellow has taken his cap before he was fit to take it, and so I think we need not look for inferior black caps from this source.

Your correspondent should recollect that there are exceptions to every rule, and in all probability some black caps will fall off, but still as a rule I say the black caps will be the best caps.

Again I quite agree with your correspondent that Rugby is the best model we can follow in football as in most other things, but I think not even he would wish us to be bound down entirely by the rules of Rugby. We shall not slight Rugby in the least by striking out a new course for ourselves at times. I should grieve if we could produce nothing ourselves, if we possessed no originality, even though originality should lead us at times into an "absurdity" or "quaint conceit."

I cannot think that your correspondent thinks to advance his arguments by asking the question, "why were the 'caps' of 1865 allowed to wear the same badge and cap as those senior 'caps' of 1864?" He may consider us "absurd" or "conceited" enough to create new distinctions every day!

The institution of the black caps does not "quietly and calmly consign those caps who have left the School to an inferior position." I know they cannot enjoy the advantage—or the disadvantage if he prefers it—of an institution which did not exist in their time. If we argue as your correspondent does, we should say that we have no right to reap the advantages or disadvantages of the present state of civilization, because our ancestors did not.

Your correspondent in the next place brings his objections under three heads.

1st.—"It lowers House feeling." Not in the least. For it must be remembered that the black cap is a House cap, since it bears the same device as the House cap. It raises House feelings; for fellows like to tell of how many black caps their House can boast, and they are stimulated to win their caps earlier that they may become in time black caps themselves.

2nd.—"No other Public School in England has such an institution." I have already discussed this argument—"Having no doubt tried and found out the utter uselessness of the thing." Your correspondent must bring forward facts not suppositions, or we can draw no practical conclusions from them. Here he supposes what he wishes to prove—the uselessness of the black cap.

3rd.—"It lowers the value of the old or House Cap." Not at all. Its value is neither lowered nor altered. The black cap is an extra distinction. I think most fellows put a certain value upon a School House Cap, a certain value upon a Brown's House Cap, &c., and if in either of these Houses a fellow has a black cap, it will be an *extra* distinction for having held his cap in that House for three years, a distinction deserved as a rule, though to satisfy your correspondent, I admit there may be exceptions.

"Forgetting of course, that even if a man does not play again after he has gained his first cap, yet he will be entitled to take the second one." Your correspondent in several places wishes to prove his arguments by *exceptions*, because I presume he fails to do so by *the rule*.

Your correspondent goes on to say: "We are convinced that this new system will be greatly prejudicial to the good name and standing of the School." Your correspondent's convictions and mine differ widely: I am in favour of the black caps, but if I thought that they could injure the School in the least, if indeed I saw that they were meaningless and useless, I should be the last person in the world to wish them to last for a day.

But here we have a grave charge. "Again at times (it is certainly commendable as being done in all courtesy and great kindness—though that will not make it any the more advis-

able) men on leaving School are presented with their caps." These words imply that there is a *practice* of giving caps to *undeserving* fellows upon leaving School. Now it may happen that an undeserving fellow may get his cap by mistake, it may happen amid human frailty that an undeserving fellow may get his cap by favour. I need not consider any mistake that may have been made in giving a cap; I can say however that, as far as my knowledge goes, no favour has been shown in giving any cap yet, and I can positively deny that it is the *practice* to do so. I think your correspondent must have made this statement without sufficient consideration, but I cannot understand why it is placed in the middle of an argument about the black caps.

In conclusion then the black cap was instituted by the School as a distinction, and your correspondent may call it an "utter absurdity," "quaint conceit," or whatever name he chooses; for anyone who chooses to do so may apply such names to the majority of distinctions. I have also shown that the institution of the black cap does not threaten to curtail the authority or rights of the Sixth Form or to overthrow our School constitution; that it is not an injustice to old fellows; that instead of being useless or injurious it acts as a stimulus. And so I hope the School will not abolish this distinction, which it has made, without due consideration.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.,

J. A. N.



THE SIXTH MATCH.

SIR,—I feel that I owe an apology to your readers for writing on such a subject in the middle of the Summer Term, but I am afraid it is my only chance of saying what I have to say before the match is played.

For the last two years there has been a kind of injustice perpetrated, against which I am anxious to protest. The Sixth Match has been put so late that all old Cliftonians at Oxford or Cambridge have been cut out of it.

What follows? The old School fellows can of course get down at any time, one half of the old Sixth fellows are prevented from doing so. Is this fair to the Sixth?

It is said that if the match be played on a Saint's day, those from Oxford can get down, but this is *only* a saying, and goes a very little way.

For first, all Cambridge men are thus utterly cut out. Several colleges, too, at Oxford, have lectures on Saints' days, just like other days, and all the colleges, whether they have lectures or not, look with suspicion on a fellow who is wanting to go down almost directly he has come up. Then whilst the

expense to many, especially those living in or near Clifton, is materially increased, the gratification and good to be obtained is materially diminished. It is only possible to stay for one day of the match, whilst it is quite common for the old School fellows to remain for all three days. So unfair is it to the Sixth, and so annoying to the old fellows that I hope the School will not again allow it to happen.

The heat is of course the great argument for putting the match late, and I own that it is a serious one. But every Autumn that I remember at Clifton, there was a bit of cold weather in the first half of October, which would have done capitally to play the match in.

Surely the 10th of October is not too early to fix the match. It is not likely that the difference in climate a week later will be very great, whilst the difference to us *will be very great*.

I ask those intending to go to the Universities not to assist in doing that which in a year or two they will sincerely regret; I ask others to allow to all old fellows an equal opportunity of getting down to so important a match.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.,

Oxford, May 6, 1868.

OXONIAN.

SIR,—As an old Cliftonian and one who prizes your Magazine, especially on account of its School news, permit me to offer the following suggestions, which, although they may seem of trivial importance to those now at School, are likely to be of great interest to those who have left.

1st.—That the names of the Sixth form, or, at all events, of the Heads of the different Houses, be published.

2nd.—That in lists of the football Caps, members of the Eleven and winners of School prizes, the House of each be mentioned. This, I am glad to see, has already been done with regard to Big Side Runs.

3rd.—That, when it is possible to do so, notice be given of the dates of such events, as the "Sixth Match," the Old Fellows' Football and Cricket Matches, the Athletic Sports, and the Annual Prize giving.

Trusting that these remarks may meet with your approval,

I am, SIR, yours, &c.,

H. W. M.

SIR,—As an old Cliftonian and one deeply interested in the School, I could not but be much disappointed at the report in the papers of the Athletics. Taking up the *Field* and *Bell's Life*, expecting there to find a full account, what was my disgust to find but a few lines, giving the winners of the open

race, not a single word about any one race, and one or two wrongly timed. What made it still more annoying was the very full account which appeared in the same paper of Hailbury and other School Sports. Surely it would not have given very much trouble to send up an account of every race, which I should think would have given more satisfaction to all the competitors, and certainly to,

Your obedient servant,

H.

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# THE CLIFTONIAN.

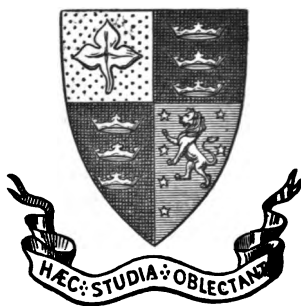
No. . IV.

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A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS  
OF CLIFTON COLLEGE.

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DECEMBER, 1868.



CLIFTON :  
SOLD BY J. BAKER, MALL PLACE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1868.



## REJECTED ADDRESSES.

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The "Cliftonian" has passed into other hands; a new generation of Editors and Contributors have appeared on the scene: of the former we leave the world to judge; to the latter, as their critics, we desire to offer one suggestion. Day after day, with eager expectation we opened the Editorial box: packet after packet we scanned (on the outside) with hopeful interest: envelope after envelope we tore open, to find — letters! and stuff, which might be poetry in the author's eyes, but certainly is not in our own. The conclusion to which we have by hard experience been brought, is that, the first object of the youthful mind, if defeated in its darling aim of producing poetry, is to betake itself to the driest possible form in which ideas can be expressed. Could not those who send us productions commencing with "Dear Sir," and ending with "Yours truly, A Constant Subscriber," possibly put their matter into some more readable form? Could they but have seen us after perusing C. J. Holliday's letter on the Black Caps, we feel convinced that letters would have been fewer, and articles more numerous.

Be it known, therefore, that we do not bind ourselves to insert *all* letters which are sent to us: we are sure that the majority of readers would be far more gratified by articles. Religious letters and suggestions to the Editors we do not intend to publish.

To begin with the Black Cap correspondence, as that distinction has been abolished, we cannot burden the School with the continuation of these letters. The fight was already becoming personal, and as C. J. H. has gained his point the correspondence is of course at an end.

We have received a letter from "Kite", who apparently thinks that the "Cliftonian" is an organ of the School House. "We are as important, perhaps, and certainly will be in time, as they (?) are, yet they (?) never mention our matches." Only two Editors out of the five are in the School House; and we should hope that even if all the Editors were from the School House, they would be strictly impartial. We give "Kite" our Editorial word that we do *not* look on either Brown's or Cay's House with "an opinion of insignificance."

"A Constant Reader" is astonished at the abrupt termination of that "most interesting story" begun in our first

number, "A pleasant visit." We advise "Constant Reader" to continue reading constantly till he sees the second part of the story; if all the members of the School would go and do likewise, it would certainly be better for us.

"Oxonian's" hint we mean to follow out, as it is a good one; the "Cliftonian" certainly will gain more interest with Old Fellows by making clear the houses of *all* who play in any matches: and any hints or communications from the former will be always acceptable.

Other letters innumerable we received, but none worthy of mention, except those we have inserted.

Of "Poetry" we have received many specimens. We are sorry to nip the series of W. C.'s "Idylls of Football" in the bud: we must, however, beg W. C. to wait until his flower expands before he cuts it off for our inspection. There is, nevertheless, in parts, a spondaic solidity about the verse not unsuited to the subject: doubtless in his enthusiasm for the game he forgot the stern necessity of rhyme. We will take the liberty of quoting two stanzas:

"We close together in a knot,  
Shoulder to shoulder prest,  
We bring it through most pluckily,  
*Charging through their midst.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Onward, forward to the goal,  
Bearing all before us,  
In at them now with heart and soul,  
*We win,—but one more rush!"*

Perhaps rhyme is not absolutely essential to an Idyll of Football, but where it is attempted it should at least be discernible; "back" and "hacked," "prest" and "midst," "killed" and "know," can hardly be called rhymes. We are glad to find that W. C. prefers football to the "band and promenade:" we wish him better luck in his next attempt.

A Spartan song, which bears the name of Thermopylæ, has been sent us by J. H. H. It is somewhat lengthy to be the supposed production of a Laconian: moreover, we fancy the metre hardly suited to the subject; a simpler kind of verse would be preferable. A few lines deserve quoting:

"Shall we bow the knee to tyrants? Can ye then so soon  
forget,  
All the long and hard-fought battles, that the arm of Greece  
hath won?  
Have ye buried all remembrance of the day, when Athens met  
And defeated the invader on the plain of Marathon?"

M. Y. M. is confident: he has a soul above rhyme. We must remind him that blank verse must be good to be taken; moreover, we have been overburdened with poetry.

G. H. sends us an attempt at a translation, "*Persicos odi puer apparatus*" has been translated *ad nauseam*, and G. H.'s version is a poor one: "Good Mrs. Brown" is even worse; so we will hope that, when this literary Gilpin "next doth ride," none of the present Editorial eyes may be "there to see."

P. and Q. is a learned man—a learned man did we say?—he is a prodigy of learning. French, German, Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Arabic, he has at his fingers' ends, but his English—would that he had only devoted some of that vast intellect to the study of English Grammar! And yet he is a wise man—truly a "Wise man of Gotham"—and sends us a treatise on Proverbs, suggesting in his philological enthusiasm that we also should make a collection. If this is the best sample P. and Q. can produce, we beg to be spared.

Yet, alas! evil communications corrupt good manners—unhappy Editors, we certainly thought ourselves safe from the prevalent epidemic, but the influence was irresistible, and the result—

The Editors sit in their "Sanctum sanctorum,"  
A mountain of papers uprises before 'em,  
In each sort of colour, and each sort of size,  
Calculated to charm Editorial eyes;  
With its snowy-white summit it kisses the skies,  
And, tumbling about at the base of it, lies  
A blue (paper) foam-dappled ocean likewise.

In the fender behind an eruption is pending  
From a (paper) volcano, whose huge sides are bending  
And crackling, as though the old Titan inside it  
Felt hotter than pleasant, and couldn't abide it.

But what, pray, means this stupified stare,  
This long-drawn look of blank despair,  
That issues forth from the Editor's chair?  
And what are these cries that rend the air?  
"Letters, letters everywhere,  
"Heaps of letters, enough and to spare,  
"But never 'an article litteraire'  
"That's worth reading, or keeping, or burning—there!

"Why, what's the use,  
 "Why, what do we care  
 "For W.'s 'Ode to his lady's back hair,'  
 "Or X. Y. Z.'s 'Memoir of General Blair,'  
 "Or the 'Visit to Dublin,' or 'Song of the Bear,'  
 "And as for the rest of 'em,  
 "Even the best of 'em,  
 "Would make any sensible Editor swear."

Letters, letters everywhere :

Furious, mystical,

Mild, egotistical,

All of them claiming a place, and "a share  
 In the pages" of our "highly prized publication"  
 As being most worthy of consideration.

First comes a long siege-train—some eight or nine pages—  
 Commanded by Captain C. J. H., who wages  
 A paper campaign to the death with "Black Caps,"  
 And deals his opponent some very smart raps  
 In grim satire, muzzled with "if" and "perhaps."  
 But what is the use of unmasking this battery ?

"Black Caps" are abolished ;

C. J. H. has polished

Them off, and to publish would only be flattery.

Next a legion of billet-doux have to be read,  
 Whose writers bear all names from A down to Z,  
 And choose to say all that there is to be said  
 On each possible topic that enters one's head,  
 House-matches and Cricket, Football and the Close,  
 The Pavilion, Fives Courts, and what else goodness knows.  
 And last but not least, to stir "horrida bella,"  
 Comes an "Old Mother Gamp" who has lost her umbrella.

THE EDITORS.

## MORAL TALES.

Since I left school, I have been obliged to study two of  
 the South Indian languages. As some of the stories in the  
 text books are rather amusing, and are probably unknown to  
 most of your readers, I am tempted to send you the transla-  
 tions of a few of them.

There are a good many fables, which are simply translations of *Æsop*; but the morals are so plainly put, and so strikingly unchristian, that they are worth noticing—for instance, at the end of the story about the Peasant and the Viper we get the moral, “Therefore, we should not confer favours on the wicked.” The moral to another tale is, “Therefore, by doing a kindness to our enemies, we shall be sure to meet with a bad return.”

Rather a good story runs thus: “As a boy was sitting on the brink of a well, crying bitterly, a thief came up to him, and asked him why he was crying. He answered, ‘As I was playing here I looked into this well, and the necklace of pearls which was on my neck slipped off and fell into the water. Now, if I go home without it, my father and mother will beat me: on this account I am crying.’ The thief, thinking he would be able to steal it, said, ‘Don’t cry, my lad, I will go down into the well and get your pearl necklace: do you only take care of my clothes.’ Having left his clothes on the bank, he descended into the well naked. As soon as he had got to the bottom, the boy took his clothes and ran away with them. The thief having searched a long time, and not finding the necklace, came up again, but not seeing the boy anywhere, he exclaimed, ‘Even I, who am a rogue, have been deceived by a boy!’ Therefore, however clever a person thinks himself, he may be outwitted by others.”

There is another story which in the same manner tacitly approves of deception and lying:—

“In Oudh lived a king who had a garden of flowers, in which he spent most of his leisure time. The king had a minister whose son was in the habit of going daily to the garden and stealing the flowers. The king, missing a number of them, told the gardeners to watch for the thief, and having apprehended him, to bring him into his presence. They accordingly watched and caught the minister’s son in the act of gathering some flowers, and having put him into a palanquin with the flowers, took him to the king’s palace. The minister was at the time standing at the gate, so those who were there told him, saying, ‘They are carrying your son before the king, asserting that he has stolen the king’s flowers; can you not go and save him?’ The minister answered in a loud voice, ‘It is of no consequence, if he has a mouth he will live.’ The son hearing and understanding the meaning of this speech, immediately ate all the flowers. When they brought him before the king, he asked the boy, saying, ‘Why did you steal the flowers?’ He replied, ‘O, sir! they have brought me here unjustly; I only went to see your garden, but did not steal anything.’ As there were no

flowers found upon him, the king believed this, and having punished the gardeners, sent them away. Therefore, a clever person can get himself out of a scrape by some contrivance or other."

Here is another of the same kind :—

"There was a cocoa-nut growing on a tree in the garden of a certain gentleman. A thief wishing to steal it, climbed the tree. The owner hearing a noise, came running out from his house, but the thief perceiving it slipped down the tree. The owner seeing him, said, 'Aha, why did you climb the tree?' 'Sir,' said the thief, 'I climbed it to pluck grass for the cow.' 'Pho! there is no grass in a cocoa-nut tree,' said the other. 'It is because I find there is none there that I have come down.' With these words the thief went off chuckling."

The following is rather a striking story, as having been written by a heathen :—

"In Vizágapatam there once lived two friends. One of these daily at sun rise performed his purificatory ceremonies, and proceeding to the temple remained there reverently circumambulating the Deity. The other one, directly the sun was up, was in the habit of going to harlots' houses, and passing his time in wanton conversation with them. Now, he who frequented the temple thought on the one who went to harlots' houses, and all his doings there, and was sorry that he did not do likewise. The loose character, on the other hand, thought of his pious friend, and grieved that he did not follow his virtuous courses. Things went on in this state for a short time, when they both died. Then, the one who had frequented the harlots' houses attained eternal bliss, but the other who had worshipped the deity went to hell. The great Muni Nárada, seeing the fate of the two, approached the Deity, and said, 'Lord, hell has become the portion of the man who continually worshipped in thy temple, while he who all his life conversed with harlots has attained redemption. If thou, who art omniscient, perpetrate such injustice, who, in the world, will worship thee?' The god hearing these words, smiled and said, 'Though continually frequenting harlots' houses, yet that man continually meditated on me: I, therefore, gave him redemption. The other, who frequented my temple, fixed his mind on other subjects, and forgot me—hell has, therefore, been his portion.' Therefore the attainment of a good or bad state after death depends on the mind, and on no other cause."

There are a good many stories both in Tamil and Telugu concerning the decisions of judges. Solomon's famous deci-

sion about the mother of the child is ascribed to Mariyádei Ráman. The following is a good specimen :—

“ A certain man on his death bed placed ten thousand pagodas, which he had amassed, in the hands of a banker, saying, ‘when my little son grows up give him what you like of the money.’ When the boy grew up, he went to the banker and asked for his money. The banker accordingly said, ‘Your father told me to give you what I liked of the money; this, then, is what I like.’ With that he tendered him a thousand pagodas. The boy was dissatisfied, and lodged a complaint with Mariyádei Ráman, who summoned the banker, and having inquired into the matter, gave decision in these words: ‘What you like, are these nine thousand pagodas, therefore you thought you would keep them, now give the nine thousand pagodas to the boy; the thousand pagodas which you gave to the boy are what you do not like—take them, then, and go.”

There are a string of stories, too, connected with Appáji, a minister of great shrewdness, who was said to have been the right hand of King Rayan. This is the best of them :—

“The Páshah of Delhi, in order to test the abilities of Appáji, sent to Rayan three images of exactly the same mould, with the question, ‘Which resembles the best man? which resembles the middling man? and which resembles the worst man?’ bidding him write the answer upon the images, and send them back. Upon this Rayan ordered all his court to examine the images and explain the difference; but as they were all three of the same mould, the courtiers could not do so, and were confounded. But Appáji, after carefully examining every part of them, found that there was a small hole in the ear of each. On passing a fine straw down which, he saw that in one it came out at the mouth, in another at the other ear, but did not come out at all in the third. He accordingly explained to Rayan, ‘like that within which the straw remained is the best man, who hearing a thing telleth it not; like that at whose other ear the straw came out is the middling man, who hearing a thing straightway forgetteth it; like that at whose mouth the straw proceeded is the worst man, who hearing a thing immediately blazeth it abroad.’ Rayan was exceedingly rejoiced, and writing the interpretation upon the images sent them back to the Páshah.

G. E. B.

## OLD AGE.

We are growing old ! how the thought will rise  
 When a glance is backward cast  
 On some long remembered spot, that lies  
 In the silence of the past !  
 It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
 Or the tomb of early years,  
 But it seems like a far off isle to us,  
 In the stormy sea of years.  
 Oh ! wide and wild are the waves that part  
 Our steps from its greenness now,  
 And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
 And the light of many a brow.  
 For deep o'er many a stately bark  
 Have the whelming billows rolled,  
 That steered with us from that early mark.  
 Oh, friends ! we are growing old !

Old in the dimness of the dust  
 Of our daily toils and cares,  
 Old in the wrecks of love and trust  
 Which our burthened memory bears.  
 Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
 The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
 And beams may brighten our latter days  
 Which the morning never met.  
 But oh ! the changes we have seen  
 In the far and winding way,  
 The graves in our paths that have grown green,  
 And the locks that have grown grey !  
 The winters still on our own may spare  
 The sable or the gold ;  
 But we see their snows upon brighter hair,  
 And, friends, we are growing old !

G.

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 A RECENTLY DISCOVERED JOURNAL.
 

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JANUARY 1ST.—I think it would not be a bad plan to jot  
 down thoughts, ideas, and explanations that may occur to me  
 about anything I hear, see, or read of, that is worthy of  
 notice.

I have remarked one thing in the course of my travels in omnibuses, and that is—the drivers are generally of a stout, fleshy appearance, whilst their satellites, the conductors, are an agile, brisk race. The driver has air of “bonhomie” about him, he surveys the world from his lofty seat with mild benevolence; the conductor, he feels, is quite an inferior being, he has to be continually on the “qui vive;” he has not even a seat, but is always obliged to stand. He is for ever getting down and getting up again, opening the doors, quarrelling with the passengers, interchanging compliments with his confrères, small cads, et hoc genus omne. The driver does not even get his own “pint o’beer,”—no, the conductor has to do that while the great man calmly sits on. I have never seen the small man abuse his superior; if angry passions should rise, they have to be choked, but I am sorry to say the conductor sometimes swears and growls in the most unchristian-like manner on his foot-board, and slams the door, and bullies the passengers most shockingly violently. But though the driver has the easier time of it, I think that the conductor must have the better digestion, because of his activity, and a keener intellect, and a greater knowledge of mankind;—he knows the man of business, of a goodly size and adorned with a splendid gold chain; the mater-familias with her two or three dear little children, who ask such intelligent questions; the white-chokered curate; the old maid with her large nose and her little work-bag—with these people the conductor is on good terms; but there are others—the seedy-looking mother with a squalling baby; the widow with her brandy bottle, the city clerk, and, perhaps, one or two of the great unwashed, all of whom insist on having out their money’s worth, and sometimes have bitter wordy contests with the conductor. These people, he will tell you, are “downright mean,” and I think we must look for Conservatives among the omnibus conductors. I have always found them Conservative, at least in practice.

JANUARY 11TH.—What a glorious profession must a critic’s be, what a fine sense of the true and beautiful he must have; verily I think I shall turn critic, and shall forthwith commence operations on a popular poem, “Kefusalem.” I am not quite sure about the spelling, but that is of secondary importance. The poem opens with a description of Kefusalem’s father and of herself:

“In ancient days there lived a Turk,  
A horrid beast within the East,  
Who did the prophet’s holy work  
As Baba of Jerusalem.

He had a daughter sweet and smirk,  
 Complexion fair, and dark-blue hair,  
 With nothing about her like a Turk  
 Except the name, Kefusalem."

Remark the classical opening—"In ancient days there lived," The father was a "Baba," evidently a magnate of the first importance, and he lived in the far East, the land of romance, but yet he was a "horrid beast." Then the heroine is introduced "sweet and smirk, complexion fair, and dark-blue hair," quite an uncommon beauty; but some mystery is implied in the last two lines, the poet plainly hints at kidnapping and a false name.

"A youth resided near to she,  
 His name was Sam, a perfect lamb,  
 He drove a trade and prospered well  
 In skins of cats\* and ancient hats.  
 And passing by the area gate,  
 He saw and loved Kefusalem."

Sam is a lamb, the true poetical idea of the union of the lion and lamb in a fine nature: he is "the squire of low degree," and like a real hero of romance falls in love with the princess at first sight: who does not sympathise with Sam?

"If Sam had been a Mussulman  
 He might have sold the Baba old,  
 And with a verse of El Koran  
 Have managed to bamboozle him.  
 But oh, dear no! he tried to scheme,  
 Passed one night late, the area-gate,  
 And stole up to the Turk's harem  
 To carry off Kefusalem."

The poet now reveals the lion in Sam's character to us: he tells us how the hero disdained to succeed by craft, but boldly entered the hostile camp, to carry off his lady-love like young Lockinvar.

The Turk he was about to smoke,  
 His slaves rushed in with horrid din  
 Mashallah! dogs your house have broke,  
 Come down my Lord and toozle 'em!  
 The Baba forthwith went down stairs  
 And witnessed there with great surprise  
 A tall young man in three old hats  
 A kissing of Kefusalem.

\*Some Editors read "rats," but Dindondum has "cats."

The minions of the Turk had seen him, they cry out, "Mashallah," which is, I think, some cabalistic word; (the derivation may be "Mash" and "Allah"—meaning, "mash them up, oh Allah.") Note also the touching conduct of young Lockinvar; he has put on his choicest apparel, "three old hats," to meet his lady-love. How grand she must have thought him. A true son of the gods, divinely tall.

"The pious Baba said no more  
Than twenty prayers, but went up-stairs,  
And took a bowstring from a drawer  
And came back to Kefusalem,—  
The maiden and the youth he took  
And choked 'em both, and chucked 'em both  
Into the brook of Kedron near to Jerusalem."

"The pious Baba" is of course a piece of savage irony; but the "twenty prayers" mean some charm or spell, if not, why should not the poet have written "twenty-one;" and the Baba surely could not have overcome such a tall young man as Sam without enchantments. Observe the grand spondaic tread of the next verse—we think we see the choking and dismal end of the two fair, innocent, true lovers clasped in each other's arms.

"Oh Kefusalem! Kefusalem! Kefusalem!  
Oh Kefusalem! the daughter of the Baba."

This is the refrain of the sad ditty. It has a pathos about it which we think has never been surpassed; it comes home to our hearts; our hearts bleed for the fate of the lovers, and we say, "If Sam had only put on six hats, perhaps they would have overcome the spells of the wicked Turk. Alas! alas! Poor Sam, poor Kefusalem.

F.

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### SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The first debate took place on September 26th, the subject being "Temperance Societies merit our warmest support and approbation;" taken from a Marlborough debate. Proposed by Bean, ma., and opposed by Moor. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Bean, ma., Riddell, Proctor, Bird, ma., and Pearson. *In the negative*: Moor, Lucas, and Hodge. For the motion, 7; against the motion, 8; majority against the motion, 1.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 3.**—The subject for this evening was "Lord Napier of Magdala has received more praise than he deserves." Proposed by Maisey, and opposed by Bowles. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Maisey, Hodge, Proctor, and Pearson. *In the negative*: Bowles, Bean, ma., Bird, ma., and Moor. For the motion, 11; against the motion, 9; majority for the motion, 2.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 10.**—This evening's debate was "The present condition of the stage in England is objectionable." Proposed by Bean, ma., and opposed by Proctor. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Bean, ma., and Pearson. *In the negative*: Proctor, Hooper, Nash, Hodge, and Porter. For the motion, 2; against the motion, 12; majority against the motion, 10.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 31.**—The subject was "Peasant proprietorship is the best form of agrarian law." Proposed by Hopkinson and opposed by Proctor. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Hopkinson, Pearson, and Bean, ma. *In the negative*: Proctor, Cruttwell, ma., Riddell, Warren, Stow, and Howlett. For the motion, 6; against the motion, 12; majority against the motion, 6.

**SATURDAY, NOV. 7.**—The debate for the evening was "Half the evil in the world has been done under the cloak of religion." Proposed by Tristram, and opposed by Field. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Tristram, Bean, ma., Hodge, and Pearson. *In the negative*: Field and Proctor. For the motion, 10; against the motion, 3; majority for the motion, 7.

Immediately after the debate, the following rules were passed:—

1. That Masters may attend the debates, but are not allowed to speak or give their votes.
2. That Visitors may speak at the debates.

**SATURDAY, NOV. 14.**—The subject was "England ought to take a leading part in European politics." Proposed by Bean, ma., and opposed by Nash, ma. Speakers: *In the affirmative*: Bean, Pearson, and Don (visitor). *In the negative*: Nash, Davies, and Maisey. For the motion, 8; against the motion, 6; majority for the motion, 2.

There has been started in the School House a debating society supplementary to the School society. It consists at present of 20 members, and is conducted in all material respects in a similar way to the latter. The society holds its meetings twice a week; there have been already six debates. We strongly recommend such a plan to the notice of the other Houses: the uses of a movement of this kind are obvious, and the debates fill up a gap in "out-of-prep" hours which is seldom taken up with anything better.

## THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The Library, we are glad to say, has received many valuable additions this time, and still not a single book has been as yet bought out of the Library fund; but we are entirely indebted to the liberality of others for every new book that has come into the Library. Sir John Davis has given a History of China, and three translations from the Chinese, entitled "Chinese Novels," "Chinese Maxims," and "Chinese Miscellanies;" and also a small collection of poems by "*Ōtōs*". J. A. Symonds, Esq., has given several of the Elizabethan poets: Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Webster, Marlowe, Congreve, Green, Peele, and Farquhar; also, Müller's "History of the Dorians," and "*Poetæ Lyrici Græci*". R. Robinson, Esq., has given "Old London," "Elphinstone's History of India," and "Stephens' Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography". Captain Duncan has given "Waterloo Lectures by Major Chesney"; the Head Master, "Oratores Attici"; the Rev. B. Hartnell, "Shakespeare," (Johnson and Steevens); the Rev. R. B. Poole, "Kennett's History of England," "Niebuhr's Lectures on Roman History," "Clinton's Epitome of Greek History"; the Rev. P. A. Phelps, "Aristotle's Politics" (Congreve); J. M. Marshall, Esq., "Guizot's History of Civilization," "Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul," and "Plato's Republic translated by Davies and Vaughan"; and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., "Bright's Speeches, by Professor Rogers". - From the money given by the Concert Committee we have bought the Delphin Latin Classics, Swift, Johnson, Rawlinson's Herodotus, Annals of England, Essays of Elia, Spenser, Keats, Byron, Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, English Humorists, Carlyle's Miscellaneous Essays, Coxe's Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, Prescott's History of the Conquest of Peru, together with his Critical and Biographical Essays, and Alison's History of Europe. At present there are 781 volumes in the Library, showing an increase of nearly 300 books this term.

Only one new rule has been lately made, and this is, "That any member of the Fifth Form may make use of the Library at *any* time, but may not take books out.

# CRICKET.

As the cricket season has passed away, and we are now at the end of the football term, we cannot possibly give a detailed account of each match that has not as yet been recorded in the "Cliftonian," and if we could do so, we should not, for it would be out of place in the present "Cliftonian," but we will merely give the total scores of each match, and mention any remarkable individual scores. There are only two foreign matches to mention:—

July 23, at Clifton.

|                    | 1st Innings. | 2nd Innings. | Total. |
|--------------------|--------------|--------------|--------|
| Lansdown .. ..     | 161          | 108          | 269    |
| Clifton College .. | 126          | —            | 126    |

Decided by the first innings in favour of the Lansdown. The Rev. A. Pontifex made 56 and 21 for the Lansdown, and E. F. S. Tylecote 37 for the School.

July 28 and 29, at Clifton.—Drawn.

|               | 1st Innings. | 2nd Innings. | Total. |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------|
| Past .. ..    | 85           | 66           | 151    |
| Present .. .. | 135          | 390          | 525    |

The Past had lost four wickets in the 2nd innings; G. E. Bird made a good 42 (n.o.) for the Past in the 2nd innings. For the School W. E. Fox made 48 and 5, E. F. S. Tylecote 9 and 131, W. F. Goodwyn 1 and 46, A. J. Bush 1 and 88.

Other matches are:—

|              | 1st Innings. | 2nd Innings. | Total. |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------|
| Sixth .. ..  | 160          | 263          | 423    |
| School .. .. | 197          | —            | 197    |

Drawn.

The Sixth had lost four wickets in their 2nd innings; for the Sixth, E. F. S. Tylecote scored 29 and 83, W. C. F. Cross 36 and 39 (n.o.), L. J. Stow 5 and 117, and F. W. Goodwyn 52. For the School H. J. Bodington made 32, and A. J. Bush 41.

September 24 and 26.—Drawn.

|                             | 1st Innings. | 2nd Innings. | Total. |
|-----------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------|
| First "Nine" .. ..          | 90           | 50           | 140    |
| Next "Twelve" (with Robson) | 111          | —            | 111    |

No very large scores were made in this match; W. E. Fox made 20 and H. J. Bodington 26 (n.o.) for the "Nine" in the first innings, and Robson made 37 (n.o.), and Lucas 32.

The Eleven has been wonderfully successful, out of ten matches it has lost only one. This success has been mainly owing to their good fielding, and their good fielding is owing to the regular "fielding-out" practised by the Eleven three times every week during the last cricket season; we hope the same plan will be followed out next year with the same success. Our great want has been a bowler; we hope before next season several bowlers will show themselves.

#### BATTING AVERAGES OF THE ELEVEN.

|                          | No. of<br>Innings. | Times<br>(n.o). | Highest<br>Score. | Total. | Average. |
|--------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|--------|----------|
| E. F. S. Tylecote (S.H.) | 19                 | 3               | *404              | 1125   | 70       |
| F. W. Goodwyn (S.H.)     | 17                 | 1               | 118               | 609    | 38       |
| H. J. Bodington (S.H.)   | 14                 | 0               | 42                | 168    | 12       |
| A. J. Bush (T.)          | 15                 | 2               | *90               | 421    | 32       |
| W. C. F. Cross (T.)      | 18                 | 2               | 64                | 403    | 25       |
| S. N. Fox (C.H.)         | 16                 | 0               | 33                | 131    | 8        |
| L. J. Stow (T.)          | 17                 | 1               | 117               | 366    | 21       |
| G. M. Wilson (S.H.)      | 15                 | 3               | 33                | 158    | 13       |
| J. C. Fox (T.)           | 11                 | 4               | *31               | 113    | 16       |
| A. T. Taylor (B.H.)      | 13                 | 1               | 21                | 6      | 5        |
| W. E. Fox (T.)           | 9                  | 0               | 48                | 84     | 9        |

\* Not out.

E. F. S. Tylecote, Captain for 1868 :—A splendid bat, has a wonderful defence, and punishes severely all round; his fine wrist play gets him runs against the best bowling; made the unprecedented score of 404 (not out) for the Classical *v.* Modern. As an all round field he has few equals, and if there is one place in which he excels more than another, it is point. A fair wicket keeper and good slow underhand bowler, but has fallen off in his round arm bowling; (has left).

F. W. Goodwyn: A most energetic cricketer, a very good bat, combining a strong defence with tremendous hitting power on the off side; a good leg-hitter, but rather weak at the on drive; an excellent hard-working field and safe catch; (has left).

H. J. Bodington: An improving bat, cuts beautifully, but is weak on the leg stump; a brilliant field—to see him cover ground, pick up a ball clean, and return it in one action from cover point is a treat; (has left).

A. J. Bush: A very good left-hand bat, and like most left-handed cricketers, hits unmercifully; kept wicket in most

matches, in which capacity he did good service; a very good field, especially at long leg, where his quick return by low and straight throwing makes him very useful; (has left).

W. C. F. Cross: An excellent bat, with strong defence, but rather too fond of forward play, or would be difficult to bowl; an indifferent field, though he improved somewhat toward the end of the season; (has left).

S. N. Fox: A fair round-arm bowler, with good style, and shews signs of improvement; an excellent field at point or in the slips, but lacks perseverance as a bat; (has left).

L. J. Stow: A painstaking cricketer, having an excellent defence; he is generally sent in first. Next season we expect him to be A1 as a bat. A fine field anywhere, but extra good as longstop, which post he filled admirably this season. Will be captain next year.

G. M. Wilson: A good bat, but rather unfortunate; plays forward beautifully, and will, with practice, become very good. An excellent field and useful change bowler; (has left).

J. C. K. Fox: A fair bat, good defence, but cramped in style, improved greatly during the season; a brilliant field and safe catch, especially at long leg, where he would be useful in any eleven.

A. J. Taylor, although rather uncertain as a bowler, is often, owing to his high delivery, very difficult to play, very good in the field, but does not seem to care about batting; (has left).

W. E. K. Fox: A pretty and effective bat, plays the game thoroughly, but a little too eager to run; great things are expected of him next year; not quite so energetic in the field as he might be.

#### BOWLING AVERAGES.

|                   | Innings | Balls | Overs | Maidens | Runs | Wets | Wides | Wkt. a | Av.  |
|-------------------|---------|-------|-------|---------|------|------|-------|--------|------|
| S. N. Fox ..      | 16      | 1838  | 366   | 141     | 638  | 49   | 11    | 13-1   | 3-1  |
| A. F. Taylor ..   | 17      | 1532  | 311   | 85      | 701  | 49   | 5     | 14-15  | 2-15 |
| G. M. Wilson ..   | 10      | 887   | 178   | 47      | 431  | 20   | 1     | 21-11  | 2    |
| E. F. S. Tylecote | 12      | 709   | 144   | 42      | 281  | 24   | 6     | 11-17  | 2    |

J. Robson has been professional for the last year, and, we are glad to say, has made an agreement to stay till next September. He has been a capital coach, and has done the Eleven an untold amount of good. J. Bird has been scorer for the Eleven.

## BIGSIDE RUN.

There was a Bigside Run on Tuesday, the 29th of Sept. The School House supplied the hares, Lucas and Stow. The run was the short Penpole. The attendance was large, but we did not notice so many town fellows as there might have been. The hares started from the top of the Downs at 3 p.m.

HARES.—Lucas (S.H.) } h. m.  
                   Stow (S.H.) } 4 11

## CAME IN.

|                       |    |    |    | h. | m.  |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|-----|
| Bird, ma. (S.H.)..    | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 29  |
| Bodington (S.H.)      | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 30  |
| Swindell, ma. (S.H.)  | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 31½ |
| Moor (Town) }         |    |    |    |    |     |
| Cook (Brown's) }      | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 32  |
| Cruttwell, ma. (S.H.) | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 32½ |
| Campbell (Cay's)      | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 33½ |
| McNiven (Brown's)     | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 34  |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

Brownlow, ma. (S.H.), no time taken.

Lucas is holder of Bigside Bags.

## FOOTBALL.

## SIXTH v. SCHOOL.

This, the opening match of the season, was commenced on Thursday, October 8. The School were of course much superior in weight and numbers, and the Sixth were consequently penned for the greater portion of the time, being repeatedly forced to touch the ball down behind their own goal. Three times the School succeeded in touching the ball down behind the Sixth goal, but each time it was so near

touch line that the punt out failed. The Sixth then made a rush down towards the School goal, and Lucas took a splendid drop at goal, but the ball passed just under the cross-bar. The School were then forced to touch the ball down, which was the only material advantage gained by the Sixth. They were shortly afterwards driven up to their own goal, and Taylor (O.C.) dropped a goal for the School. After changing sides nothing of consequence occurred before "no side" was called.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10.—The Sixth having now the lower goal, the game went more in favour of the School, for they drove the ball into the Sixth goal, and compelled them more than once to touch it down in self-defence. Once, when the scrimmage was near the Sixth goal line, the School, by sheer superiority in numbers, drove the ball in and succeeded in touching it down. The punt out was missed, but W. E. Fox caught the ball upon the bound, and succeeded in touching it down again. The place at goal failed. The following up on both sides was exceedingly good, especially on the part of the Sixth. It is but just to mention that R. Warner made two tries at the Sixth goal, and each time the ball fell just short of the cross-bar.

TUESDAY, OCT. 13, was the third and last day of the match. The Sixth now felt the loss of H. J. Bodington, J. A. Neale (O.C.), and C. McArthur (O.C.), and it was plainly a mere struggle against time. The School, after some very hard play, succeeded in touching the ball down behind the Sixth goal. The punt out was caught, and a place at goal attempted. But the Sixth forwards charged too quickly to allow the ball to rise, and consequently the place failed. The game lasted till within twenty minutes of "no side," when C. E. Lyon (S.H.) made a run in for the School, and R. Warner kicked the second goal. For the Sixth L. J. Stow (S.H.), H. J. Bodington (S.H.), and A. W. Paul (O.C.), were especially prominent forward, and N. Lucas (S.H.), C. McArthur (O.C.), and W. F. Goodwin (O.C.) back. For the School W. E. Fox (T.), A. Tovey (O.C.), and C. E. Montagu (B.H.), forward; and R. Warner (C.H.), back. Old Cliftonians present: A. W. Paul (S.H.), J. A. Neale (S.H.), C. McArthur (T.), J. Bernard (T.), A. Tovey (T.), C. H. Fussell (B.H.), G. Bunyon (T.), T. M. King (B.H.), A. J. Bush (T.), A. T. Taylor (B.H.), D. McArthur (T.), Francis (T.), and Paul (T.)

Caps given: Lucas, Montagu, and Warner.

## ELEVEN AND TWENTY-TWO v. SCHOOL.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17, was the first day of this match, which, though as exciting as usual, ended in a decided victory for the Eleven and Twenty-two. The School were of course far superior in weight and numbers, but the cricketers were stronger in their backs and half-backs. The Eleven and Twenty-two won the toss, and took the upper goal. For some time after the kick off, the ball hung in the middle of the ground, but at last the superior play of the cricketers began to tell. Step by step the School were driven back, and the ball was touched down by Davies. Warner took the ball out and placed a neat goal. After changing sides the School slightly penned the Eleven, but gained no material advantage.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22.—The Eleven and Twenty-two had decidedly the best of it throughout, and the School had to touch the ball down time after time in self-defence. At last W. E. Fox, by some very good play, managed to touch the ball down behind the School goal. A. Bush punted the ball out, and it was caught by A. T. Taylor, but the place was a failure. Some time afterwards, R. E. Gray, Esq., after a fine run, dropped a goal with his left foot, thus deciding the match in favour of the Cricketers. On the winning side the Rev. R. B. Poole, Stow (S.H.), Bush (O.C.), W. E. Fox (T.), and Lyon (S.H.) distinguished themselves forward; and R. E. Gray, Esq., A. T. Taylor (O.C.), Lucas (S.H.), and Warner (C.H.), back. For the School, Bowles (B.H.), McNiven (B.H.), Walsh (T.), and Tovey (O.C.), forward; and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., Rev. P. A. Phelps, and Wyvill (B.H.), back.

Old Cliftonians present: A. Bush (T.), A. T. Taylor (B.H.), A. Tovey (T.), and G. Bunyon (T.).

Caps given: Moor, Pearson, and Wyvill.

## CLASSICAL v. MODERN.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29.—The toss was won by the Moderns, who chose the upper goal, and were therefore aided by the slight slope, and the strong breeze, which was blowing throughout the match. The game, however, was one of the most evenly balanced and well contested of the season; and though the "tail" of the Modern twenty was rather weak, yet the deficiency was fully supplied by more than one old Cliftonian. Lively scrimmages were the order of the day, and for the first part of the game the Classical had decidedly the best of it, compelling the Moderns to touch the ball down

in their own goal. The Moderns then rallied, and with a determined rush drove the ball down towards the Classical goal. After a fierce scrumage, Tovey (O.C.) succeeded in touching the ball down for the Modern, but the punt out failed. Towards the end of the game the Classical drove the ball slowly up, and when "No side" was called, it was in somewhat dangerous proximity to the Modern goal.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 31.**—The Classical were deprived of the services of Stow and Lucas, yet for the first half hour they penned the Modern, and forced them to touch the ball down. But this could not last; the Classical were driven back towards their own goal, and at last, the ball being thrown out far, Warner contrived to touch it down for the Modern, and after taking it out placed a good goal. After changing sides the Moderns seemed to have it all their own way, and kept the Classical penned for the rest of the day. Three times they touched the ball down, but no goal was kicked.

**TUESDAY, NOV. 3.**—To-day the Classical began to retrieve their losses, and following up with great spirit, soon drove the Moderns down to their own goal. After a fine run in, Wyvill got a touch down for the Classical, but the place, though an easy one, was missed. After this the game proceeded very evenly, perhaps a little in favour of the Classical.

**THURSDAY, NOV. 5.**—Immediately after the kick off the ball was driven up to the Modern goal, but R. E. Gray, Esq. (half-back), after a splendid run, succeeded in touching it down behind the Classical goal. The place, however, failed, and after some brilliant play the Modern were driven back, and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., dropped a neat goal for the Classical. When sides had been changed the Modern had slightly the best of it, and after an exciting maul the ball was touched down by W. E. Fox in the Classical goal, but the place being a long one failed.

**SATURDAY, NOV. 7.**—During the first part of the game the Modern penned the Classical, and succeeded in getting one try at goal, which failed. After a time however the tide turned, and Stow ran in and secured a touch down for the Classical. The try at goal failed, and as no further advantage was gained, the match remained drawn. For the Classical L. J. Stow, C. E. Lyon, Walsh, J. C. Matthews (S.H.), J. E. Pearson (T.), and E. O. Tagart (T.), forward; and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., A. Henderson (S.H.), and Wyvill, back, distinguished themselves. For the Modern, W. E. Fox, A. J. Bush (O.C.), F. A.

Bowles, A. Tovey (O.C.), and C. E. Montagu were  
spicuous forward ; and A. T. Taylor (O.C.), R. E. Gray,  
and R. R. Warner, back.

Old Cliftonians present : A. J. Bush (T), A. T.  
(B.H.), A. Tovey (T), Paul (T).

Caps given : Bowles, Lyon, Walsh, and Matthews.

#### LIGHT v. DARK.

This Match was played on Nov. 12, 14, and 19.  
Lights were rather the stronger, but were unable to  
goal by the third day, so that it remains a drawn match.

Caps given : McNiven, Finney, and Henderson.

The Caps are as follows :—

|                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| E. N. P. Moor (T.)         | * J. C. K. Fox (T.)     |
| * L. J. Stow (S.H.)        | * C. E. Montague (B.H.) |
| * J. Pearson (T.)          | J. C. Matthews (S.H.)   |
| * W. A. Riddell (B.H.)     | * C. F. McNiven (B.H.)  |
| * N. Lucas (S.H.)          | — Walsh (T.)            |
| E. M. Goodman (S.H.)       | C. E. Lyon (S.H.)       |
| * F. A. Bowles (B.H.)      | * E. O. C. Tagart (T.)  |
| A. Henderson (S.H.)        | * R. R. Warner (C.H.)   |
| G. Pearse (B.H.)           | * S. Finney (C.H.) 1    |
| R. T. Hodge (S.H.)         | C. E. A. George (C.H.)  |
| H. W. D. Cartwright (C.H.) | * F. C. Wyvill (B.H.)   |
| * H. A. Pile (C.H.)        | E. C. Conyers (B.H.)    |
| C. R. Deare (B.H.)         | A. Groom (T.) 3         |
| * W. E. Fox (T)            |                         |

Those marked with \* have received their badges.

#### BROWN'S HOUSE v. TOWN.

This match lasted three days, but remained drawn  
account of neither side obtaining a goal. Brown's were  
toss and took the upper goal. During the first day the  
remained near the lower goal, the Town having to touch  
down several times in self-defence. Brown's succeeded in  
touching the ball down once behind the Town goal,  
was too near touch line to be of any use.

On the second day the game was more equal, and Fox  
after a splendid run in, touched the ball down for the  
Fox ma. tried a place, which failed.

On the third day the Town were again penned, and Brown  
obtained another touch down, which was however too near  
touch line to be of any use ; the Town had often to touch  
ball down behind their own goal.

## BIGSIDE.

With a view to prevent mistakes about the Rules of Bigside and those passed at Bigside Levées, we publish the fundamental regulations on which the Football is established, and the motions passed by the Levées held during the present term. We shall give some account of the proceedings of Bigside Levée in future numbers of the "Cliftonian."

**GENERAL RULES.**—1. The Head of the School shall be President of Bigside Levée, and also of School Levée; and he shall enter the proceedings in a book which he shall keep for that purpose, and for which he shall be responsible to Bigside.

2. Caps and Members of the Eleven are Members of Bigside, as well as all who are not fags.

Any member of Bigside may call a levée.

**FOOTBALL RULES.**—1. That when there is an extra half-holiday there shall be two Bigsides (weather permitting), and also when there is not, unless a Bigside Levée shall determine to the contrary: provided that, if there be only one, it shall be on Thursday. The Head Master shall be judge as to weather.

2. All boys who play on Bigside shall be bound to attend, unless they obtain a note signed by the Head of their House, and countersigned by masters appointed for that purpose (*i.e.* the Form-Master.)

3. There shall be a compulsory Littleside on Thursday for boys below Bigside. Their match shall be arranged for them by the Head of the School House and the Head of the Town, or by deputies appointed by them; leave of absence being given in the same way as in Bigside.

4. Caps shall be given by the Heads of Houses with the consent of the præpostors in the House. If there be a disagreement, the majority shall decide.

5. Præpostors may take caps if they choose without leave from anyone.

6. Præpostors may exempt themselves from Bigside.

7. No puntabout shall be allowed out before 11 a.m.

8. No one shall be allowed to drop or place kick on Bigside, under penalty of a fine of sixpence for each offence.

9. Hacking in a scrummage shall not be allowed, except accidentally in kicking at the ball.

10. The Rugby rules shall be adopted, except in any case in which they may clash with the preceding.

These rules are not to be altered without the sanction of the Head Master.

## MOTIONS PASSED IN BIGSIDE LEVEE THIS TERM.

OCTOBER 3, 1868.—That the Black Caps be abolished (S.H., proposer). That the order of Matches for the season be Sixth *v.* School, Eleven and Twenty-two *v.* School, Classical *v.* Modern, School House *v.* School.

That the boards with the names of Caps on them be down (Bodington, S.H., proposer.)

OCTOBER 10.—A levée was held to decide about the Pavilion. The Committee were Heads of Houses and C of Eleven. Rev. P. A. Phelps and E. N. P. Moor ( ) were treasurers.

OCTOBER 24.—It was proposed that a Committee of C be formed for the giving of Caps, and that no Cap be without the approval of this committee. The motion was postponed till the following Saturday. Fox, ma. ( ) proposer.

OCTOBER 31.—An amendment was proposed and carried the motion of the previous week:—"That in future *badge* and *cap* be distinct; that the badge be a *School* distinction given by old badges, and be the mark of the School ball Twenty. Stow (S.H.), proposer.

NOVEMBER 26.—That in future the House Match be Cricket and Football be Cock House *v.* School. (Brown's), proposer.

It was proposed that this rule should come into effect immediately, but the consideration was postponed for a

DECEMBER 3.—The motion proposed on Nov. 26th, that the rule of Cock House *v.* School should be put in effect immediately," was carried. Pearson (Town), proposer.

## HONOURS.

G. F. Whidborne, late Schol. Corpus Coll., Cambridge Senior Op. and 3rd Class Classic.

S. M. Maycock, 3rd for Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

There is an intention of building a Pavilion in the Close, to be completed before next summer. This will be a great improvement on the present Eleven room, as it will include separate dressing rooms for foreign Elevens. The position intended for it is by the Sanatorium, under the large trees. The lower part is to be made into a shop for the sale of confectionery; there will also be rooms for the professional. The cost of building is calculated at £250 to £300. Subscriptions are being raised in the College itself, and among Old Cliftonians. W. D. L. Macpherson, Esq., has given £10 from the Committee of the United All England match of last summer. The Head Master has made a present of £25.

The Choral Society contains this term about 53 members. Notwithstanding the loss of many valuable voices at Midsummer, the Concert promises to be a good one, though the want of an Organ in Big School will be seriously felt in the sacred pieces. Several Old Cliftonians are expected to join the orchestra.

The Heads of Houses for the present term are: E. N. P. Moor, School and Town; E. Bean, School House; W. A. Riddell, Brown's; C. G. Hopkinson, Cay's.

The Sixth Form at present includes nineteen Classical and three Modern members. Those who have left the Form are: J. A. Neale, H. S. Hall, G. E. Bird, W. F. Goodwyn, E. F. S. Tylecote, S. N. Fox, W. C. F. Cross, H. J. Bodington, W. F. Macmullen. The new Sixth Fellows are: H. Proctor, E. M. Goodman, A. Nash, W. E. Evill, V. Jenkins, C. A. Porter.

A welcome addition to the College buildings is the making of two Swimming Baths by the covered Fives Courts. A large open one, 100 feet in length, for the summer; and a smaller covered bath, 30 feet square, for the winter.

There will be an open Gymnastic Competition on Dec. 19th.

The Concert will be on the 22nd December; and the Old Cliftonian Match on the same day.

E. F. S. Tylecote (O.C.), second in 120 yards' hurdle race, and second in high jump at the Freshman's Sports, Oxford; and first in high jump at St. John's, with four second prizes.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

SIR,—There is one subject to which I should like to draw the attention of the School before the end of this Term. For the last two years there has been a School Debating Society, this, during the first part of its existence, and at the beginning of the present Term, was well attended by the Sixth and Fifth; but now, unfortunately, members have become so very irregular in their attendance that it has even become an open question whether it would not be the best course to abolish it, or at least dissolve it for the rest of this Term, and begin next year with some new system. This ought not to be; for, in the first place, it would have a very bad effect on the school, as the fact of being obliged to abolish a society of long standing is a great sign of instability: and, at the same time, it speaks badly for the upper part of the school, that while, as a whole, we are improving in football and cricket, an intellectual society of this kind should be allowed to deteriorate. This deterioration is all the more disheartening when we consider the great success promised at the beginning of this Term. The Sixth have shown a miserable indifference in this matter, the majority of active members being from the Fifth. A very little exertion on the part of the Sixth might remedy this, but unless the society is encouraged by their example, it is not likely to be supported by the school at large.

Hoping that these remarks may have the effect of increasing the attendance at the Debating Society,

I remain,

Yours truly,

A DESPONDING MEMBER.

## BIGSIDE FOOTBALL.

*To the Editor of the Cliftonian.*

SIR,—There is one anomaly with regard to Bigside, to which I wish to call attention, and this is, the numbers allowed to play in the different matches. In some matches the numbers seem absolutely without any limit, except the fancy of the head of the side, whilst in others they are rigidly cut down to twenty a side.

Why should this be? Is it not time to have some settled plan for these things? What is there to prevent the head of the Classical side against the Modern, or of the School side

against the S. H., from intimating to their opponents that they do not mean to restrict their side to twenty ; and why on earth should they do so ? If these matches cannot be fair unless only twenty a side play, then the sixth match is most evidently unfair. But if the sixth match is a fair and good match, and if (as is the case) the Rugby game nowhere, except in house matches, recognises the principle of equal sides, why do we play half our matches one way, half the other ?

I will venture to propose a plan by which these differences may be reconciled, and which will at the same time bring us nearer to the Rugby system. Let no list of players be put up for any match whatever, but let only those of a certain rank play. The name I would suggest for them is "belows," and the most obvious distinction would be for them to wear the house badge on their jerseys. These belows, then, would have an absolute right to play in every Bigside match, on whatever side they might happen to find themselves ; and the question therefore which a head of a house would have to ask himself before presenting any one with his badge would be—"Has A. B. sufficient weight, strength, pluck, and knowledge of the rules to be of use on Bigside, and be a credit to the house he represents ?" The number of belows would, of course, have to be sufficient to make a good Bigside ; say from 40 to 50 or so, which with caps would be quite enough. The great majority of badges would of course be given before the sixth match, that the recipients might play therein ; others throughout the season, as each fellow deserved it by his play in house matches, form matches, and the like.

The advantages of such a scheme are as follows :—It would make a definite rank below the caps, of Bigsiders, so to speak ; which does at present exist more or less, but is exceedingly vague and indefinite.

Then it would be just the sort of distinction that is wanted for fellows who play pluckily and well, but who cannot as yet hope for their caps.

It is besides becoming more difficult every year for the head of a side, especially at the beginning of the season, to know how every one plays, and whether or not he ought to be put down. Every year the complaint is louder from one house or another that some of its good fellows are not put down to play unless one of their own caps is head of the side.

According to the plan I propose this can no longer happen. The badges, being given *in* and *by* each house, will secure to every house, according to its strength or its weakness, as the case may be, a fair and adequate representation on bigside.

But it may be thought that there will be a constant tendency to lower the standard of belows, and that a weak house will be inclined to give many badges which are not deserved.

This is of course possible, but hardly likely, I think. For the caps both at Rugby and Clifton are given in the same way, and the standard is nevertheless well kept up at both places.

This that I propose is not in any way a new and unheard of thing. It is only reducing to a system our present somewhat loose custom; it is the plan pursued at Wellington, where the Rugby game is well played and thoroughly understood, and is quite in the spirit of Rugby, where all playing on Bigside wear of course their house badge, given them by the head of their house. Of course in certain cases exceptions to the rule might be made: thus at Wellington all Sixth fellows whether belows or not have a right to play on Bigside; of which they of course avail themselves in the Sixth match at any rate, and I believe *all* the Eleven and Twenty-two play against the School in the same way. So too at Clifton the School House might be allowed to play its House Twenty against the School if it had less than twenty caps and belows.

As the numbers in the School increased, the standard of belows would gradually rise, and caps becoming more numerous from the same cause, the two ranks might finally amalgamate, and none but caps play on Bigside as at Rugby; for to this our football constitution seems to me to point.

Far be it from me to run down in any way the recent institution of a School Twenty; since it must be evident to every Cliftonian that from the immense number of caps hitherto given and the large number of foreign matches we annually play that a School Twenty is absolutely necessary. Only why, oh, why, should they interfere with the House badges? Why should a *House* badge denote a *School* Twenty? If there is to be such a Twenty, let it have a School badge of some sort, either one on the jersey or a distinctive belt of some kind. It need not be difficult to find one. A better way (as I think) of employing the House badges I have tried to shew above.

Apologizing for writing at such length,

I am, Sir, yours,

X. Y. Z.

*To the Editor of the Cliftonian.*

SIR,—Allow me to suggest that the caps should be given (in a pecuniary sense I mean) by the houses. The saying that the head of a house presents caps on behalf of his house would then be decidedly more true than at present, and I cannot see the justice of making a fellow pay for his own cap, unless it also be right that he should pay for the prizes he wins at the athletics.

Yours, &c.,

G. G.

## CAPS AND BADGES.

*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

GENTLEMEN,—I am almost ashamed to trespass on your valuable space and time to such an extent as I have done—the importance of the subject must be my excuse. The present Term has been marked by a tendency on the part of several to introduce alterations in various quarters without due consideration of their effect. Not the least of these has been an attempt to change the way of giving caps.

A member of Bigside made the following proposal at a levée held on October 31st: “That the giving of caps be transferred from the heads of houses to a committee of the old caps.” The reason given for the change was that it would be a greater honour to a fellow to get his cap from experienced players, while mistakes in the giving would be rendered impossible.

Happily for the *conservation* of the School, this proposition was abandoned at the motion of a School House fellow to restore the distinction between caps and badges, which, though originally separate, had by a natural transition come to mean one and the same thing. But the very fact of such a dispute about caps proves that the theory and constitution of our football is not clearly understood, and so in the hope that some of your readers may “give it an airing,” I venture to open the subject.

It seems to me that the late dispute ought to teach us one lesson, “That the ideas on these and other subjects should be quite clear, and that, by writing or otherwise, those who succeed us shall be fully made to understand not only what has been established before, but the reasons for so doing.” The early pages of Bigside Book present a mass of ill-digested and ill-written rules to the eye of the reader, while only in one place (that about masters playing on Bigside) are the

reasons mentioned. Why should we not be clear about these things? Mistakes are apt enough to arise without our courting them by neglecting to be thoroughly explicit on every point.

But as mistakes have arisen, perhaps I may be excused for attempting to clear up certain erroneous impressions :—

1. The cap is *not* a School distinction. It was not established at first as a School distinction. If it had been such, it is unlikely that Heads of Houses would have received the power of giving caps. It is purely a House distinction, and no member of Bigside has the power of calling in question a cap “given by the Head of a House with the consent of the Præpostors in that House.” It is a House matter, and the discussion about the caps rests with the Præpostors of the House, *before the cap is given*. It was owing to this not being clearly understood that the motion was made to transfer the right of giving caps to a committee.

2. As this idea, about the cap being a school distinction, was so current, it is evident that the mistake is one of long standing. It arose, I believe, in this way. At first the *only* distinction was a cap. No coloured jersey, no badge. When the school had got a little into shape in the field, a match with Marlborough was got up; a school twenty was picked; and as fellows did not know how many foreign matches we were likely to have, they thought it a very good thing to establish a permanent 15, who were to be distinguished by a “badge” on their jersey. The number of caps at that time was not more than 15, so they all had the “badge.”

Afterwards this idea was tacitly abandoned; all the caps took the badge, and hence the prevailing notion that—“The cap is a school distinction; and a cap means a fellow in the school twenty.” To show that this idea is wrong, it is enough to say that last year there were 21 and the year before 23 caps.

3. The cap, then, is a house distinction. It is given by the Præpostors in the house; the number is unlimited. The house cap denotes a fellow who plays up to a certain standard. What that standard is depends on the house. Its use is to promote house feeling, directly and indirectly on the one hand, by stimulating a fellow to play well to increase the number of caps in his house; on the other, by urging him not to lower the standard of his house by his own bad play or bad attendance.

4. Now I ask the question—“Is the house-cap system best suited to the spirit of football? Some may accuse me of verging on the fanciful, and deserting simple fact in what I am about to say. But let them take care that they speak from their experience.

Every game has its peculiar spirit; it calls forth certain qualities of mind, as well as body, and that is one reason why some fellows who take to one game are so different from those who take to another. I wish to be clear on this point. You look on the fellow who plays fives only in a different light from the fellow who plays nothing but football. Surely, this not *only* because fives is not so violent a game as the other. Football is a more manly and "blunt" game—it makes the *more manly* and "blunt" fellows. What says Tom Brown? Football and cricket are better than fives, because in the latter a fellow plays only for himself, and in the former he plays for his side. Why there it is! Football is an essentially unselfish game. All games are moral to a certain extent; football is the moral game. It has more to do with moulding the spirit of fellows than any other game. Now, what is the kind of character that football is calculated to form? It is a game which needs pluck; not only dash, but perseverance and determination.

There is no other game which to such a degree calls forth one's whole powers. It needs strength, it also needs skill, but what is absolutely necessary to good play is to fling oneself into it in real earnest. And how can a fellow do this better than when he knows that the honour of his house depends on him, and that the hearts of his house go with him? It may seem fanciful, but think in your heart, house fellow, whoever you are, whether this is not true. And this is house feeling; this is the insensible influence that draws out what is in a fellow, that pulls him over to the right side, that makes him ashamed to disgrace his house in the smallest matter. No matter how fresh, how young he may be, every fellow in every house feels this spirit to some extent. He cannot help feeling it. And it is to promote this house feeling that house caps are instituted.

6. A badge will really be more than a cap; hence it will tend to drown the house cap. True, the arguments which promoted the "Black Cap" go for this, namely, that the *badge* is a house badge, and each house will reckon its badges as it reckons its caps. But the black cap was abolished in spite of these reasons. True again, the "badges" have a further use than the black caps; but this is their wrong point, they lessen the weight and glory of the cap, pure and simple. The badge is a school thing—*must* be a school thing. But the old fellows knew this too. They could not allow badge and cap to coalesce without a definite reason, and they knew we should seldom want a school twenty.

7. Is it worth while to have a school distinction for the "twenty?" Foreign matches are few; with public schools

we can hardly expect to play, partly because of the difference of rules, partly because if all rules were the same the rivalry of the different schools would be too fierce to be safely trusted. For football is a game of *pluck* rather than of unaided skill, and can be soon transformed into a regular fight. Why not take a foreign match in the light of an emergency, and let the football be wholly organised on the house principle? This is a matter that needs serious attention at the hands of every fellow. Rules are not made to be broken or altered. No fellow knew this better than those before us; and so rather than regularly alter it they allowed this distinction between cap and badge quietly to disappear.

Those who aimed at the abolition of the house distinction can only be acquitted on the grounds of the popular mistake about caps; it could only have been through ignorance of what they really did that they so tried to destroy the constitution of our football. It is good for the school that one house, at any rate, stood out for the interest of all; and if he has made it plain to any that house distinctions and organisation should be the genius of our football, or if he has prevailed on any to think of these things as not the less real because they are our games, a greater satisfaction could not be given to

SINCERUS.

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DEAR SIR,—A proposal has been made by one of our caps, and passed in Bigside levée, to take down the boards with the names of the caps which hang under the "Elevens" in the cricket room. Now are the heroes of football to be slighted and never to have a mention except in the "Cliftonian." There are many fellows who excel in football but are duffers at cricket: the Eleven have their names up, so why should not the Twenty? Could not the names of caps be put up in the "halls" of the different houses. Hoping this may meet the approbation of the House Masters,

I remain yours,

J. V.

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*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

SIRS,—Would it not be as well to put the surplus money from the concerts to a fund for getting an organ to back up the concerts, and thus make future ones more successful than past, besides adding to the beauty of Big-school?

I am, Sirs,

Yours obediently,

T. S.

*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

SIRS,—There is a practice now prevalent amongst us which I think deserves to be brought before the notice of your readers, as it arises in a great measure from thoughtlessness. It seems to me very hard that a town-fellow cannot bring an umbrella to school on the wettest day without running a great risk of getting it “bagged” or destroyed. I know one poor fellow who has had no less than three umbrellas disappear in this way. Now, setting aside the moral aspect of the question, that it is in fact actual stealing, though no doubt unintentional, imagine what must be the effect produced on the minds of the papas and mammas! Why, they must think us a very uncivilised set of fellows, who cannot allow an umbrella to remain a few hours amongst us unmolested! Hoping that the Præpostors and all who have the honour of their school at heart will do their best to put a stop to this practice,

I am, Sirs,

Your obedient servant,

Y. R.

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# THE CLIFTONIAN.

No. V.

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A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS  
OF CLIFTON COLLEGE.

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MARCH, 1869.



CLIFTON :

SOLD BY J. BAKER, MALL PLACE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1869.



## ST. PAUL.\*

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This poem is a monologue, supposed to be written by St. Paul, in which the apostle of the Gentiles dwells upon the facts of his conversion and his mission, and foretells the splendours of the spiritual Church of Christ. Without minutely criticizing the religious import of the poem, we may content ourselves with observing that Mr. Myers has painted the picture of a feverish and unargumentative St. Paul—a St. Paul of the 19th century; to whose mind the eternal puzzles of the world are presented in a modern form far different from that which they assumed in the first centuries of Christianity. Yet the fervour of his feelings, and the rapid fulness of his utterance, may not unjustly be called Pauline. If not an historical portrait of the great Apostle, it is a faithful and earnest reproduction of his spirit in accordance with that of the present age. Yet even with this reservation it must not be supposed that Mr. Myers has succeeded in embracing the whole of St. Paul's character, or in viewing him with the impartial insight of a student of humanity. His sympathy with certain aspects of the teaching of St. Paul blinds him to others: he can only see so much of the Apostle as would meet the eyes of a clever revivalist pulpiteer.

The chief literary faults of the poem are obscurity and affectation. Part of its obscurity arises from the perplexed and elaborate language in which allusions are wrapped up and hidden. It is not, for instance, without difficulty that we come to recognize Hercules upon Mount Eta on page 14; or Gideon on page 36; or the Ethiopian eunuch on page 34; or the Man of Macedonia on page 31. Meditation will in all these cases supply us with the right solution. Cruden's Concordance will sometimes render aid. But is it fair on the poet's part to exact this effort? Another source of obscurity is in the style itself, which, with a specious semblance of simplicity, is yet exceedingly intricate, and often deficient in logical if not in grammatical coherence. Indeed, if Mr. Myers deserves all praise for having built a melodious and majestic structure with the simplest English words, compelling our monosyllables to take the roll and richness of classical rhythm, he must, on the other hand, be censured for the perverse ingenuity with which he has tortured these same simple English words into perplexing periods. Take the

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\* "St. Paul," by Frederick W. Myers, London and Cambridge.  
Macmillan & Co., 1867.

following two stanzas as an average specimen of the expansive yet intricate style with which he darkens common things. He wishes to describe the first evening in the life of Adam.

"So as in Eden when the days were seven  
 Pison through Havilah that softly ran  
 Bare on his breast the changes of the heaven,  
 Felt on his shores the silence of a man.  
 "Silence ; for Adam when the day departed  
 Left him in twilight with his charge to keep,  
 Careless and confident and single hearted  
 Trusted in God and turned himself to sleep."

Here the thought is simple, and the words are plain, but we strain our mind in trying to discover in them more than they contain, and feel ourselves defrauded when we have arrived at the small nucleus of their meaning. Among other faults of style which do not involve obscurity may be mentioned frequent affectations and tricks of language. The repetitions of sound and the exceedingly slight portion of sense in the following couplet (p. 47) :

"Lift it or lose hereover or hereunder,  
 Pluck it hereout or strangle it herein,"

remind us ludicrously of monastic *tours de force*. Mr. Myers rarely resists saying the same thing twice over. Such lines as these are frequent :

"Nay, but I ask it, nay, but I desire"  
 "Give me a voice, a cry, and a complaining."  
 "Filled him with valour, slung him with a sword."  
 "Called him from Charran, summoned him from Ur."  
 "Springing thenceforth, and hurrying therethrough,"

where the ear is wearied, and the intellect vexed with an unreal semblance of antithesis.

Alliteration is used with fatiguing monotony, and with a vulgarity of taste that makes us wish the author had studied Milton, and had there learned the secret of subtle alliterative structures. Perhaps the climax of these faults is reached in this stanza. (p. 48) :

"Fed them with manna, furnished with a fountain,  
 Followed with waves the raising of the rod,  
 Drew them and drove, till Moses on the mountain  
 Died of the kisses of the lips of God."

We lay the more stress upon these faults of affectation and obscurity because Mr. Myers can be simple when he chooses,

and when he chooses to be simple he is really good. Compare the following stanza with those we have quoted :

“What is this psalm from pitiable places  
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod ?  
Whose are those beautiful and holy faces  
Lit with their loving and aflame with God ?—(p. 53).

In his use of imagery Mr. Myers shows himself to be a consummate artist. Without possessing the wealth of original imagination which marks a poet of the first class, he is always just, vigorous, and noble. His pictures are wrought with such control of rhetoric that they acquire a fulness of reality, a richness of colour, and a distinctness of effect, often wanting in the more copious fancy of our modern school. There is a quality of poetic insight which attains to genius by its intensity, and by its patient perception of details works its way to originality. Mr. Myers possesses this quality in a high degree. Old ideas acquire new truth and beauty from his treatment. He moulds them afresh ; and by the force of style appropriates them to himself. Style and feeling, we may say in passing, are the distinguishing qualities of “St. Paul” rather than thought or imagination. The metaphor by which St. John is compared to a solitary peak blushing with anticipated sunrise and paling in the light of actual day—the picture of the burning ship and desperate swimmer may be cited as among his best. But none illustrates our meaning better than the three stanzas in which the old comparison between artistic and religious inspiration receives new splendour, as it were, from the poet’s intense power of realization. It is a pity, however, by the way, that nearly all such passages should begin with the exclamation *Lo !*

“Lo as some bard on isles of the Ægean  
Lovely and eager when the world was young,  
Burning to hurl his soul into a pean  
Praise of the hero from whose loins he sprung.  
He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,  
Wandered disconsolate and waited long,  
Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,  
Chiding the slumber of the seed of song ;  
Then in the sudden glory of a minute  
Airy and excellent the proem came,  
Rending his bosom, for a God was in it,  
Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.”

The metre is one which displays the author’s great powers as a master of melody. In the hands of an inferior artist it could scarcely fail to be monotonous, and, even as employed

by Mr. Myers, with all his richness and variety of modulation and with his sonorous pomp of onward-moving sound, we weary of its sustained grandeur. The accent falls invariably on the first syllable of the line, and almost every line begins with a monosyllable; while the rhythm of the stanza, like that of the Latin Sapphic, is so marked as scarcely to admit of being read without a jingle. The phrases are so constantly cast in the same mould that we seek in vain for a plastic structure such as may be attained in the "In memoriam" metre or ottava rima. To this awkwardness in the formation of the stanza itself may be added that of the double rhyme. It is no easy task for an English poet to find double rhymes enough for the exigencies of so long and serious a poem as "St. Paul." Consequently Mr. Myers has to acquiesce in the repetition of hackneyed rhymes, and to resort to the artifice of participles in the place of nouns. We have occupied ourselves so much with the analysis of minor points of art and treatment, that there is but little space left for the general praise which Mr. Myers's poem deserves. The whole of it is animated with intense feeling—with one spirit of religious passion that leaves an indelible impress on the reader's mind. It is difficult to forget the poem after it has once been read. In spite of the faults which we have freely indicated, its energetic phrases and strong memories linger in the memory, to surprise us with their constant, almost irrepressible recurrence. When we read these verses we feel ourselves in the presence of an earnest soul, of an individuality that insists upon being listened to, and is too powerful to be denied. This is high praise in these times of poetical *rechauffés* and kaleidoscopic prettiness. It is only to be regretted that the mental force and grasp exhibited in the poem at large should be far inferior to its emotional intensity. Of the scope and conduct of the subject something has been hinted. But it would not be fair to conclude without a word about the structure of the poem as a whole. The connexions of its several meditations may not at first sight seem very clear, yet they are linked together by those subtle chains of association which control the course of thought when wandering in the fields of memory and association, and they are finally wrought into unity by a sublime vision in which the saints of Christ's Church appear like stars in the firmament, destined like stars to pale their splendour and be swallowed in the rising of the sun. This thought leads the poet back to that with which he started, so that the music finishes on the key note, and the whole is tinged and rounded with one great idea, the idea of the sufficiency of Christ.

J. S.

## ON ABSENCE.

Darling, why can I not behold thy face  
 When dreary distance makes me yearn and pine?  
 I muse and muse; each several feature trace;  
 And draw again each well-remembered line:  
 But when I fain would see thee as thou art,  
 The dream dissolves.—I have no power to bind  
 These several recollections, or impart  
 Thy soul's life to the shadows of my mind.  
 Eyes, lips, and brow, soft cheek, and silken hair,  
 I see them all; for one by one they glide  
 Into my memory, and vanish there,  
 Leaving my seeking soul unsatisfied.

Thus doth love cheat us with an empty show,  
 Concealing that which we most wish to know.

Love cheats himself, too greedily discerning  
 Each separate sweet of that which he adores;  
 And line by line the form of Beauty learning,  
 Forgets the pictured whole on which he pores.  
 Thus he divides what he should unify—  
 Too much division doth confuse the soul—  
 Dissolves the subtle spirit's entity,  
 And yields the parts where we would have the whole.  
 Like cracked unequal mirrors, which reveal  
 The forehead here, and here the lip discover;  
 Or, like the ruffled stream which still did steal  
 His proper image from the poor self-lover,

Or, like the minds of men, which feebly grasp  
 Now this, now that—the great All never clasp.

P. M.

## ESSAYE MORALL. OF CHAFFE.

I take *chaffe* in this sense: the overflowing of a flooded wit. For as waters burst forth from their wonted channell and goe over the space adjoining, so doth an exuberant wit find vent in *chaffe*. For, indeed, one of our owne poets hath expressed it: *true wit is nature to advantage dressed*; even so is *chaffe*, nature dressed clownishly and in foreign garb.

Certainly the aims of wit and *chaffe* doe lie apart; for as there be that can compose but cannot translate, so there are some that have wit yet lacke the power of *chaffe*.

But it is the vulgar opinion that *chaffe* is a busie, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kinde of vermine;

the offspring of a bastard wit. And yet there be records where men of the highest naturall parts have not contemned the aide of *chaffe*, or *eironeia*, as the Grecians call it. As, for example, Sophocles ironically maketh 'Oedipus the tyrante to *chaffe* himselfe.

It is true that there be lower grades akin to this arte, but severall, and to be distinguished. These are designated by those who employ them as *boshe*, *humbugge*, *cram*, and the like; but by no means can these be glorified by the appellation of *chaffe*. Yet many there be of such weake discernment that they fail to discriminate the latter from the first, and so a shadowe cometh to be cast upon the entire arte.

Now, albeit there is a high saying: *dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom*, yet this cannot be equally imputed of *chaffe*; for while *dissimulation* hath advantage or gain for its object, *chaffe* expecteth but the inciting of mirth. Also the *dissembler* deceiveth the whole world, but he that *chaffeth* joineth with the whole worlde to deceive one man.

Neither is *chaffe*, as *cunning*, a *sinister* or *crooked wisdom*; for certainly there is a great difference betwixt a man who aimeth to enrich and a man who aimeth to divert himselfe. The one is the *enemy* of mankinde, and the other is the *idoll*.

But there be three disadvantages of *chaffe*. The first, that he that *chaffeth* once is in danger to be a mountebanque alway, even when the time demandeth a sober carriage; the second, that it asketh a strong mind and a strong heart lest strife be engendered; the third and greatest is, that the firm love of truth is thereby shaken, and men doe not sticke to lie.

G. E. B.

## FLOWERS.

What do we know of the world of flowers?  
 Whence floweth the draught of life they sip?  
 Is it as pure as the sparkling showers  
 Which tremble upon their fragrant lip?—  
 They may be beings whose passions glow  
 With a fire and heat that we cannot know;  
 They may be heralds of truths sublime  
 Scorning the raging ocean of Time;  
 They may be messengers sent from above  
 Emblems of glory and peace and love.

What do we know of the slightest flower?  
 It seems like a banner furled

Which waits but one breath of its Maker's power  
 To glorify all the world.  
 Its beauty may pass and its splendour fly,  
 It may slowly droop and unnoticed die,  
 No tear may fall on its place of rest,  
 No sigh may hallow and make it blest,  
 Yet time shall halt on eternity's shore  
 Ere its glory shall leave it for evermore.

H. I.

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### CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

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Having spent some part of my Christmas holidays in a retired little town in Gloucestershire, where many old customs and superstitions still linger, I of course came in for a good share of carol-singing. These, however, differed very much from the irreverent and discordant caterwauling (I cannot call it anything else) which greet our ears evening after evening in our suburban streets. For irreverent they could not well be, since sacred words were not attempted, and discordant they certainly were not, seeing that the singers were composed chiefly of the members of the choir. The favourite carol in particular attracted my attention, from its peculiarity and the utter absurdity of the words; they ran as follows:—

“The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
 A partridge in a pear-tree :  
 “The second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
 Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree :”

And proceeds in this ascending manner until on the twelfth day of Christmas the young lady receives the following astounding tribute of true love :—

“The twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
 Twelve bells a-ringing, eleven badgers baiting,  
 Ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing  
 Eight hares a-running, seven swans swimming  
 Six ducks a-laying, five gold rings,  
 Four colley birds, three French hens,  
 Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.”

As it stands this sounds perfectly absurd; and so I always esteemed it, until in a book I was reading the other day, I came across its exact fac-simile in French; and it was stated that this was one of the songs sung by the Canadian “voyageurs”

or lake traders. What the connection between the Canadian settlers and the little town in Gloucestershire can possibly be it is hard to imagine. It is certain that the Lord of the Manor of that part of Gloucestershire came over from Normandy with our William I, and the names of some of the gentry about there give clear proofs of Norman origin. Why then may we not suppose that some rovers from the same part of Normandy may have migrated to Lower Canada, carrying with them their national songs? This connection too would seem to afford a little clue to the absurdity of the words: for, keeping in mind their probably French origin, what is more natural to suppose than that "pear-tree" is a corruption of *perdrix*, so that "a partridge in a pear-tree" is really only a repetition of the same word? and instead of taxing our knowledge of ornithology to find a parallel to a "colley-bird," why not suppose that "colley" is a corruption of *collet*, hence we at once have a bird with a ruff, *i. e.*, the ruff-pigeon. If too the words be really of such ancient origin as this supposition would infer, it is curious to mark the peculiar delicacy of expression. For instance, there is no difficulty in seeing the meaning of such expressions as "bells-a-ringing," "lords-a-leaping," "ladies dancing," and above all the "gold ring," but still they are put with such a quaint and simple sense of propriety, which cannot but excite our wonder at that early period. All this, however, is pure supposition, and if any of the readers of "The Cliftonian" can afford me any certain information on the subject, they will much oblige

AN ANTIQUARIAN.

## THE CONCERT.

The Choral Society gave their fifth Annual Concert on Tuesday, December 22nd; and though from the changes that had taken place in the Society some apprehensions were entertained, the success of the evening proved them unfounded. Big School was filled to overflowing with an audience larger, we think, than has attended any of the previous Concerts: a strong proof of their popularity. The programme, a well selected one, is as follows:—

## PART I.

- OVERTURE—"Il Tancredi" .. .. . *Bossini.*  
                                           A. W. M. Campbell and W. E. Evill.
- PART SONG—"Auld Lang Syne" .. .. . *Edward Land.*
- SONG—"A glimpse of Blue Sky" .. .. . *Henry Smart.*  
                                           F. G. A. Wiehe.
- PART SONG—"O hush thee, my baby" .. .. . *A. S. Sullivan.*
- PIANOFORTE SOLO—"Impromptu in A Flat, No. 2" *Schubert.*
- PART SONG—"Pull away merrily" .. .. . *T. W. Walstein.*
- MEDITATION—"Sur le Ler. prelude de Sebastian Bach" *Gounod.*  
                                           Violin,                   Pianoforte,                   Harmonium,  
                                           W. E. Evill.           Mr. Trimmell           W. Claxton.
- SONG—"Come again Spring" .. .. . *Henry Smart.*  
                                           C. P. Tyler.
- GLEE—"The Woods" .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
- TRIO—"O Memory" .. .. . *H. Leslie.*  
                                           C. P. Tyler, F. G. A. Wiehe, S. G. Douglas.
- CHORUS—"Spring with fairy feet returning" .. .. . *Rossini.*

## PART II.

- NORSE MELODY—"The hardy Norseman's home of yore" *Pearsall.*
- PIANOFORTE—"Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13" .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
                                           W. Claxton.
- MOTELL—"Salutaris Hostia" .. .. . *Auber.*
- MINSTREL BALLAD—"The Fair Flower of Northumberland" .. .. . *E. F. Rimbault.*
- SOLO AND QUARTETT—"Charity" .. .. . *Rossini,*  
                                           C. P. Tyler, Wiehe, Miller, Douglas.
- PART SONG—"The Victor's Return" .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
- PIANOFORTE SOLO—"The Echo of the Waves" .. .. . *Bayton Smith.*  
                                           H. W. Edlin.
- CHORAL SONG—"A king there was in Thule" .. .. . *Pearsall.*
- PART SONG—"The winds that waft" .. .. . *Wallace.*
- DUETT—"Hark! the Fisher's Evening Song" .. .. . *Kücken.*
- TWELFTH NIGHT SONG—"Come let us be merry" .. .. . *R. L. Pearsall*
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Of the part songs, "Auld Lang Syne" and Walstein's "Pull away merrily," certainly deserved the applause that they drew forth, the latter being vigorously "encored," and Sullivan's "O hush thee my baby" was admirably rendered. In Part II. the "Hardy Norseman," "Salutaris Hostia," and Pearsall's Twelfth Night Song were worthy of all praise, but even these were surpassed by the "Fair Flower of Northumberland," which was encored with rapture. The solos were fewer than last year, though in our opinion none the less brilliant, and F. G. A. Wiehe's song, "A glimpse of blue sky," which was the first solo of the evening, was quite worthy to be his farewell piece. Tyler gained an encore by his fine delivery of Smart's "Come again Spring," and the quartett "Charity" gave much pleasure, though we fancy it more as a choral piece. Of the instrumental pieces, which we are glad to see are on the increase, all deserved praise, with the exception of Gounod's Meditation, which was tedious, and hardly adapted to the occasion. H. W. Edlin, who favoured us with "The Echo of the Waves," has a remarkably fine touch, and Claxton gave a good rendering of Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique. In conclusion we may safely say that the Concert was quite as much a success as those of former years, and all thanks are due to Mr. Trimnell and the Society for the pleasant entertainment they afforded.

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## FOOT BALL.

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### SCHOOL HOUSE, v. SCHOOL.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.—The School kicked from the lower goal, and though the School House were assisted by a strong reinforcement of old Cliftonians, they soon drove the ball up towards their opponents' goal. After some hard scrimmages W. E. Fox secured a touch down for the School, but the punt-out failed. Soon, however, there was a scrimmage close to the School House goal, and A. J. Bush (half back) dropped a good goal for the School. After changing sides the ball was kept in the middle of the ground for a short time by the School House forwards, but it was again driven back to their goal, and J. C. Fox taking the ball as it rolled, placed another goal for the School. This last, however, was objected to by the School House, on the grounds that the ball touched one of their side before going over the cross bar, and after some discussion the umpires decided that it should be no goal. For

the School, R. Warner (C.H.), A. J. Bush (O.C.), and C. R. Deare (B.H.) back, and W. E. Fox (T.) forward, distinguished themselves, while for the School House A. Reile (O.C.) back, and Gosse (O.C.), H. Bayley (O.C.), and E. M. Goodman (S.H.) played well. Old Cliftonians present: A. Peile (S.H.), Gosse (S.H.), G. E. Bird (S.H.), J. Duthy (S.H.), H. Bayley (S.H.), A. J. Bush (T.), A. T. Taylor (B.H.), and G. Bunyon (T.).

**TUESDAY, NOV. 24.**—The School House were again reinforced by a strong team from Oxford, and consequently the game was more equal. The ball only approached the School goal twice, and was speedily driven back to the middle of the ground. The School House had to touch the ball down twice behind their own goal in self defence. For the School, J. R. Fox (T.), and F. C. Wyvill (B.H.) back, and J. Pearson (T.) and C. E. Montagu (B.H.) played well. For the School House, C. B. L. Tylecote and E. F. S. Tylecote back, and H. J. Bodington and A. Reile forward, distinguished themselves. Old Cliftonians present: C. B. L. Tylecote (S.H.), E. F. S. Tylecote (S.H.), J. A. Neale (S.H.), H. J. Bodington (S.H.), W. F. Goodwyn (S.H.), T. M. King (B.H.), A. T. Taylor (B.H.), A. J. Bush (T.), A. Peile (S.H.), G. E. Bird (S.H.), G. Bunyon (T.), E. Atkins (T.).

**THURSDAY, NOV. 26.**—The School House having lost most of their old fellows were considerably penned, the ball not often being seen outside their 25 yards post. The School got two touch downs, both of which failed, and the School House were continually obliged to touch the ball down behind their own goal. Old Cliftonians present: D. Cox (S.H.), B. Lock (S.H.), and A. J. Bush (T.).

**SATURDAY, NOV. 28.**—The School again had much the best of it, and Wyvill touched the ball down three times, behind the School House goal. All three tries, however, failed, owing to the slippery state of the ground.

**SATURDAY, DEC. 5.**—The School House having regained the services of Stow, made a good fight of it, and even obliged the School to touch the ball down. This, however, was the only advantage they gained, as the ball remained for the most part near their goal. The School had one try, which failed. For the School R. Warner played well, back, and C. F. McNiven forward. For the School House E. M. Goodman and Swindell deserve notice. The old Cliftonians present on the last two days were—H. O. Whidborne (T.), A. J. Bush (T.), and McArthur (T.).

Caps given : E. M. Goodman (S.H.), C. R. Deare (B.H.), C. E. A. George (C.H.), H. W. D. Cartwright (C.H.), E. C. Conyers (B.H.), R. T. Hodge (S.H.), A. Groom (T.), and T. S. Lodge (C.H.)

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#### W. E. COLLYER'S TEAM.

MONDAY, NOV. 30.—The day was unfortunately wet, but the match was played notwithstanding. The Foreign Twenty was deficient in numbers, and was, therefore, filled up with masters and members of College. The School kicked off from the lower goal, and kept the ball well up at their adversaries' goal, and it was only once or twice that it approached their own. The ground was much too slippery to admit of any important advantage being gained by either side. For the Foreigners, Graham and Thornley back, and Collyer and Digby forward, played well, and were ably assisted by Rev. P. A. Phelps and H. G. Dakyns.

Caps given : G. Pearse (B.H.)

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#### OLD CLIFTONIANS' MATCH.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22.—The School kicked off from the lower goal, and though their opponents mustered over thirty, they kept the ball on the upper part of the ground. The ground was in a very bad state, and though one or two good runs were made, no material advantage was gained on either side. For the Old Fellows : W. R. Collyer, J. C. Yockney (S.H.), A. J. Bush (T.), A. T. Taylor (B.H.), back, and R. Fulford (S.H.), Gosse (S.H.), and J. A. Neale (S.H.), played well. For the School, R. Warner (C.H.) back, W. E. Fox (T.), and C. E. Montagu (B.H.), forward, are worthy of mention.

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#### THE TWENTY FOR THE SEASON.

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| L. J. Stow (S.H.)    | J. C. R. Fox (T.)      |
| J. Pearson (T.)      | C. E. Montagu (B.H.)   |
| W. A. Riddell (B.H.) | C. F. McNiven (B.H.)   |
| N. Lucas (S.H.)      | C. E. Lyon (S.H.)      |
| E. M. Goodman (S.H.) | E. O. C. Tagart (T.)   |
| F. A. Bowles (B.H.)  | R. R. Warner (C.H.)    |
| A. Henderson (S.H.)  | C. E. A. George (C.H.) |
| H. A. Pile (C.H.)    | S. Finney (C.H.)       |
| C. R. Deare (B.H.)   | F. C. Wyvill (B.H.)    |
| W. E. Fox (T.)       | E. C. Conyers (B.H.)   |

BROWN'S *v.* CAY'S.

FRIDAY, DEC. 4.—Brown's house won the toss and took the upper goal, and penned their opponents the whole game. There was soon a maul in the goal, and Wyvill got the ball and touched it down behind Cay's goal. Clerk placed a neat goal, but after sides were changed, no material advantage was gained.

MONDAY, DEC. 7.—Cay's now had the advantage of the hill, but nevertheless, they were considerably penned by Brown's, who soon succeeded in touching the ball down behind their opponents' goal. Clerk made a good try at goal, the ball falling just short of the cross-bar. Nothing of any importance was done before "no side" was called. The wet weather prevented the match from being continued.

NORTH *v.* SOUTH SIDE OF CHAPEL.

THURSDAY, JAN. 28.—This match was played on Little Side, and lasted three days. It was an evenly contested game, no material advantage being gained on either side.

PATRIARCHS (3 YEARS) *v.* SCHOOL.

There were two days of this match, in which the School got slightly the best of it. On the first day it was an even match, noting being done by either side. On the second day the School got two touch downs, but both of their tries failed.

## BIGSIDE RUNS.

## I.

The Hares started from the other side of the Suspension Bridge, turned down Rownham Hill, ran through the Ashton Meadows as far as the Bird in Hand inn, up over Ashton Hill, and home by Beggar's Bush Lane. Time, 1 hr. 6 min. Hares, Lucas (S.H.), Bird, ma. (S.H.), Campbell (Cay's).

|                     |    |   |    |    |    |
|---------------------|----|---|----|----|----|
| HARES.—Lucas (S.H.) | .. | } | h. | m. | s. |
| Bird, ma. (S.H.)    | .. |   |    |    |    |
| Campbell (Cay's)    | .. |   |    |    |    |
|                     |    |   | 4  | 17 | 45 |

## CAME IN.

|                       |    | h. | m. | s. |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Cruttwell, ma. (S.H.) | .. | 4  | 30 | 5  |
| MacNiven (Brown's)    | .. |    |    |    |
| Maisey, ma. (Brown's) | .. | 4  | 30 | 45 |
| Moor (Town)           | .. |    |    |    |
| George (Cay's)        | .. | 4  | 34 | 35 |
| Prichard, mi. (Town)  | .. |    |    |    |
| A. Kemble, Esq.       | .. | 4  | 34 | 40 |
| Morris (Town)         | .. |    |    |    |
| Riddell (Brown's)     | .. |    |    |    |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

|                          |    |   |    |   |
|--------------------------|----|---|----|---|
| Brownlow, ma. (S.H.)     | .. | 4 | 39 | 0 |
| De Winton, ma. (Brown's) | .. | 4 | 42 | 0 |

## II.

Hares, starting from the Downs, went the usual way till about half-a-mile from the Trym; here they turned sharp to the left, and after some good fences, crossed the Trym near the Avonmouth line; then they ran across the ploughed land on the right bank of the Trym, up through Combe Valley, following the river up as far as Westbury, where they left it, and ran home. Time 55 minutes. Hares, Cruttwell, ma. (S.H.), McNiven (Brown's).

|       |    | h. | m. | s. |
|-------|----|----|----|----|
| Hares | .. | 3  | 55 | 30 |

## CAME IN.

|                        |    |   |    |    |
|------------------------|----|---|----|----|
| Lucas (S.H.)           | .. | 4 | 9  | 0  |
| Moor (Town)            | .. |   |    |    |
| Montagu (Brown's)      | .. | 4 | 9  | 15 |
| Maisey, ma. (Brown's)  | .. |   |    |    |
| Wiehe, mi. (S.H.)      | .. | 4 | 10 | 15 |
| E. Atkins, Esq. (O.C.) | .. |   |    |    |
| Pearson (Town)         | .. | 4 | 11 | 30 |
| Pearce, ma. (Cay's)    | .. |   |    |    |
| George (Cay's)         | .. | 4 | 11 | 45 |
| Campbell (Cay's)       | .. |   |    |    |
| Prichard, mi. (Town)   | .. | 4 | 12 | 30 |
| Pile (Cay's)           | .. |   |    |    |
| Sham (Brown's)         | .. | 4 | 12 | 45 |
| Nash, mi. (Town)       | .. |   |    |    |
| Niblett (Town)         | .. | 4 | 13 | 15 |
| Fry (S.H.)             | .. |   |    |    |
| Bean, ma. (S.H.)       | .. | 4 | 13 | 30 |
| Riddell (Brown's)      | .. |   |    |    |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

|                             |    |   | h. | m. | s. |
|-----------------------------|----|---|----|----|----|
| De Winton, ma. (Brown's) .. |    |   | 4  | 13 | 30 |
| Robinson (Town) ..          | .. | } | 4  | 14 | 45 |
| Brownlow, ma. (S.H.) ..     | .. |   |    |    |    |
| Rawlinson (S.H.) ..         | .. |   | 4  | 15 | 0  |
| Robertson (Brown's) ..      | .. |   | 4  | 17 | 0  |
| Allen (Cay's) ..            | .. |   | 4  | 17 | 0  |
| Wadham (Town) ..            | .. |   | 4  | 17 | 45 |

## III.

THE ASHTON RUN.—Same as the first of the Term, time 56 minutes. Hares: Lucas (S.H.), Montagu (Brown's).

|                        |    |   | h. | m. | s. |
|------------------------|----|---|----|----|----|
| HARES.—Lucas (S.H.) .. | .. | } | 3  | 56 | 0  |
| Montagu (Brown's) ..   | .. |   |    |    |    |

## CAME IN.

|                          |    |   |   |    |    |
|--------------------------|----|---|---|----|----|
| Moor (Town) ..           | .. | } | 4 | 18 | 45 |
| Cruttwell, ma. (S.H.) .. | .. |   |   |    |    |
| Maisey, ma. (Brown's) .. | .. |   | 4 | 20 | 0  |
| Prichard, mi. (Town) ..  | .. | } | 4 | 21 | 0  |
| McNiven (Brown's) ..     | .. |   |   |    |    |
| Pearson (Town) ..        | .. |   |   |    |    |
| George (Cay's) ..        | .. | } | 4 | 21 | 15 |
| Pile (Cay's) ..          | .. |   |   |    |    |
| Campbell (Cay's) ..      | .. |   | 4 | 21 | 45 |
| Pierce, ma. (Cay's) ..   | .. |   | 4 | 22 | 30 |
| Corrie (Cay's) ..        | .. |   | 4 | 23 | 0  |
| Nash, mi. (Town) ..      | .. |   | 4 | 23 | 30 |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

|                             |    |   |                |    |    |
|-----------------------------|----|---|----------------|----|----|
| Stuart, mi. (Town) ..       | .. |   | 4              | 22 | 45 |
| De Winton, ma. (Brown's) .. | .. |   | 4              | 23 | 15 |
| Brownlow, ma. (S.H.) ..     | .. |   | 4              | 23 | 45 |
| Vyvyan (S.H.) ..            | .. | } | No time taken. |    |    |
| Robertson (Town) ..         | .. |   |                |    |    |
| Rawlinson (S.H.) ..         | .. |   |                |    |    |

## IV.

This was by far the longest and at the same time the best run of the season. The fences were many and stiff, and there was no way of shirking. The hares, Riddell and Montagu (both Brown's House), started from the Suspension

Bridge, ran down Rownham Hill into the Ashton Meadows in direction of Dundry for about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; having crossed the Bristol and Exeter Railway, they came to Yanley, thence to Ashton Waters, across Ashton Hill to Fayland, Beggar's Bush Lane, home. Some hounds made a mistake near Ashton Waters, loosing the scent, and were thus disqualified. Time, 1 hour, 28 minutes.

|         |    |    |    | h. | m. | s. |
|---------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Hares.. | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 36 | 0  |

## CAME IN.

|                         |    |    |   |   |   |    |
|-------------------------|----|----|---|---|---|----|
| Lucas (S.H.)..          | .. | .. | } | 5 | 0 | 0  |
| Moor (Town)..           | .. | .. |   |   |   |    |
| A. J. Bush, Esq. (O.C.) | .. | .. |   | 5 | 0 | 30 |
| Cruttwell, ma. (S.H.)   | .. | .. | } | 5 | 1 | 0  |
| Pearson (Town)          | .. | .. |   | 5 | 1 | 45 |
| Stow (S.H.) ..          | .. | .. |   | 5 | 2 | 15 |
| George (Cay's)          | .. | .. |   | 5 | 2 | 30 |
| Pile (Cay's) ..         | .. | .. |   | 5 | 3 | 0  |
| Claxton (Town)          | .. | .. |   | 5 | 4 | 30 |
| Rev. E. M. Reynolds     | .. | .. |   | 5 | 4 | 45 |
| Cassavetti (S.H.)       | .. | .. | } | 5 | 5 | 0  |
| Bray (Town)..           | .. | .. |   |   |   |    |
| Walsh (Town)            | .. | .. |   |   |   |    |

## V.

Hares started from the top of the Downs, ran through the Stoke Meadows into Kingsweston Road; after following this for half-a-mile, they turned to the right across country to Combe Valley (where the hounds lost the scent for twenty minutes), thence to Westbury, Horfield, home. Hares: Riddell, Maisey, ma., both Brown's House.

|         |    |    |    | h. | m. | s. |
|---------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Hares.. | .. | .. | .. | 4  | 3  | 0  |

## CAME IN.

|                     |    |    |   |   |    |    |
|---------------------|----|----|---|---|----|----|
| Stow (S.H.) ..      | .. | .. | } | 4 | 29 | 0  |
| Montagu (Brown's)   | .. | .. |   | 4 | 29 | 30 |
| Moor (Town)..       | .. | .. |   | 4 | 30 | 30 |
| Pierce, ma. (Cay's) | .. | .. |   | 4 | 31 | 30 |
| McNiven (Brown's)   | .. | .. |   | 4 | 31 | 45 |
| George (Cay's)      | .. | .. | } | 4 | 34 | 0  |
| Finney (Cay's)      | .. | .. |   |   |    |    |
| Nash, mi. (Town)    | .. | .. |   |   |    |    |
| A. Kemble, Esq.     | .. | .. |   |   |    |    |
| Rev. E. M. Reynolds | .. | .. |   |   |    |    |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

|                         |    | h. | m. | s. |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Nash, terts (Town) ..   | .. | 4  | 38 | 30 |
| Brownlow, ma. (S.H.) .. | .. | 4  | 39 | 0  |

This was the last run of the season. Lucas wins the cup open to all; Brownlow that for those under fifteen.

## MARKS FOR BIGSIDE RUN CUP, OPEN TO ALL.

|                |    |    |    |    |                    |
|----------------|----|----|----|----|--------------------|
| Lucas ..       | .. | .. | .. | .. | 25                 |
| Moor ..        | .. | .. | .. | .. | 21 $\frac{1}{8}$   |
| Stow ..        | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 $\frac{5}{8}$   |
| Cruttwell, ma. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20                 |
| Montagu ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| Pearson ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 $\frac{5}{8}$   |
| Maisey, ma.    | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$   |
| McNiven ..     | .. | .. | .. | .. | } 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| George ..      | .. | .. | .. | .. |                    |

## UNDER FIFTEEN.

|                 |    |    |    |                  |
|-----------------|----|----|----|------------------|
| Brownlow, ma.   | .. | .. | .. | 17 $\frac{7}{8}$ |
| De Winton ..    | .. | .. | .. | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Nash, terts. .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  |

## THE ATHLETICS.

The Athletics have been fixed for the 11th and 12th of this month. The following is the scale of marks for the Challenge Cup.

|                             | 1st.             | 2nd. |
|-----------------------------|------------------|------|
| Mile .....                  | 18               | 6    |
| 100 yards .....             | 15               | 3    |
| 300 yards .....             | 12               | 4    |
| Half-mile .....             | 12               | 5    |
| High Jump .....             | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 3    |
| Broad Jump .....            | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 3    |
| Hurdle Race .....           | 12               | 4    |
| Steeple Chase .....         | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5    |
| Throwing Cricket Ball ..... | 6                | 2    |

Stewards for the Athletics are—E. N. P. Moor, E. B. Bean, C. G. Hopkinson, L. J. K. Stow, W. A. Riddell, and N. Lucas.

# THE GYMNASIUM.

The Gymnastic Competition came off on the 19th of December. Considering that this is the first time we have had anything of the sort, we may call this event a decided success. There were fifteen competitors, several, however, scratched, and only nine appeared on the day. Two Prizes were given, a gold and a silver medal, the first of which was gained by Crutwell, ma. (S.H.), and the second by Davies, ma. (S.H.) We annex the list of marks:—

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | NAMES.                              | VAULTING HORSE. |                |                          | HORIZONTAL BAR.              |                      |                               |                      |                                                |                                |                            |                   | VERTICAL ROPE.         |                    | PARALLEL BARS.      |                   |                                               |                   |                                        | MARKS AWARDED FOR THE BEST POSITION. | TOTAL. |             |            |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |                                     | Vault to Right. | Ditto to Left. | Ditto Between the Hands. | Break the Bar, 1st Position. | Ditto, 2nd Position. | Circle the Bar, 1st Position. | Ditto, 2nd Position. | Rise above the Bar, Right & Left Hand Leading. | Ditto, Right & Left Leg swing. | Ditto, Both Hands at once. | Ditto, and Clear. | Climb, Hand over Hand. | Ditto, Hands only. | Pass to Right Rear. | Ditto, Left Rear. | Double March and Rest Forward, and Back Lift. | Ditto, Backwards. | Bridge Ladder, Forwards and Backwards. |                                      |        | Dumb Bells. | Bar Bells. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | Marks obtainable for each Exercise. | 10              | 10             | 20                       | 0                            | 0                    | 20                            | 50                   | 30                                             | 50                             | 30                         | 50                | 10                     | 10                 | 50                  | 50                | 50                                            | 25                | 25                                     |                                      |        |             |            |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

The competition between Cruttwell and Davies was very close, as may be seen from the list of marks.

Cassavetti, who was one of the favourites, had unfortunately sprained his wrist a few days before.

Classes have been formed out of the different Houses for competition this Term.

## SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Saturday, Nov. 28, the subject was, "The abolition of the purchase system in the army would be injurious." Proposed by Davies, and opposed by Pearson. Speakers: *In the affirmative*: Davies, Proctor, and Field. *In the negative*: Pearson, Maisey, Bowles, and Warren. For the motion, 5; against the motion, 7; majority against the motion, 2.

SATURDAY, DEC. 12.—The subject was "The navy has done more for England than the army." Proposed by Lyon, ma., and opposed by Proctor. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Lyon, ma., Tristram, Porter, and Warren. *In the negative*: Proctor, Maisey, and Nash, ma. For the motion, 7; against the motion, 7. The President gave his casting vote against the motion.

FIRST TERM, 1869.—The first debate of this year was held Feb. 6. The subject was that "The present system of voting does not represent the real feeling of the country." Proposed by Moor, and opposed by Riddell. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Moor, Warren, Pearson, and Don. *In the negative*: Riddell, Nash, ma., and Rundall. For the motion, 10; against the motion, 9; majority for the motion, 1.

On Saturday, Feb. 20, the subject was "Gibraltar ought not to be ceded." Proposed by Jenkins, and opposed by Cruttwell. Speakers:—*In the affirmative*: Jenkins, Nash, ma., Howlett, Maisey, Leonard, ma.,\* J. A. Symonds, Esq.\* *In the negative*: Cruttwell, ma., Warren, and Bean, ma. For the motion, 12; against the motion, 3; majority for the motion, 9.

\* Visitors.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HONOURS.—W. F. Howlett, Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

A new rule has been passed in Bigside Levée on the motion of Stow (S.H.)—"That the holder of the Challenge Cup shall be, ex-officio, a Steward for the Athletics."

The Winter Swimming Bath was opened on Tuesday, March 2nd.

Several new books have been added to the Library this Term. Three of George Eliot's Novels, "Romola," "Adam Bede," and "Felix Holt" have been given by J. A. Symonds, Esq., and some Chinese books by Sir J. F. Davis. Mill's Political Economy and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy have been bought out of the Library Fund; and Locker's London Lyrics have been presented by the author.

W. R. Collyer, Esq., has given his usual prize for bat-fives, and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., has given one for those under 16. Rev. T. E. Brown has also given a prize for hand-fives, open to all. The following is the result of the first drawing of the ties:—

## BAT FIVES.—OPEN TO ALL.

|            |               |         |             |
|------------|---------------|---------|-------------|
| Fox, ma. } | Tylecote }    | May }   | Lyon, ma. } |
| Blacker }  | Davies, ma. } | Boyle } | Corrie }    |

## UNDER SIXTEEN.

|                 |             |             |               |
|-----------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|
| Hardy }         | Lyon, mi. } | Tylecote }  | Groom, ma. }  |
| Brownlow, ma. } | Rawlinson } | Redcliffe } | Hughes, mi. } |
|                 | Blacker }   |             |               |
|                 | Kitson }    |             |               |

## HAND-FIVES.

|               |                 |               |             |
|---------------|-----------------|---------------|-------------|
| Brunskill }   | Forrest }       | Fox, ma. }    | Vyvyan }    |
| Lodge }       | Jenkins, ma. }  | Deare }       | Fairbanks } |
| Warner, ma. } | Finney }        | Mogg }        | Nash, ma. } |
| Groom, ma. }  | Evill, ma. }    | Morris, ma. } | Corrie }    |
|               | May }           |               |             |
|               | Brownlow, ma. } |               |             |

The Shakespeare Readings are continued this Term, but instead of being once a week they are only once a fortnight.

The Sixth Form at present consists of 23 Classical and 4 Modern Members. Two left last Term—Goodman from the Classical, and Porter from the Modern Side. The new Sixth fellows are Warren (T.), Rundall (T.), Boyle (B.H.), Field, ma. (T.), Claxton (T.), Murray (C.H.), Don (S.H.)

The Heads of Houses are E. N. P. Moor (T.), E. Bean (S.H.), W. A. Riddell (B.H.), C. G. Hopkinson (C.H.)

This Term Littleaside Runs have been adopted by all the Houses instead of Littleaside Foot Ball. The School House and Cay's have their runs on Monday and Wednesday, and the Town and Brown's on Tuesday and Friday.

Sixth Form Meetings are held regularly once a fortnight, on Saturday evening after the Debates.

We are hoping to give some information about the Pavilion in our next number, which will most probably come out at the end of the present Term. We owe many thanks to the old fellows who have already sent us subscriptions.

The Pulpit has been moved out of its original corner, because of the difficulty there was in hearing in the chancel.

The College Choral Society are going to give a concert on Easter Monday, in order to establish a fund for the erection of an organ in Big-School. As far as we can see at present, this concert promises to be a success.

We noticed the names of the following old Cliftonians at the various University sports:—A. W. Paul, first in 100 yds. at Wadham; C. B. L. Tylecote, first in the 100 yds., quarter of mile, throwing the cricket ball, high jump, and broad jump at Queen's, Oxford; H. J. Bodington first in the half-mile (handicap), at Queen's, Oxford; and E. F. S. Tylecote first in high jump at St. John's, Oxford. N. Poyntz (Pembroke, Oxford), won the Champion Medal for gymnastics. A. W. Paul was in the trial eights this year.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

SIRS,—There are doubtless many good reasons why no account of the School House match should be found in the last number of the *Cliftonian*, but surely it might have been sent up to the *Field*. This omission seems the more remarkable to those who remember how promptly it has been sent up in former years.

I will take this opportunity of observing that in my opinion those who send up accounts to papers somewhat mistake their true object. They seem generally to wait till a match is played out, instead of sending up the result at once. This is surely wrong. What we want, is not a collected account and record of the match, for that the *Cliftonian* gives us, but the earliest intelligence of the result of the several days.

I remain, Sirs,

Yours, &c.,

G. G.

*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

SIRS,—As an old “Cliftonian” and a late member of the Eleven, who still takes a warm interest in all College sports, I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for the following remarks:—In your last number I read a paragraph relative to the erection in the Close of a Cricket Pavilion, and I noticed two donations, one of £25 and another of £10, the former from the worthy Headmaster and the latter from the Secretary of the “United all England Match.” Now, Sir, my object in writing this letter is to suggest a mode of increasing the fund for this very useful building, and to bring not only under the notice of the “authorities,” but also the “Eleven” and boys throughout the School, what I consider an injustice. In support of this opinion I would offer to many of your readers a few details which are probably unknown to them. Last July the Secretary of U.A.E. Eleven procured from the Council of the College their consent for the match to be played in the College grounds; there can be no objection to this, and I trust the match may yearly be played there, provided some fairer arrangement be made relative to the distribution of profits. This year, I believe, after paying all expenses and giving £10 to the College a considerable balance was paid to the Clifton Cricket Club—for what reason, or on what grounds, I am at a loss to imagine. We all know that had the match *not* been played on the College grounds it would, in a pecuniary sense, have been a failure. Now, Sir, what I should wish to see (and I think all lovers of justice will agree with me) is this, that if the Council lend the College ground to a foreign club the least they ought to do is to *insist* on an *equal* division of the profits, which I believe was not the case last year. Apologizing for the length of these remarks, and hoping that in future the Council will see the propriety of such an arrangement,

I am, Sirs,

Your obedient Servant,

GEO. DE L. BUSH.

*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

DEAR SIR,—As we have a Concert at Christmas and at Easter, why should we not have Theatricals in Big-School to finish up the Midsummer Term? I know there are many in the School who would be willing and ready to act.

I am, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

The remaining contributions we decline with thanks.



## EDITORIAL.

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WE cannot let this number pass without congratulating ourselves that Big Side Levée has ceased to exist. We suggested its abolition some time ago, but we had very few hopes that it would so heroically commit suicide; we are also glad to observe that it was consistent to its principles even in death, and voted unanimously with the proposer. The terms of the motion will be found elsewhere, but we may notice that the principle of representing each part of the Upper School in its due proportion has been aimed at, and on the whole very well carried out. Under the present system it seems hardly possible that any one whose opinions would have had any weight in the old system can be left out of the new assembly, while we hope that the majority of those who possessed votes and no brains will be deservedly excluded. By this means Big Side Levée has certainly been made more manageable. With regard to intellect it must necessarily remain the same, although we hope that the exclusion of the weaker part will remove the great display of party spirit and lamentable personalities by which it was so often disgraced.

We must however confess that we are not altogether satisfied with its first attempts at legislation. We had hoped that a wise and fair measure on the giving of colours would have been brought forward. A measure has been brought forward, but one more singularly adapted for rousing party spirit and personal feeling we cannot well conceive. For one who has just got into the Eleven to decide on the merits of another nearly as good or possibly better than himself, seems a rather invidious method of proceeding. It certainly seems to us that last year's proposal of a committee of five, if not perfect, is preferable to this. The time of giving colours, too, is left vague by placing all proposals in the hands of the captain. There ought to be a fixed match or date before which the Eleven must be filled, otherwise we may have the rather ludicrous spectacle of colours being given to fellows as they are getting into the train, never to return to school again.

We suggest to Big Side Levée that some arrangement should be made about umpires in House matches. If it be not possible to get them out of houses not immediately interested, or masters, it ought to be made a rule that they must have got either their XI or XXII colours. This would at all events insure our having umpires who have *some* knowledge of the rules.

While we are on the subject of cricket we might suggest to the forms that it would be an advantage if they could play pick-ups between twelve and one instead of practice at their nets. What is called practice at a net is in reality merely ten minutes of danger from balls thrown vehemently at one by some dozen bowlers, one after the other, without any pause, whereas by playing matches both the batting and fielding of form elevens would be improved.

And now we have only to say a few words before we conclude our first volume. In money matters, we are happy to say, the School have supported us very well, but we wish that they had done the same with respect to articles. We have perhaps had a little more from the School than usual in the last few numbers, but heaven knows that we have had little enough. We have engaged to bring out two numbers a term in future, and we intend to do so; but we must beg of the School to help us in our labours, and not to leave us the lamentable necessity of writing against space. With these words we wish our readers farewell, with some slight hopes of more contributions from them in Volume II.

## STORIES OF BRISTOL.

### No. III.

THE SAXON INVASION, AND ST. AUGUSTINE'S VISIT TO BRISTOL.  
A.D. 603.

It is a truth which dawns more clearly on one as the fascination which belongs peculiarly to the contemplation of antiquity, and of which would-be antiquarians are in consequence particularly the victims,—as, I say, this fascination has more attraction for us, it becomes more and more clear that the reality of the life of history is gradually giving way to a morbid halo-dream of helmets and inscriptions without that effort of imagination which reduces these

minor details to their proper subordination under the masterful ownership of man. In other words, I mean to say that having to build up a human life from pots and urns, and old relics, aided by a distant glimpse of the nature of a people through their laws, and adding thereto whatever of fancy, whatever of sympathy with the picturesque, with nature, or with human character itself in this age, it is hard to depict the likeness of a sinewy savage of early Britain, or to realise the fierce wild life in all its rude mercilessness, or vigorous, unkempt virility of soul.

Tennyson has attempted a reproduction of such an age in his large epic—but what a reproduction! Without disparagement to the unwonted beauty of these poems, I dare to say that few can read them without feeling that the limpid softness of that style, the smooth rounding in delineating the character of every inequality that might offend the nail of a nineteenth century critic, the careful displacement of every rigidity and every trace of barbaric habit, give an anachronism to the whole which, to say the least of it, is to be regretted. No; we are too Byzantine in these days: let us not cling to unrealities, and doat on quibbles, and linger over a conceit, but whatever seductions the peachy flavour of such thoughts may contain, let us at least nourish some respect for the bone and muscle of real, stern, if you will, racy writings, of men who know the world and write of it. Shakespeare's personæ are not fibreless, flabby knights, and moony melting heroines, but men and women with faults and roughnesses in plenty—and we like them the better for it.

After such a preamble, proving somewhat unsatisfactorily that racy individuals are the "salt of the earth," we will proceed to ignite the tapers which are to contribute their "various lights" to the illumination of the period I have chosen. Since the early date of British history of which I last wrote, great changes have been taking place in the appearance of the country and the character of its inhabitants. Near the mouth of the Avon, at Sea Mills (Abona) a flourishing town has been rising, the country has been partially cleared; but there are still traces of the old marsh land of Ashton and Avonmouth that strike one with a notion of an unsuccessfully cultivated locality. The old camp at the Observatory has been vacated, but traces of its buildings still remain, and the young Britons from the village below are often seen at play among the ruins, while old gossips shake their heads and, as they invariably have done and will do, wonder why the times are so out of

joint. Years have come and gone, and children unborn in Roman rule have grown to vigorous maturity since the last of those haughty legions embarked for Rome. It was a strange event ;—our good people of Abona, when, with unnecessary precaution, the Roman governor ordered them to assemble at distant Dundry on the morrow, and upon their finding not the usual preparations for an assembly, suddenly desecrating the departure of their former persecutors and late benefactors down the gleaming Severn.

Great was the consternation and excitement, and the usual confusion of a change in the government was succeeded by apprehensive alarms of the wild Northmen. But all seemed to go quietly enough. At first indeed there was some question as to who should rule, and the learned British jurisconsults of Bath argued with platonic zest as to the advisability of a republic, while Christian priests had a private Utopia resembling that of fifth monarchy-men. But the question settled itself, and while the larger towns held a semi-republican position, the county was according to British tradition governed by petty kings, of a somewhat more powerful description than those whom it took the Romans half a century to conquer. No doubt had the country been left to itself it would have flourished and developed to that state of civilisation to which a Celtic population could refine it; but there was another and ultimately better fate in store for Britain.

Before 500 B.C. a rumour (as rumours do) has reached our country that the Northmen have again infested the land. The alarm increases, as from Sheppey Island they gradually advance and seize town after town, fraternising with the lowest classes, reducing and maltreating the richer, tolerating through pure selfishness the professional usefulness of architects, and such like wondrous "medicine-men," but extirpating the obstinate Celtic clergy, and with them that pure unromanised tradition of christianity which it cost the blood and suffering of our reformers to renew.

As the times go on, the Saxons, who we learn have come on the pretext of "helping us to defend ourselves," stretch their sway, more or less thoroughly, across all England, except "Cornwall," which means not only the county now of that name, but also Devonshire and parts of Wilts and Gloucestershire,—in fact the greater part of the south-west peninsula of England, defended from the Saxonised parts by the republican strongholds of Abona, Bath, Cirencester, Gloucester and some others. Behind these strong outposts lies the kingdom of Arthur, whom

an old chronicler describes as "worthy to be told in history, not by the fables with which men mystify his deeds, but truthfully, as being a man worthy of much praise and of much discretion and energy."

But our "quadrilateral" won't hold out much longer. The wild horde have already pressed southward. Kenrick, a leader of theirs, has defeated the enervated romanised Britons at Scaresbirig (or Salisbury), and Cerdic is pressing furiously the siege of Aquæ Solis (Bath), called by the Saxons Badun. Arthur is a man of action. With the decision of a strong mind he sees that Bath is the key of his kingdom: all must be staked there. There are few Britons willing now to clash with eorls and churls. But away he speeds, and on Mount Badon (or Lansdown Hill), where in future days another fight should be lost and won, he encountered the heathen, and solely by his energy succeeded in putting them to rout.

Time speeds. Arthur is dead, and his successors are battling hard for very life. In 563 A.D. the Saxons muster in full force. England has known war long enough by this time to have shaken off much of the effeminacy of a civilised life, and war means not a Bull's Run but a Charleston.

At Dirham, a place 10 miles from Bristol and 8 from Bath, the poise of fortune lowers to the Saxons, and Britain has at last succumbed in every county to the invader. Then down go Roman temple and kingly hall. Something ruder and tougher must take their place, for in the "taut little isle" that Neptune boasts, we must have nothing that won't stand a trial of weather fair or foul. And so great clumsy Saxon buildings rise; and your British Christian is sacrificed to Thor and Woden "with all the honours."

Just a glimpse of hope. On the pleasant open, where in after years rose the fine old Bristol Cathedral, and where a few years previously Jordan had pleaded with the unchristain tribes, stands a greater than Jordan,—Augustine himself, the envoy of Rome, the apostle of salvation and demoralisation in a breath, calling to the heathen invader to bow to the cross, and demanding of the British Christian to befoul his pure faith with the taint of Roman supremacy.

Had I leisure I would show something of the effect of this great Roman's visit; something of the civilisation induced by Roman christianity into England. Suffice it to say that in the precincts of St. Augustine's Black

Canons, near St. Augustine's Parade in College Green, lies interred the follower of that apostle, the pious Jordan, who with his master and his fellow monks laboured blindly, but earnestly, and sowed the seeds of that civilisation which, but for them and those like them (little as one may reckon of such a truth in these opulently careless days), would never have ameliorated the savagery of the Saxon era.

N. B.

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## THE HOLIDAYS.

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It has often struck me that nothing affords a more interesting study than the different accounts that fellows give of the manner in which they have spent the holidays. Although the feeling in the air is most depressing and unfavourable to the slightest exertion, I shall try to think of a few answers that have been given to the question—What have you been doing in the holidays? To begin with myself.

I generally say—Not much; for I am naturally lazy and incorrigibly idle. When at school it is impossible even for a dunce to do absolutely nothing, but at home my natural propensities show themselves. In the morning I get up rather late, spend a considerable time at breakfast, and then think for half an hour, trying to form some plan for the day. At the end of this time I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing to do, and therefore, picking up a book, an hour or so is spent in trying to read. But it is useless, no impression is left upon the mind, and strolling out into the garden, I walk about, pulling up a weed here and there until I tire of this also, and then sit down and doze. Occasionally it occurs to me that since there is plenty of time I ought to do a holiday task, for, as resolutions cost no trouble, I always determine to do one. But then it occurs to me again that there will be plenty of time to-morrow also, and so it is never done. Thus the day goes by. In the evening I find the most comfortable seat in the room, and lying there listen to my sisters playing on the piano, and sometimes even try to join them in a song. But this also is too much exertion, and the attempt, fortunately for everyone concerned, generally stops at the first verse.

No one but myself gives such an account, for all seem in one way or another to have an object, and to spend their time in accordance with a fixed plan. There is one class of whom we generally know nothing, for although they are ready enough with a long story of their doings, we feel that it is not genuine, but merely invented to give an idea of their own independence and superiority. These belong to the great family of Boasters, but although their narratives inspire the greatest contempt, I like to listen to them, for it is gratifying to think that there are some who spend their time even more foolishly than I do.

It is not altogether pleasant to hear the hard-working boys talk of what they have done, for the feeling of inferiority which is forced upon us is far from agreeable. Fortunately they are not inclined to say much upon the subject, but it is impossible not to admire them when we accidentally hear of the piece of prose done every morning, and of the fixed portion of some Greek author which they never fail to get through during the day. Nor are English writers despised, for much time is spent in reading them also.

Some boys are of a philosophic bent, and these tell of long solitary walks in a picturesque district. They are not as a rule communicative, but if once started on their hobby become eloquent in describing the beauties of the scenery through which they passed, and when this is done they relapse into silence.

No class of boys expatiate so freely on their holiday doings as those who are of a sporting turn. With some this propensity degenerates into boasting, but usually they appear to mean what they say, and to relate their experiences for the genuine pleasure of comparing notes with those whose tastes are similar to their own. One speaks of the matches he has played well in, and laughs at the fun he had with a rustic eleven whose bowlers studied agriculture, and whose notions of the laws of cricket were primitive. Another, whose delight it is to follow the hounds, has a tale of some disaster which happened in the hunting field to a rider less successful than himself. Another, who is fond of shooting, describes days spent upon the moors, and gives full particulars of the different "bags" he made. But the most enthusiastic of all is the angler, whose eyes sparkle as he "fights his battles over again," and tells of a long and finally successful struggle with a giant salmon, or of a less exciting though almost equally pleasant day spent by the side of a Highland burn.

There are a certain class who affect the air of the man about town, and with these nothing of any importance goes on as long as the sun shines. Their holidays seem to have been passed in gas-light, and their narratives lack the fresh vigour that the sportsmen's had, and rather partake of the sickly glare of the theatre and ball-room. They can declaim for any length of time upon the respective merits of the popular actors, and with all the fashionable lounging places they are perfectly familiar. Yet as we listen to these whom we have been accustomed to regard as ordinary mortals like ourselves, and hear them talk as full-blown men of the world, the thought which most forcibly occurs to us is that stories seldom lose in the telling.

S. C. E.

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## VIXI.

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Our early life is filled with budding flowers  
 Of hope and joy,  
 Thus pleasantly pass childhood's hours  
 Without alloy.  
 Yet that is but because we know not life  
 In its true form,  
 We know not hate, and toil, and strife;  
 A lengthened storm  
 Of every misery that sin can pour  
 Upon our race.  
 The future, like a distant shore,  
 We cannot trace.  
 Our hope is but a mirage fair and bright;  
 O'er desert plains  
 It leads us on with dancing light,  
 Then sudden wanes,  
 And at our worst extremity is gone;  
 Flickers no spark  
 Of what before so brightly shone,  
 But all is dark.  
 The years which we have lived have passed away  
 For evermore;  
 Gone like the billows' surging spray  
 Upon the shore.

## THE SCHOOLBOY SPECTATOR.

## No. III.

Quid rides ? mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

Hor. Sat. i, 1, 70

Wherefore do you laugh ?  
Change but the name, of you the tale is told.

I WAS in the Reading-room the other evening, when my friend "Garrulous" chanced to enter. "I say," said he, "have you heard the last? There is a fellow in Bristol who will tell you your character for a shilling." "My good friend," said I, "I will tell you yours for sixpence." "No, but I say, its no humbug, he will tell you exactly; lots of fellows have been to him, and they have all been told right." "Where do you get that from?" "Oh, I heard it." "Did you?" said I; and there our conversation ended.

However this was not the only source from which I heard the news, and at length the tale became so dinned into my ears that I determined to put this modern Socrates to the test. Accordingly, having armed myself with my album, I repaired to the cell where I was told he lived. A young companion of mine accompanied me; and upon entering we saw a venerable looking old man with long white hair, and a little dog curled at his feet. By his side was a strong lamp which threw its light full upon the visitor's face. Without a moment's hesitation he offered his customary greeting,—“Which is the victim, gentlemen?” I took my seat in front of him, and—but I will not run the risk of depreciating my importance in the reader's eyes, so I will draw the curtain over my misery. Suffice it to say that I thought his account so true, that I was induced to produce my album and ask him to comment on the photographs it contained. Without however attempting to reproduce his exact words, I will proceed to give the substance of what he said in my own language.

A is my garrulous friend, and like most of his type he is not gifted with a superabundance of intellect; still his failings in this respect are amply compensated, in his own

eyes at least, by his ever ready tongue. There is no stopping him; snub him as you will, he still prattles on innocently, never doubting but what you are highly interested. The same characteristic displays itself in the performance of his work; his pen writes down his Greek prose as quickly as his tongue scatters the newest scandal: it is his boast that he can write in a quarter of an hour as much prose as any other fellow in the form can in an hour and a half; nor will he rest contented after this achievement until he has acquainted everybody else in the house of the fact. He never seems to remember the "nought" he got for his last piece, but is always confident that success *must* follow this final effort. There is nothing striking in his outward appearance, except an apparent weakness of the risible muscles, which leads him to indulge perpetually in an inane silly grin.

B is of a graver temperament; not but what he will laugh heartily enough when there is just cause for doing so. There is no humbug about him; he never says very much, except when he has worked himself into some imaginary ecstasy; but what he does say he means. He is strictly conscientious even in the minutest details; for instance, having been once told that the use of a *gradus* was ruinous to good verse composition, he will now only use one through the medium of a friend, thereby avoiding a violation of conscience and of prosody. The same disposition displays itself in his dress; his pea-jacket is cut to an inch, his boots are neat, and you could never take him for anything but a gentleman. For all this he is a queer fellow, and one you would find it hard to get on with, until you know him well. He is composed of extremes; one minute he will request you as a favour to kick him for a fool, and another will tell you to call him a liar at once, in a tone which implies that if you do he will knock you down. He is peculiarly sensitive to any insult, and will tell you to this day all the details of his first week at school. His dramatic instincts are strong, so that, even when silent, you can often trace the inward workings of his mind by the outward contortions of his face.

C enjoys a character peculiar to himself, and of this he seems to be perfectly conscious. He has a remarkably good opinion of himself, which is displayed in a total disregard for regular work; he possesses great natural abilities, which however he has enfeebled by a lack of energy. At the beginning of each term he will make a resolution to work; but at the end of the first week we

find him in his usual seat by the reading-room fire. There he will sit for hours conning *The Field*, regardless of the work he has to do; nor does it trouble him much if it is not done. For the most striking feature in his character is his majestic spirit of *laissez-faire*: his work is not done; he is sorry for it, but it can't be helped. For the same reason he will "slope" into school five minutes after everybody else, pace slowly to his desk, and seat himself leisurely, apparently flattered by the annoyance which he occasions to those around him. He is not gifted with great reasoning faculties, but still has great confidence in his own powers; his convictions are formed upon first impressions, and he pooch-poochs in a most lordly way any opinions that may not happen to coincide with his own.

With him I shall conclude my third paper, hoping that my readers will receive it as favourably as they have my former two.

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DIC MIHI QUID FECI NISI NON SAPIENTER  
AMAVI.\*

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SHE leans with yearning from the enamoured tree  
While passionate petals, shaken by her strain  
From the frail boughs, around her whiteness rain,  
Pearling with shells of rose the dewy lea.  
But he who walks thereunder, with what pain  
He feels those sudden arms enthrallingly  
Wound round his wistful heart, and knows that she  
Clasps him once more, never to clasp again!

O Love relentless! wherefore wilt thou wring  
This bitter-sweet of souls from their embrace?  
Might she not bloom like other trees and fling  
Her tearless blossoms in a tranquil place,  
Nor thrust the pallid anguish of her face  
Forth to his face for fruitless sorrowing?

P. M.

\* Demophoon loved Phyllis and for a season left her; whereupon she, deeming him disloyal, wrought her death, and was changed into an almond tree: but, he returning, the gods gave her this bitter gift that she should lean forth once to clasp him.

## ADVERTISEMENT S.

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WHAT man, be he rich, be he poor, be he a lord, be he a crossing-sweeper, ever passes over the first sheet of *The Times* without first examining the second column on the left hand side, so fitly called the "agony column."

"Apollo! come to the Post-Office."

"A. F. H. J. K. X. W. M. R. S."

These are specimens of the literature that you meet there. I have been told various things about these advertisements, how very often they are only means used by thieves when they wish to communicate. Many other suggestions have I made myself, but I will not tell them, for they have always been laughed down immediately. I have seen the mysterious name "Pollaky"; what is it? I'm told it is the name of a man who conducts secret enquiries. What can he be like? Stories are told me how he sits at a table with a brace of revolvers in front of him, and there conducts secret enquiries by means of "paid hirelings." Does he call his men "minions?" Do they walk about in large yellow boots, an enormous belt with pistols in it, and a brigand hat? Where does he reside? In Paddington. Then the mystery gets less, for I know Paddington; it is not a mysterious part of London. By the way, I've heard sung of "A broken-hearted milkman of Paddington Green." Did he consult Pollaky in the case in which this sad accident happened? I wonder!

But to come to advertisements proper, that is to say "puffs." An English tradesman certainly seems to be almost at the top of the advertisement tree, judging from the ingenuity shown in selecting and composing advertisements. And, ye gods! what riches must be hidden in each grocer's, etc., shop, for now every shop has "the best," and I for my part cannot imagine where the people live to whom these are dispensed, for there can be no choosing among shops when *each* has the best.


There are a few stock advertisements which every one knows, and which you often hear related at a dinner by some weak young man, generally bashful and often wearing spectacles. Every one knows of the startling appearance saying, "Two sisters want washing!" but this is hardly an advertisement as understood now, for it puffs nothing. For excellence of character as shown by the advertiser, and still more excellent knowledge of it, few can beat one that appeared some time ago, saying how "A young man of the Church of England desires to find a home with a small family, where he trusts that his piety and Christian example will be considered sufficient remuneration for his board and lodging"!! Besides being struck with the modesty which prompts this youth to estimate his example at such a low rate, you might also wonder rather to which the small family belonged, whether to the advertiser or the home which he looked for. If to the advertiser, I can better understand him letting such a boon go, in return for the requirements of his small family. I have seen another which ran nearly equal to this one; it set forth how "a young man wished a gentleman" (who had more money than brains) "to furnish him with 2s. 6d. a day for three years to enable him to travel, at the end of the time the diary and any notes taken during that time to become the property of the lender, with full liberty to publish." The parenthesis I inserted, not the advertiser.

But again I am wandering, for these are not puffs. Many times you may have seen Bryant and May's matches advertised. I have seen one in which a late pitiable occurrence, which happened I think to one of the Royal family of Prussia, was told; after describing the accident, which occurred from the sufferer stepping on a lucifer and so setting fire to her dress, it went on to say how, if Bryant and May's patent matches, "warranted not to light except on the box," had been in-use in that household the accident had not happened. By the way, I believe these patent matches to have been more productive of ill temper than any other thing, for whenever you want a light you can never find any but these about, but no one ever thinks of leaving a box on which to strike them. Then, in going on a railway journey, you frequently see on leaving the station a large advertisement with a picture of a bedstead: you can just read "Messrs. Heal and Son's Bedsteads,"—"Sent free by post."

Another kind of advertisement is that of large posters on the walls. "Griffith is a safe man." "Chocolatine."

"Toodles." Before Leotard appears in your town you are first startled for some days by seeing "He is coming! !" on every dead wall ; that changes to "He is come"; then comes, "Who is coming?" And at last, when your nerves are on the point of going, you are told, "Leotard!!!!"

One of the offsprings of this kind you see on the pavement in London ; it has lately become the fashion to print notices of the plays on the paving stones. I have now said enough about my subject, but might I not gently insert a notice for my own advantage. I know the difficulty the editors of *The Cliftonian* have in procuring matter for the magazine, so being in poverty just now I say to those who cannot write (through want of time), yet would like to see some contribution of theirs in print—

"This style—3/6. Very cheap." 

Don't you think so?

M. A. Y.

ῥυθμοὶ ποδῶν φιλιτάων.

FEAR not to tread ; it is not much  
To bless the meadows with your touch :  
Nay, walk unshod ; for, as you pass,  
The dust will take your feet like grass :  
O dearest melodies, O beat  
Of musically moving feet !  
Stars that have fallen from the sky  
To sparkle where you let them lie ;  
Blossoms, a new and heavenly birth,  
Rocked on the nourishing breast of earth ;  
Dews that on leaf and petal fling  
Multitudinous quivering ;  
Winged loves with light and laughter crowned ;  
Kind kisses pressed upon the ground !

P. M.

## ON NOVELS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable sign of these times is the marvellous increase in number of novel readers and writers. It seems hardly credible, but I can remember the time when it was considered little short of a crime to read a novel, and no respectable household would have thought of leaving one about on the drawing-room table, whereas now they have grown to be considered part of one's ordinary life, as necessary as tea or potatoes—both of which were I believe looked upon in the same kind of way as heterodox on their first introduction.

It used to puzzle me very much at first, this quaint hatred of innocent stories, and seemed to be a strange causeless phenomenon; but since then I have discovered that the average length of novels in the last generation was seven volumes, and this is certainly quite enough to account for any amount of loathing.

Those ancient novels must have been strange productions; "Sir Charles Grandison," the most famous of them, extends through no less than nine volumes, giving an exact history of its hero's daily life, describing accurately how he bowed to every young lady he was introduced to, and entering into the minutest detail with respect to his hair powder. I am not very well qualified to speak about these novels, for I have never read one. I ought to have done so before writing this, but "Pamela" the shortest of them is in six volumes, and to follow a heroine through six volumes is too serious a business to be undertaken lightly—almost as serious as marriage in real life.

Next to these lengthy novels come Miss Austen's. These are rather pleasant reading: they make no pretence at plot of any sort: they have no beginning and no end. If you see a volume of hers lying about you may take it up and begin to read it anywhere, without enquiring whether it is the first, second, or third volume. Her books are full of the sort of gossip that you hear at small tea parties, but much more lively and in better English. Some people are most enthusiastic about her; Sir Walter Scott has gone so

far as to say that admiration of her is a test of intellect; but from reading his and her letters I conclude that they belonged to a sort of mutual admiration society, and that therefore their opinions of each other are not to be implicitly relied on.

Rather like Miss Austen is George Eliot. She too draws commonplace people, and bitterly attacks in the beginning of one of her books all who cannot find poetry of the highest order in the eminently respectable business man. She undoubtedly draws him very well, but the question arises whether he is worth drawing; he may have a great deal of poetry in him, but we see him every day in our daily life, and if the poetry be in himself and not in George Eliot's idea of him surely it will be made apparent to us in our intercourse with him, and there is no need of her novels to act as a kind of signpost.

Quite opposite to hers are Thackeray's books. George Eliot says, "A shopkeeper differs very little from your hero." Thackeray answers, "Your hero differs very little from a shopkeeper—he seems very like a lion, but look closer, let me delicately indicate the asses ears beneath the lion's skin—see, he is not a lion but an ass." His books are amusing no doubt, and may be a kind of revelation and open a new life to him who reads them for the first time, as I have heard an enthusiastic admirer of him say, but whether it is a pleasant revelation to hear that all the world is only Vanity Fair is perhaps an open question.

These are all the great English writers of fiction. We shall perhaps be accused of leaving out one great author, Charles Dickens. But he can scarcely be placed in the first class: he has great powers, but like his illustrator, Cruikshank, he has become so used to caricature that he can draw nothing but caricature. Like Cruikshank, he has devoted his power to overthrowing abuses—every one of his books attacks some English fault—and doubtless has done much good, but he has ruined himself as an artist. All the characters in "Pickwick" are gross caricatures; no one has ever seen or ever will see any one like Sam Weller, and no true artist could draw the disgusting creatures he has described in "Bleak House" or "Edwin Drood." He is exceedingly popular among those with whom he desires to be popular, and therefore has his reward; but when the morbid forms of society in which he delights have passed away, there can be little doubt that his books will vanish with them—as unclean creatures vanish when the corruption on which they feed is removed.

Last of all come sensation novels. First of all appearing in three innocent looking volumes at thirty-one shillings and sixpence, soon to reappear in flaming colours at two shillings. It is with a feeling of semi shame—as Prince Henry owned to a weakness for small beer—that we confess to a lingering partiality for these books. After all, novels are chiefly for amusement, and these are the only ones that can amuse without the fatigue of interest, and all through them until the very end there is the tranquil satisfaction of feebly speculating as to who will be the next person murdered, and how it will be brought in, and the spasmodic attempts at tragedy are from their very failure amusing as showing a hitherto undreamt of depth of folly in the author.

But perhaps after all there is more in novels than appears at first sight. It is Walt Whitman who has taught us to think of the author and readers when we read a book, and it is interesting to speculate on what has made a book popular or the reverse. In reading Miss Austen's books it is pleasant to comment on her admirers; some among them, who delight in what she draws because it really exists and she has drawn it well, as men delight in an ordinary face which is drawn by Raffaele; others, the mediocre people, who see their own thoughts reproduced by her in much better English than they could express them. And it rather takes away one's amusement in a sensational novel to think of the pitiable state of mind to which both the author and those who really take interest in the book must have been reduced.

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## DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The last meeting of the society was held on Saturday, April 9th. The subject was—"A lawyer is not justified in defending a man he knows to be guilty;" proposed by Heath, seconded by Prinsep, opposed by Nash. For the motion—Heath, Prinsep, Cluer, Olive. Against the motion—Nash, Howlett (O.C.), Robinson, Bean (O.C.) On a division the numbers were, for the motion, 6; against the motion, 5. The motion was therefore carried by one vote.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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A meeting was held on the 31st of March, the President (Dr. Debus) in the chair. There were no fewer than sixty-four members and visitors present, a fact which shows the increased interest taken in the society. Ten new members were elected. A paper on "Food" was read by Blanshard.

At an election of office-bearers for the present term, held at the close of this meeting, the following were elected:—Dr. Debus, President; M. J. Barrington-Ward, Esq., Secretary; Rev. J. Greene, Treasurer; T. H. Warren, J. E. Pearson, W. Claxton, members of Committee.

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## THE MUSEUM.

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The new building in which it is intended to place the Library and Museum is now rapidly approaching completion, and will in all probability be ready for occupation after the summer holidays. The Museum will be under the charge of Mr. Barrington-Ward, assisted by several members of the Scientific Society. A herbarium has been already begun, and for this contributions of living or dried plants would be gladly accepted. It is to be hoped that all members of the College will endeavour to obtain interesting specimens for the Museum, so as to enable it to be started next September with something more than empty shelves. A subscription will most likely soon be made to form a nucleus of a fund for the endowment of the Museum, which, if it is to be a real School Museum, ought to be supported by the School. The following contributions have been recently made:—Hodge ma. a large collection of British birds' eggs; Smith sexts. a case of foreign butterflies; Smyth ma. and mi. a box of minerals; Stone ma. a portfolio of dried British and foreign ferns.

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## HONOURS.

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J. E. Pearson, Scholar Christ's College, Cambridge.

## BIG-SIDE LEVEE.

On Saturday, March 30th, a levée was held, in which the following motion of Proctor's was carried:—

That in the place of the present Big-Side Levée there be substituted a Representative Levée, consisting of—

|                                      |   |                               |
|--------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------|
| The Head of the School,              | } | <i>Ex officio</i><br>members. |
| The Captain of the Eleven,           |   |                               |
| The Senior Badge,                    |   |                               |
| The holder of the Challenge Cup,     |   |                               |
| From the Classical Sixth, 4 members. |   |                               |
| From the Modern Sixth, 1 do.         |   |                               |
| From the Upper Fifth, 2 do.          |   |                               |
| From the Lower Fifth, 1 do.          |   |                               |
| From the Modern Fifth, 1 do.         |   |                               |
| From the School House, 2 do.         |   |                               |
| From the Town, 2 do.                 |   |                               |
| From Brown's, 1 do.                  |   |                               |
| From Dakyns', 1 do.                  |   |                               |
| From Harris', 1 do.                  |   |                               |

On Saturday, April 9th, a Big-Side Levée was held, at which were passed the following measures:—

- (1) That in future all colours for the Eleven and Twenty-two shall be awarded by the members of the Eleven, the Captain always calling the meeting and having a casting vote.
- (2) That the Captain shall consult the other members of the Eleven respecting the arrangement of challenges, the procuring a professional and awarding him testimonials.

Also that two people shall be regularly appointed for the season to send up accounts of matches to the papers.

On Friday, May 13th, a Big-Side Levée was held, at which were passed the following measures:—

- (1) That no one shall go into the Pavilion except members of the VIth, the XI and the XXII.
- (2) That no house nets be pitched within Big-Side on a match day.

It was also arranged that the swimming matches shall take place on the 4th and 6th of July.

The ties for Cock-house were drawn, and resulted thus:—

|              |   |         |   |       |
|--------------|---|---------|---|-------|
| School House | } | Brown's | } | Town. |
| Harris'      |   | Dakyns' |   |       |

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Divinity Prize given by the Head Master has been gained by T. H. Warren and H. Proctor, equal.

Mr. Poole's History Prize has been gained by R. B. Don; *proxime accessit* J. D. Murray.

Only one of the VI has left last term, Robinson (B.H.) from the modern side. The new members are Smith ma. (T.), Ivens (T.), Hooper ma. (S.H.), Campbell (D.H.), Bray (T.) on the classical side, and Buxton (B.H.), Heath ma. (B.H.), and Hay (T.) on the modern side.

The Heads of Houses are the same as last term.

A new window has been given to the Chapel by Wm. Evill, Esq. It is divided into two parts, each of which is filled with one large figure: one representing St. Peter, the other St. Andrew.

The Guthrie dinner will take place at the Clifton Down Hotel, on Saturday, June 4th, at seven o'clock, and the anniversary sermon will be preached on Sunday, June 5th, by the Rev. G. G. Bradley, Head Master of Marlborough College.

The following are the members of Big-Side Levée for this term:—

|                |                      |
|----------------|----------------------|
| J. W. Bird,    | } <i>Ex officio.</i> |
| L. J. K. Stow, |                      |
| E. J. Davies,  |                      |

For the Classical Sixth: Olive, Proctor, Cluer, Pearson.

For the Modern Sixth: Don.

For the Upper Fifth: Hodge and Finney.

For the Lower Fifth: Luxton.

For the Modern Fifth: Heath mi.

For the School House: Fairbanks and Fell.

For the Town: Nash ma. and Paul ma.

For Brown's: Boyle.

For Dakyns': Evill.

For Harris': Rundall.

The following is a list of the matches for the present season:—May 26th, *v.* R. A. C., Cirencester. June 2nd, *v.* Worcester College, Oxford. June 4th and 6th, *v.* Old Cliftonians. June 18th, *v.* St. John's College, Oxford. June 23rd, *v.* Clifton Club. June 28th, *v.* Sherborne School (at Sherborne). July 16th, *v.* Lansdown C. C.

The following fives' ties for the Mayoress' prize have been played :

|                  |                 |                  |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Fairbanks }      | Fell }          | Pearce }         |
| beat Rücker }    | beat Finney }   | beat Blanchard } |
| Claxton }        | Nash }          |                  |
| beat Brunskill } | beat Tylecote } | Warren }         |

The following are the only remaining members of last year's Eleven :—L. J. K. Stow (S.H.), G. W. Rundall (H.H.), W. Fairbanks (S.H.) The following of the Twenty-two :—C. W. Boyle (B.H.), R. T. Hodge (S.H.), C. B. Walton (T.), A. Blacker (S.H.), J. Heath (S.H.), O. Darling (T.), A. Risdon (B.H.), H. G. Tylecote (S.H.), J. H. Pearson (T.), E. J. Davies (S.H.), A. Stutfield (D.H.), H. Mordaunt (B.H.), T. S. Lodge (D.H.)

We wish to call our readers' attention to the following circular which we have received :—

DEAR SIR,

As many of Mr. Cay's friends have expressed a wish that there should be some Memorial of him in connection with Clifton College and bearing his name, and as it seems to be generally felt that this Memorial ought to take the form of either a Chapel Window or a Scholarship, or both of these, we have been deputed to ask if you would wish to join in it.

If so, you will oblige us by sending your subscription to one of us, or to F. Howard, Esq., Manager of the National and Provincial Bank, Clifton, Bristol, who has kindly undertaken to receive subscriptions.

We have also to ask that you will kindly state, when you send your subscription, whether you would wish it dedicated to a Window or a Scholarship, or divided in any proportion between the two, or left to our discretion.

The cost of a Window would be about £90.

For a Scholarship it is hoped that a sum of about £500 may be subscribed. We should be glad to receive all subscriptions by the 24th of June.

It has been suggested that some subscribers might prefer to give their subscriptions by instalments extending over two or three years. This we should wish to leave entirely to each person's own discretion and convenience.

|                                                        |   |                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---|------------------|
| J. Percival,                                           | } | Clifton College. |
| T. E. Brown,                                           |   |                  |
| H. G. Dakyns,                                          |   |                  |
| The Head of the School,                                |   |                  |
| L. Campbell, The Scores, St. Andrew's.                 |   |                  |
| N. M. Ferrers, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.  |   |                  |
| W. R. Collyer, King's Bench Walk, The Temple, London.  |   |                  |
| G. E. Bird, 14, Devereux Court, Middle Temple, London. |   |                  |
| E. F. S. Tylecote, St. John's College, Oxford.         |   |                  |
| C. G. Hopkinson, Pembroke College, Cambridge.          |   |                  |

## CRICKET.

## A—K v. THE REST.

## A—K.

| 1st Innings.                             |     |     | 2nd Innings.           |     |     |
|------------------------------------------|-----|-----|------------------------|-----|-----|
| J. Heath, c Pearce, b Risdon             | ... | ... | 7 b Risdon             | ... | 18  |
| A. Groom, b Risdon                       | ... | ... | 11 b Risdon            | ... | 1   |
| Rev. H. Wiseman, c Stutfield, b Tylecote | ... | ... | 11 b Stow              | ... | 42  |
| W. Fairbanks, c Tylecote, b Risdon       | ... | ... | 14 c Lodge, b Tylecote | ... | 0   |
| C. W. Boyle, c Tylecote, b Risdon        | ... | ... | 18 b Risdon            | ... | 1   |
| R. T. Hodge, b Stow                      | ... | ... | 10 absent              | ... | 0   |
| S. Finney, c Rundall, b Tylecote         | ... | ... | 11 b Risdon            | ... | 25  |
| A. Blacker, b Risdon                     | ... | ... | 1 b Risdon             | ... | 0   |
| A. R. Cluer, absent                      | ... | ... | 0 b Risdon             | ... | 29  |
| A. Niblett, b Risdon                     | ... | ... | 0 b Risdon             | ... | 9   |
| A. Bird, not out                         | ... | ... | 0 not out              | ... | 1   |
| Byes 6, 1 b 3, w 6                       | ... | ... | 15 Byes                | ... | 18  |
|                                          |     |     | 98                     |     | 134 |

## THE REST.

| 1st Innings.                      |     |     | 2nd Innings.            |     |    |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------------|-----|----|
| L. J. K. Stow, b Finney           | ... | ... | 31 b Finney             | ... | 8  |
| G. W. Rundall, run out            | ... | ... | 1 b Heath               | ... | 0  |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Finney          | ... | ... | 36 b Finney             | ... | 0  |
| J. Risdon, 1 b w, b Finney        | ... | ... | 0 c Blacker, b Finney   | ... | 9  |
| C. B. Walton, b Heath             | ... | ... | 5 b Heath               | ... | 3  |
| J. E. Pearson, b Heath            | ... | ... | 7 b Finney              | ... | 0  |
| H. Mordaunt, b Finney             | ... | ... | 14 c and b Heath        | ... | 3  |
| C. Stutfield, c Blacker, b Finney | ... | ... | 0 b Heath               | ... | 2  |
| T. Lodge, b Heath                 | ... | ... | 6 c Fairbanks, b Finney | ... | 0  |
| A. Pearce, b Heath                | ... | ... | 0 c Bird, b Wiseman     | ... | 2  |
| O. Darling, not out               | ... | ... | 0 not out               | ... | 7  |
| Byes, 12, 1 b 1, w 4              | ... | ... | 17 Byes, 4, w 2         | ... | 6  |
|                                   |     |     | 117                     |     | 40 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|          |        |   | 1st Innings. |       |          |          |  |  |
|----------|--------|---|--------------|-------|----------|----------|--|--|
|          | Wides. |   | Balls.       | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |  |  |
| Tylecote | ...    | 0 | 72           | 39    | 2        | 2        |  |  |
| Risdon   | ...    | 1 | 95           | 32    | 6        | 6        |  |  |
| Walton   | ...    | 5 | 7            | 10    | 0        | 0        |  |  |
| Stow     | ...    | 0 | 20           | 27    | 0        | 1        |  |  |
|          |        |   | 2nd Innings. |       |          |          |  |  |
| Tylecote | ...    | 0 | 100          | 47    | 1        | 1        |  |  |
| Risdon   | ...    | 0 | 130          | 35    | 12       | 7        |  |  |
| Walton   | ...    | 0 | 11           | 2     | 1        | 1        |  |  |
| Stow     | ...    | 0 | 20           | 17    | 1        | 1        |  |  |

The bowling analysis of the other side was not kept in either innings. This match was continued on the 29th of March; the first innings appeared in our last number. A—K began their second innings and ran up 134, of which Rev. H. J. Wiseman made 42 in very good style, being eventually bowled by Stow's first ball. The wickets of The Rest fell very speedily to Finney and Heath, who



Commenced on April 5th. The "O's" won the toss, and Stow made 45, principally by drives, hitting three 5's, four 4's, &c. In the second innings Tylecote played well for his 24. For The Rest Fairbanks was the only one who scored; his 49 comprised three 4's, five 3's, six 2's, &c. Finney's bowling in the first innings is especially worthy of commendation, as he took all the wickets; and Heath bowled well in the second innings. Tylecote's bowling also deserves mention.

THE COLLEGE v. MR. R. F. MILES' TEAM (TWELVE A SIDE).

MR. R. F. MILES' TEAM.

| 1st Innings.                              | 2nd Innings.               |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| J. Mills, b Tylecote ... .. 8             |                            |
| A. Master, run out ... .. 18              | b Tylecote ... .. 1        |
| Rev. H. J. Wiseman, c Boyle, b Tylecote 7 |                            |
| F. Townsend, b Heath ... .. 17            | not out... .. 22           |
| R. F. Miles, run out ... .. 4             | b Heath ... .. 9           |
| E. S. Barber, c Rundall, b Finney ... 28  |                            |
| A. Bush, c Fairbanks, b Finney ... .. 30  |                            |
| W. McPherson, b Heath ... .. 7            |                            |
| F. M. Bartholomew, b Risdon ... .. 40     |                            |
| J. Cross, c Boyle, b Stow ... .. 24       | c Fairbanks, b Tylecote 11 |
| H. C. Master, c Fairbanks, b Heath ... 0  | run out... .. 0            |
| J. M. Cross, not out ... .. 1             |                            |
| Byes 24, 1 b 1, w 3, n b 1 ... 29         | Byes 9, w 6 ... .. 15      |
| 202                                       | 58                         |

GLIFTON COLLEGE.

|                                            |
|--------------------------------------------|
| W. Fairbanks, b Barber... .. 0             |
| A. R. Cluer, b Barber ... .. 34            |
| J. Heath, run out ... .. 21                |
| G. W. Rundall, c Miles, b Townsend ... 22  |
| L. J. K. Stow, b Barber ... .. 0           |
| H. G. Tylecote, b McPherson ... .. 15      |
| C. W. Boyle, c J. Cross, b McPherson... 12 |
| A. Groom, st Bush, b Miles ... .. 3        |
| H. Walton, st Bush, b Miles... .. 2        |
| H. Mordaunt, b Miles ... .. 10             |
| A. Risdon, not out ... .. 0                |
| S. Finney, absent ... .. 0                 |
| Byes 6, w 5, n b 1 ... .. 12               |

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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

| The College.    | 1st Innings. |        |       |          |          |   |
|-----------------|--------------|--------|-------|----------|----------|---|
|                 | Wides.       | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |   |
| Tylecote ... .. | 0            | 68     | 65    | 2        | ...      | 2 |
| Heath ... ..    | 3            | 112    | 48    | 7        | ...      | 3 |
| Risdon ... ..   | 0            | 60     | 25    | 5        | ...      | 1 |
| Finney ... ..   | 0            | 40     | 23    | 1        | ...      | 2 |
| Stow ... ..     | 0            | 8      | 9     | 0        | ...      | 1 |

|          |     | 2nd Innings. |        |       |          |          |  |  |
|----------|-----|--------------|--------|-------|----------|----------|--|--|
|          |     | Wides.       | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |  |  |
| Tylecote | ... | 1            | 37     | 15    | 4        | 2        |  |  |
| Heath    | ... | 4            | 20     | 11    | 0        | 1        |  |  |
| Risdon   | ... | 1            | 24     | 16    | 1        | 0        |  |  |

Mr. R. F. Miles' Team.

|                     |     |     |     |    |    |   |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|---|
| R. F. Miles         | ... | 3   | 80  | 42 | 6  | 3 |
| E. S. Barber        | ... | 2   | 120 | 34 | 13 | 3 |
| F. Townsend         | ... | 0   | 75  | 32 | 6  | 1 |
| W. D. L. Macpherson | 0   | ... | 28  | 11 | 4  | 2 |
| J. Cross            | ... | 0   | 4   | 0  | 1  | 0 |

This match was commenced on Thursday, April 7th. Mr. Miles having won the toss, elected to go in, and play began at ten minutes to three. The first wicket went down for 6; the second for 21, and the third for 29, Rev. H. J. Wiseman being well caught at long-leg. The fourth man, Townsend, quickly put together 17, and when he was bowled the score stood at 41; the next, Miles, was run out for 4; five for 51. So far our chances of success seemed very great, but when Bush joined Barber the hitting was more lively, and the two were not parted before 100 was up. McPherson was soon out for 7, but Bartholomew proved a serious obstacle, scoring 40 runs, most of them being cuts for 3. Soon after he was bowled by Risdon, and Barber's wicket fell in the next over, after a long and carefully played innings of 28. Cross made 24, including a good drive for 7, the best hit of the day. The eleventh wicket fell for 202, at half-past five. For the College, Fairbanks and Oluer were first at the wickets. In the third over the former was bowled, the score standing at 2 runs. Heath was next in, and played very steadily till a quarter-past six, when the stumps were drawn for the day with the score at 24, of which Heath had made 8, and Oluer 15. On the following Saturday the "not outs" resumed their places, and owing to the rain that was falling the bowling was not much on the spot, so that the hitting was tolerably free, and the score rose to 58 before the pair were separated by Oluer being bowled for 34, including one 6, one 5, two 4's, &c. Rundall then joined Heath, and steady play ensued, together with good hits from the slows, until Rundall was caught at deep-on for 22, comprising a 5, five 2's, &c. Stow was next in, but was bowled off his pads by his second ball; the fourth and fifth wickets going down for 86. Next Tylecote with Heath brought up the score to 110, when Heath was run out, after a long and steady innings of 21, containing one 5, one 3, two 2's, &c. Boyle was next in, and made 12, Tylecote's wicket going down

for 15; the score at 120 for 8 wickets. Mordaunt then quickly made 10, and was bowled by Miles; and when Groom was stumped, the last wicket was down, total 131. As time was not yet up, Mr. Miles' team commenced their second innings, and four wickets fell for 53.

### THE COLLEGE v. MR. W. JENKINS' ELEVEN.

#### THE COLLEGE.

|                                       |     |     |     |    |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| J. Heath, b Barber...                 | ... | ... | ... | 10 |
| A. R. Cluer, c Master, b Reynolds...  | ... | ... | ... | 27 |
| W. Fairbanks, b Miles                 | ... | ... | ... | 39 |
| O. Darling, st McPherson, b Miles     | ... | ... | ... | 5  |
| G. W. Rundall, c Reynolds, b Miles    | ... | ... | ... | 6  |
| H. G. Tylecote, st McPherson, b Miles | ... | ... | ... | 4  |
| C. W. Boyle, l b w, b Reynolds        | ... | ... | ... | 4  |
| C. B. Walton, b Miles                 | ... | ... | ... | 2  |
| R. T. Hodge, not out                  | ... | ... | ... | 7  |
| S. Finney, c Reynolds, b Miles        | ... | ... | ... | 5  |
| A. Risdon, b Miles                    | ... | ... | ... | 0  |
| Byes, 5, 1 b 1                        | ... | ... | ... | 6  |

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#### MR. W. JENKINS' ELEVEN.

|                                   |     |    |
|-----------------------------------|-----|----|
| A. C. Master, c Tylecote, b Heath | ... | 53 |
| Rev. E. M. Reynolds, c & b Heath  | ... | 12 |
| R. F. Miles, retired, hurt        | ... | 26 |
| E. S. Barber, b Heath             | ... | 14 |
| W. Jenkins, b Finney              | ... | 13 |
| A. J. Bush, l b w, b Heath        | ... | 0  |
| R. Henley, c Rundall, b Finney    | ... | 7  |
| W. Fox, not out                   | ... | 29 |
| A. Henley, not out                | ... | 30 |
| W. D. L. McPherson                |     |    |
| F. M. Bartholomew                 |     |    |
| Byes, 20, 1 b 1, w 3              | ... | 24 |

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#### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|                     | Wides. | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets |
|---------------------|--------|--------|-------|----------|---------|
| W. Jenkins          | ...    | 0      | 70    | 27       | 1       |
| E. S. Barber        | ...    | 0      | 60    | 29       | 2       |
| Rev. E. M. Reynolds | ...    | 0      | 105   | 13       | 18      |
| R. F. Miles         | ...    | 0      | 100   | 38       | 6       |
| Heath               | ...    | 3      | 160   | 80       | 5       |
| Tylecote            | ...    | 0      | 75    | 40       | 1       |
| Risdon              | ...    | 0      | 30    | 24       | 0       |
| Finney              | ...    | 0      | 60    | 41       | 1       |

This match was played on Tuesday, May 10th. We won the toss, and at a few minutes to one Heath and Cluer took their stand at the wickets, to the bowling of Jenkins

(slows) and Barber. Heath's was the first wicket to go down, with the score at 16, of which he had made 10. Fairbanks was next in, and the score stood at 29 for 1 wicket at half-past one, when the play stopped for dinner. At a quarter-past two the game was resumed, but the bowling was successfully played, in spite of changes at each end, until Fairbanks was bowled for 39, made mostly by seven 3's, all fine cuts. Darling added 5, and was then well stumped off Miles. Rundall was next in, and hit two 3's before being caught at short slip off the slows: four for 83. Tylecote made 4, and was clean stumped off Miles. Boyle hit 4, and was l. b. w. to Reynolds; Walton 2, being soon bowled by Miles: 7 for 97. When 6 more had been added, Cluer was easily caught out at long-slip, off Rev. E. M. Reynolds, after playing two hours and an half for 27. Finney made 5, and the tenth wicket fell for 115, Hodge not out 7. The bowling of Rev. E. M. Reynolds was extremely on the spot, though not destructive; he bowled 21 overs, 13 being maidens, for 13 runs and 2 wickets. Miles' bowling was most effective, taking 7 wickets. At a quarter to five Mr. Jenkins' Eleven began batting, and Master made a fine hitting innings of 53. Miles was unfortunately hurt, and obliged to retire. On the whole our bowling was good; but the batting was such as we do not have to play every day, and proved too much for the bowlers. Fairbanks fielded very well at point, and Finney extremely well at long-stop; most of the byes were run before he took that place.

---

FIRST NINE v. NEXT TWELVE (with SHAW).

THE TWELVE.

| 1st Innings.                         |           |                             |           | 2nd Innings. |  |  |  |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|-----------|--------------|--|--|--|
| W. McPherson, c Bartholomew, b Heath | 41        | c Finney, b Tylecote        | ... 11    |              |  |  |  |
| Shaw, c Boyle, b Heath               | ... .. 13 | c Finney, b Tylecote        | ... 10    |              |  |  |  |
| A. Blacker, b Tylecote               | ... .. 0  | b Tylecote                  | ... .. 9  |              |  |  |  |
| C. B. Walton, c Rundall, b Tylecote  | ... .. 0  | b Finney                    | ... .. 8  |              |  |  |  |
| J. E. Pearson, absent                | ... .. 0  | (sub.) b Finney             | ... .. 0  |              |  |  |  |
| O. Darling, b Risdon                 | ... .. 23 | b Heath                     | ... .. 16 |              |  |  |  |
| T. S. Lodge, c Fairbanks, b Heath    | ... .. 9  | c Rundall, b Finney         | ... 1     |              |  |  |  |
| C. J. Stutfield, c & b Heath         | ... .. 3  | b Heath                     | ... .. 3  |              |  |  |  |
| A. E. Niblett, st Rundall, b Finney  | ... .. 0  | (sub.) st Rundall, b Finney | 0         |              |  |  |  |
| E. J. Davies, b Heath                | ... .. 4  | (sub.) b Finney             | ... 10    |              |  |  |  |
| A. Bird, b Finney                    | ... .. 3  | b Finney                    | ... .. 1  |              |  |  |  |
| W. C. Rawlinson, not out             | ... .. 3  | b Heath                     | ... .. 4  |              |  |  |  |
| W. Bird, c Fairbanks, b Finney       | ... .. 0  | not out                     | ... .. 0  |              |  |  |  |
| Byes 12, w 4                         | ... .. 16 | Byes, 14, l b 1, w 1        | 16        |              |  |  |  |

## FIRST NINE.

| 1st Innings.                          |     |     |     | 2nd Innings. |                         |     |    |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|-------------------------|-----|----|
| J. Heath, b Shaw                      | ... | ... | ... | 11           | c Walton, b Shaw        | ... | 5  |
| A. R. Cluer, c Blacker, b Walton      | ... | ... | ... | 1            | c Rawlinson, b Walton   | 27  |    |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Walton              | ... | ... | ... | 1            | thrown out by Walton    | 24  |    |
| W. Fairbanks, b Shaw                  | ... | ... | ... | 14           | b Shaw                  | ... | 8  |
| G. W. Rundall, b Shaw                 | ... | ... | ... | 4            | b Shaw                  | ... | 31 |
| F. Bartholomew, c Walton, b McPherson | ... | ... | ... | 1            | b Walton                | ... | 30 |
| C. W. Boyle, b Shaw                   | ... | ... | ... | 10           | (sub.) not out          | ... | 0  |
| R. T. Hodge, c W. Bird, b Shaw        | ... | ... | ... | 0            | (sub.) c Walton, b Shaw | 12  |    |
| S. Finney, run out                    | ... | ... | ... | 3            | b Shaw                  | ... | 0  |
| A. Risdon, not out                    | ... | ... | ... | 2            | b Shaw                  | ... | 0  |
| Byes 8, 1 b 1, w 1                    | ... | ... | ... | 10           | Byes 2, 1 b 2, w 2      | ... | 6  |
|                                       |     |     |     | 57           | 145                     |     |    |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

| 1st Innings.        |        |        |       |          |          |   |  |
|---------------------|--------|--------|-------|----------|----------|---|--|
|                     | Wides. | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |   |  |
| Heath               | ...    | 113    | 47    | 6        | ...      | 5 |  |
| Tylecote            | ...    | 45     | 26    | 0        | ...      | 2 |  |
| Risdon              | ...    | 35     | 21    | 2        | ...      | 1 |  |
| Finney              | ...    | 27     | 9     | 0        | ...      | 2 |  |
| 2nd Innings.        |        |        |       |          |          |   |  |
| Heath               | ...    | 120    | 29    | 12       | ...      | 3 |  |
| Tylecote            | ...    | 70     | 29    | 3        | ...      | 3 |  |
| Finney              | ...    | 50     | 10    | 5        | ...      | 6 |  |
| 1st Innings.        |        |        |       |          |          |   |  |
| Shaw                | ...    | 80     | 25    | 2        | ...      | 5 |  |
| Walton              | ...    | 52     | 18    | 2        | ...      | 2 |  |
| W. D. L. Macpherson | 0      | 25     | 5     | 2        | ...      | 1 |  |
| 2nd Innings.        |        |        |       |          |          |   |  |
| Shaw                | ...    | 187    | 68    | 7        | ...      | 6 |  |
| Walton              | ...    | 185    | 71    | 7        | ...      | 2 |  |

This match was begun on March 5th. W. D. L. McPherson, Esq., batted well for the Twelve; his 41, and Darling's very steady 23 were the principal features of the first innings. In their second innings the play was not so good, but rather careless. The batting of the Nine in their first innings was very poor, only three fellows just getting into double figures. This they retrieved, however, in their second innings, when the bowling was hit pretty freely, and runs scored fast. Towards the end of the game the closeness of the scores caused some excitement; eventually the Twelve won by 2 runs.

THE  
CLIFTONIAN.



VOL. II, 1872.



TO  
THE REV. J. F. BROWN,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

*April 1st, 1872.*



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## A TOUR IN NORMANDY.

---

### PART II.

HAPPY he who possesseth a well-balanced mind—so that he longeth for difficulties in prospect, complaineth bitterly as he endureth them, and looketh back with pleasure to the same evils when they be overpast. Of such minds we were possessed, inasmuch as we set out at eight o'clock on a pouring wet night to walk from Saint-Lo to Marigny, a little village on the high road about sixteen kilometres off, as our map informed us. Before we had gone two of these we agreed that we were great fools for our pains.

After a while, when we grew merrier, we came to the conclusion that a kilometre is a most despicably short distance—no doubt it was invented because the poor effeminate Frenchman is not up to walking an honest mile all at once.

Arrived at Marigny we find that the best accommodation consists of a small auberge, about the rank of a third rate "Pub" in England. Here however we engaged a bedroom, and sat with mine host in his kitchen attired in some of his garments while our own were drying at the fire. Meanwhile he sent off his potman to get our carpet bag, which we had dispatched by diligence. Now it is my private belief (at least it was at the time) that this wretch went out to the nearest public, filled himself with the petit cidre of his country for half-an-hour or so, and then came back again. At any rate when he did return he assured us that the "bureau" was "fermé," and that nothing could be got out that night. This was very consoling! However the event proved that we had fallen on our legs, for Madame, our host's wife, lent us night shirts after she had realized our loss; which was not so easy for her to do, for my friend in his excitement persisted in calling the article we wanted a "sac de nuit," and explaining that ours were in the "cul de sac" which was shut up in the bureau. All went well however after a bit, and we retired with our borrowed linen to the funniest little chamber I had ever

had the luck to behold. I look back with feelings of the warmest affection to this little auberge, for here we were very well treated by the good people of the house, were charged moderately, and above all slept without persecution, which I cannot say of certain bedrooms of far greater pretention which we came across later on in our tour.

This was the first time that we lost our wretched sac de nuit, and this was the only time that we received sympathy and succour. During the rest of our time we put up without our bag, on an average, three nights out of five, and by the end of our tour were really capital hands at sleeping without bed linen. The story was always the same: "Le bureau est fermé," or "Ce n'est pas encore arrivé,"—and always the bag turned up in the most innocent manner possible in the morning. Take my advice all ye who intend to walk, and tour with all your property on your back in a knapsack: it will save you much searching of heart.

Having walked to Coutances and done the town in the most approved manner, we learned from the guide-book that at Regnéville, a little place ten kilometres off, there flourished an oyster-bed and a bathing establishment. We accordingly set off to walk there. We found, I think, three houses, never a sign of an oyster, and the only attempt at a bathing machine—the yellow sands. We set to work to bathe, however, trusting to a high wind and a pocket handkerchief to dry ourselves withal.

After this we found a place where victuals were provided, and managed to put ourselves outside three fish and a dozen eggs, besides a mountain of bread and a vast pot of Strasburg beer. We then stood treat to some sailors we found there, and persuaded them to sing to us. Verily these songsters had queer voices; they persisted in trying to sing about an octave higher than the natural pitch of their voice, and their eyes, appearing to be roused to a spirit of emulation, would elevate themselves with the notes and at times retire completely out of sight.

We got rather a sickener of walking in our tramp from Coutances to Granville. Blazing sun overhead, dusty road under foot, and the quietest and tamest country around. We got to the end of our trudge very footsore and awearry, and grumbled at everything. Nasty town, nasty beach, nasty bathing machines and nasty sea. We got our bathe done, and put up at the hotel recommended by our guide-book as being the best. Now I strongly advise anyone who has any regard for his comfort to fight

shy of anything recommended by the guide-book. We were delighted with all the unpretending little inns we patronised, and we found loads to grumble at in all the swell places—*crede experto*.

Not the least of our troubles at the hotel in question was that we lost our beloved "sac de nuit"; what made it all the more annoying was that we had seen that it had arrived safely, and had told the people at the office to send it up, which they had promised to do, and accordingly did not. Now we did not much mind sleeping in our birthday suits, but what did rouse our ire was the having to stand at our door in the morning with very little on for a whole hour (if you believe me) shouting—now angrily, now piteously—for a garçon or some one to fetch us our carpet bag which contained our wherewithal for washing. We amused ourselves ever and anon with singing "Rule, Britannia," and other national airs, and congratulated one another on the thought that at any rate we let the people know who we were, and thoroughly roused the place. To our horror we found afterwards that this was a hotel patronised almost exclusively by English, and was at the time full of our compatriots. We left the place in high dudgeon and shook off the dust from our feet against it.

We were at Avranches when the news of the first French defeat came. The proclamation signed "Napoleon," was read out in a broken voice by the Mayor of the town amidst the heaviest rain I have ever seen; and this with the rumbling of thunder in the distance and the expressions on the faces of the people—some anxious, some defiant,—made it really a very solemn scene.

We had the pleasure of giving the news to all the country people we met on our way from Avranches to Pontorson and watching their looks as they heard it.

At Pontorson we were seized upon by an English tout, whom we dallied with for some quarter of an hour or so and chaffed almost out of his senses, and in the end went to the rival hotel.

When we got up in the morning we thought that as it was Sunday we would spend a quiet day in this village. Like good Christians we treated ourselves to our clean shirt, we shaved, we sat down to write home, having after some deliberation determined not to go to church, salving our consciences with the thought that there was no Protestant church near, and making up our minds to go and "do" Mont St. Michael instead. This we did, but true to my compact I will not describe it, but refer you to the Encyclopedia as aforesaid.

In the evening my friend reading the paper suddenly calls out "Hullo! this is to-morrow's paper," and sure enough it was dated "Lundi." I informed him gravely that papers are always dated the following day in France, just as our *Punch* is dated Saturday. On inquiry however we found that it was really to-morrow. Here was a go! Clean shirt, clean shave, all to no purpose; and horror of horrors we had been making all that noise at Granville on the Sabbath morning! We relieved our minds by walking about the street singing the Marseillaise, and a peasant who had been listening some time, expended his whole stock of English on us by calling out "You are a pegg; you are a shackass." Probably he was not a republican.

Walking from Pontorson to Dol we walked out of Normandy into Brittany, and noticed the change at once, for we almost immediately came upon dunghills at the cottage doors, with children playing upon them, and stone crosses all over the place.

Near Dol there is a huge finger-shaped stone, about thirty feet high, planted upright in the ground. I think they called it the Dolmen. It is evidently a Druidical relic, but the bigoted inhabitants of the country have patched a new piece on the old garment by sticking a bilious looking wooden cross atop.

We did not look at the interior of Dol Cathedral but passed by on the other side in our search for "quelque chose à manger." We arrived at and departed from Saint-Malo without any other adventure than having as usual to sleep minus night dress, which we did not at all mind by this time.

We went up the river by steamer from Saint-Malo to Dinan, and admired the scenery very much. The guide-book told us it was quite Swiss, but neither of us having ever been in Switzerland of course we were not in a position to criticise this assertion.

Here it may be as well to state our opinion as to how a French town ought to be done. Enter about five in the afternoon, tired and hungry,—order food and a bed,—then walk about the place, grumbling at the bad pavements and so forth, and if there are any churches to be seen, see them from the opposite side of the street, and pass by—to dine. Then if you go away from the town the first thing next morning you are in a position to talk with philosophic calmness of its beauties—and its smells.

In the evening at Dinan, under the cheery influence of cognac and coffee, we came to the conclusion that we were pressed for time and that we must push on at once; and so

we went and booked our precious *sac de nuit* for *Vire* (if you please) and set off to walk to Pontorson, by this act abandoning all hope of sleep for one night, of night shirts for two, and starting on a thirty mile walk at half-past 8 in the evening—a thing mad enough even for a British tourist. We reached Pontorson at five next morning, and went about forty miles by diligence in the course of the day. The next night we slept thirteen hours on end, feeling quite happy about our bag which was about twenty-five miles off at the time.

Next day we broke our walk to *Vire* at a little village called Saint-Sever, where we had lunch at a small auberge. During the meal two gendarmes entered, and we thought at first they had come in to have something to drink. But no, they turned to us:—

“You are English?”

“We believe you.”

“Where did you sleep last night? and what are you doing here?”

When we explained what we were about, they seemed quite at a loss to understand what on earth could be the sense of touring through a foreign country, and above all of walking. But when we told them that we had come “to see the country,” their suspicions seemed to be confirmed, and they desired us to turn out our pockets. To this we submitted with the best possible grace:

*A tooth brush*: “Ah, never mind.”

*A piece of soap*: “Soap? soap?” That was very suspicious,—we must be dangerous characters.

*A map of Normandy*: “Ha, ha! You are Prussian emissaries: you are spying out the country.”

*A manuscript* (the rough notes of this paper): “You are writing a description of the country for the Prussians.”

The soap and tooth brush they graciously returned to us; these last two articles they confiscated, together with our guide-book; and they carefully examined our sticks to see if there was any mystery about them.

“Very well, gentlemen, you must come with us to *M. le Maire*.” We express our perfect readiness to do so, and inquire if the mayor in question is a *bon enfant*. The gendarmes appear perfectly aghast at our want of veneration for the powers that be, and still more so when we assure them that the whole affair is very entertaining.

The Mayor treated the matter rather seriously as we had not got passports, and after a long lecture told us we must go to the *sous-prefet* at *Vire*, and he said the gen-

darmes should meet us at our hotel at Vire at a quarter-past seven.

After dinner we waited at the rendezvous till 7.15,—no gendarmes; 7.30,—no gendarmes; eight o'clock and no gendarmes. Upon this we set off to go ourselves to the sous-prefet and complain of our treatment, but finding that he is out we pour forth our woes to his butler and go home intending to call again.

Then at about nine o'clock, when we were quietly having some beer in the hotel, up turns our friend the gendarme, and our landlady comes trembling to inform us of the fact. We take him into a room by himself, and my friend begins:—

"So! here you are with your gaudy hat, and this is what you call a quarter-past seven."

"Ah," says he, "you wish me to justify myself for being behind time?"

"Yes, to be sure; and what have you to say to justify yourself for having stolen our books."

"What? and do you take me for a thief?"

"Yes, you and your gay comrade and the Mayor too. You are thieves, all three of you."

Now this was a little cheeky to say the least of it, and I expected we were going to be hauled over the coals, but it had quite an opposite effect on the gendarme, for he pulled out the map from one breeches-pocket, the guide-book from another, and the manuscript from the tail of his coat, and having slapped them down fairly ran off, saying he had to catch a train. And I think we were pretty well out of our scrape.

We explained the adventure to our landlady and assured her that as we were British subjects we needed no passports, and that an Englishman is capable of travelling over the whole world with nothing but a tooth brush and a piece of soap.

About a mile and a half from Mortain, on the high road between that place and Vire, you turn round a corner, and dash at once from the most flat uninteresting country into a perfect little Paradise of a place. The road leads into a ravine between two thickly wooded steep hills, with the grey granite peeping out here and there in huge boulders among the trees, and on the right hand side there are the ruins of an old chateau, almost hidden among the green. A superstition worthy of Brittany seems to possess the people here, for the rocks are hewn out into crosses innumerable.

The cascades, as the guide-book calls them, form one of the chief sights of Mortain. These are made by a little rivulet which purls down the hill among the trees; the lowest of these cascades falls into a little pool in a nook perfectly celestial. While we were looking at it, however, a very mundane idea seized us, which we immediately carried out by stripping off our clothes and getting under the fall. Luckily no sight seers came during the operation, and we went off much refreshed and drank hugely of beer.

But joking apart this was without doubt the cleanest wash we had had since we came to France, for the washing apparatus supplied in the hotels consists of a basin alone, which is about the size of a pint pot. The towels and dinner napkins go by the same name, and are veritably the same article; and above all there is no soap allowed.

We finished the walking part of our tour by going to Flers, where we again lost our bag, and again slept in nature's garb.

When we got to Caen we found a letter for my friend from his people. They were getting alarmed at the aspect affairs were beginning to wear, and insisted on leaving the country at once. And so ended a most enjoyable fortnight.

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## A FRENCH NEW YEAR.

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O YE that sit round cheerful fires  
 And watch the ruddy embers glow,  
 Ye talk the talk that never tires—  
 Sweet whispered words of long ago—  
 And as ye muse on days gone by,  
 (Such reveries are seldom glad,)  
 I pray you sigh in sympathy  
 With one whose memories are sad.

Tell me, O thou that by the fire  
 Dost watch the ruddy embers glow,  
 Hast felt the light of hope expire  
 Extinguished by the drifting snow?  
 Hast ever known what 'tis to drag  
 Thy frozen feet along the stones,  
 While little ones behind thee lag  
 To hide from mother's ear their moans?

O ye that sit by cheerful fires  
 And watch the ruddy embers glow,  
 The homes ye dwell in were your sires',  
 And (ah! the bitter tears *will* flow)  
 The home I dwelt in was my sires',  
 Each nook and corner knew I well,  
 But now the German's cruel fires  
 Have left no nook wherein to dwell.

O ye that gather round the fire  
 And watch the embers as they glow,  
 Primeval ages swept the lyre,  
 And harped the hymn we harp e'en now.—  
 I *loved*; I wedded; and I bore  
 Four babes that prattled at *his* knee—  
 Four did I say? Alas! not four:  
 Two only follow after me.

O thou that bendest o'er the fire  
 To weave fond memories in its glow,  
 Say, are those flickering groups entire  
 Without one spectral shade of woe?  
 The shadows flitting o'er the walls  
 Laugh and exult in fiendish glee:  
 They know their revelry recalls  
 The wailings of the past to me.

O ye that sit by cheerful fires,  
 Watching the ruddy embers glow,  
 The fabric of my hopes, desires,  
 Lay crushed and crumbled at a blow.  
 He fell—he bravely fell—in fight;  
 My tears I mingled with his blood  
 The while they burned our home that night,  
 And welcomed thus my widowhood.

O ye that sit round cheerful fires  
 And watch the ruddy embers glow,  
 Your converse with the flame expires,  
 Your charity I pray bestow.  
 Nay! lengthen not my life forlorn,  
 Only let tears the eye bedim;—  
 Ah me! my babes that I have borne  
 Would God that we had died with *him*.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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In this brief review we shall seek rather to evolve the plot by considering the characters of the principal personages, than to hint at the characters by a close adhesion to the narrative. It seems to us palpable that the latter course would only produce a miserable parody of the words of Shakspeare. Even Charles Lamb, with all his undoubted talent, has in our opinion been unsuccessful in the attempt. His tales are only a washy reproduction of the ideas of Shakspeare without any of the magnificent wording and life touches of the great dramatist. As we should probably fall as far below him as he has fallen below Shakspeare, we will not even make the attempt, but confine ourselves to a brief delineation of the characters.

The plot is divided into two portions, of which the one centres round Shylock, the other round Portia. I prefer to say that the one portion centres round Shylock rather than Antonio, because I hold the latter to be but little more than a back ground upon which the character of Shylock may stand out more clearly.

From the very beginning of the play Antonio appears as a man of morbid, stern, almost sullen, aspect. He is troubled with forbodings, the cause of which he cannot explain. He is haughty and stern to his inferiors. Even when reduced to borrowing money of Shylock he treats him as the very dirt beneath his feet.

*Antonio*—I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends: (for when did friendship take  
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?)  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face  
 Exact the penalty.

Even when the Jew seems to prove more tractable than he expected there is a touch of sarcastic contempt in his words—

Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
 This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

But like most morbid men, he has a soft place in his heart. He has chosen one friend in the world, and that friend he is ready to serve with his heart's blood. We see the same constantly in the world. It is not your popular generally beloved men who prove the most affectionate, but it is the misanthrope, the sullen solitary man who suddenly unveils his heart and displays a flood of affection such as you would never have suspected from such a source.

So it is with Antonio. His love for Bassanio surpasses the love of women, but like everything else it is expressed in his own peculiar fashion.

*Antonio*—I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

This is not the expression of pure unadulterated friendship. There is still the snarl of cynicism heard in it. "If it stand within the eye of honour" is a sentence of which even he is ashamed, for he adds immediately (as if remembering himself) "as you still do." It appears strange—the overwhelming love displayed by the man who cannot help at the same time uttering a sneer against the world in general—but it is perfectly consonant with nature. The world was nothing to Antonio, save only for Bassanio's sake. And this is true of him in a tenfold degree when he hears of the utter collapse of his fortune, and of the cruel penalty impending upon his devoted body—

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

These are not the words of a man in utter despair, they are rather the language of a fatalist, of a man who is careless of his ultimate destiny, of a man who is inclined in his cynicism to doubt even the truth of his friend's affection; nor does he allow one grain of hope to penetrate within his breast. Death stares him in the face and he accepts it as an inevitable necessity.

*Salanio*— I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Antonio*—The duke cannot deny the course of law;  
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay my debt, and then I care not!

His cynicism almost rises to sublimity, in the last great death struggle, when he has been told that there is no hope for him in this world, save only in Jew's clemency.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew :  
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;

You may as well do anything most hard  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
 His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

And then again when the brief hope of his friends seems to be rudely shattered by Portia's sentence, he rises to the occasion, and bids farewell to life in an almost triumphant tone.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !  
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
 For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
 Than is her custom : it is still her use  
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
 To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
 An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
 Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

And to the end he maintains the cynical spirit. We cannot attribute his forgiveness of Shylock to anything but the scorn and contempt in which he held his opponent. Perhaps the sudden reversion to life may have softened his heart, but we scarcely think it consistent with his character. Poor Shylock ! to his many grievous misfortunes was added one more—that of having his fortune tossed to him in a contemptuous sentence by the man whom he had hated, and still hated, most bitterly.

Perhaps we were wrong in saying that Antonio was only a back ground to set off Shylock's character, but we must still affirm that the latter is by far the most carefully depicted personage in the whole play. He seems not to have been born with a revengeful disposition. His reverence towards his deceased wife Leah, his genuine affection for his daughter Jessica, all point to a different character. But sprung from a despised race, born to insult, contempt and contumely, the iron had entered deep into his very soul, all tender feeling had been seared, and he could live for nought else than for gold and revenge. The cruel

workings of his soul are displayed in that brief outpouring of his mind—

How like a fawning publican he looks !  
 I hate him for he is a Christian.  
 If I can catch him once upon the hip  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift  
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,  
 If I forgive him !

We can hardly imagine his device to have been pre-meditated. The application for the money came too quickly for that. It was a sudden inspiration, the last desperate throw, the staking of his passion upon a remote chance, which, if fulfilled would wreak upon his enemy the most deadly revenge his heart could wish. Nor does it seem to have been entirely the love of revenge which induced him to this strange device. Mixed up with his love and his hatred was a third passion—the desire for gain. It was this that made him wander through the street (as represented by Salanio) crying—

My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !  
 Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats.  
 Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !

It was this which steeled or rather helped to steel his heart when he heard of the losses of Antonio—

I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will.

Still the love of money without the desire of revenge would not have tempted him to this daring expedient. It was the strange combination which in the first place produced his success and finally brought him to his ruin. Had not the desire of gain induced or helped to induce him to lend the money to Antonio, he would never have been able to place his hand upon the latter's hip ; had not the desire for revenge caused him to decline the sum offered by Bassanio, he would never have been reduced to utter ruin.

But he kept both these passions well under control. We see no premature haste, no confidence which induced him to chafe at the delays or even insults offered him by the Christian party. Sure of his revenge, he replied calmly yet confidently to every offer, to every scoff, to every insult. Inflexible as adamant, like adamant he was insensible to every intreaty, to every stern rebuff. His time had come, and he knew it as well as Antonio. He

had not staked his passion upon one throw without calculating well the course. Everything succeeds, the law decides in his favour, within a moment's time the flesh will be reeking in the scales, the zenith of his revenge is reached in the space of a minute, and then comes the cruel downfall:

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
 But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed  
 One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods  
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
 Unto the state of Venice.

Poor Shylock ! all his hopes blasted by the omission of one small sentence, all his intrigue upheaved by the non-insertion of a few small words. On what a little depends the destinies of a life !

The blow was deadly. Shylock sinks never to rise again. All is gone, all the hopes of a lifetime ; nought cares he for the jibes of the bystanders, for the cruel penalties inflicted upon him by the laws. Nothing will ever move him again. The taunts of Gratiano fall like raindrops into the seething crest of the roaring waves. He feels them not, cares not for them. At first he is only partially stunned by the blow, and is eager to take the money offered by Bassanio. Next to his desire for revenge comes his love of gain. But again the cruel stroke descends:

He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

The only wonder is that Shylock did not in utter despair accept the terms still offered, and seal his own death with his victim's blood. His end would then have been worthy of his life. But we suppose that he was so crushed by the reversion of fortune, that he had neither heart nor inclination to form new plans. Of his future life, we should imagine that little could have been said, even had the dramatist been so inclined. He might have lived for years, but his life at best would have been a crushed, broken down existence. Better to leave him where he was. The after life would only be a sad moral of the ends of pride, ambition and revenge.

We have now discussed the principal characters of one side of the plot. The other and the most agreeable portion we must defer till another occasion.

# E A R I N É.\*

THERE was a girl Eariné : her name  
 Had nought in it of summer's sultry flame,  
 Nor yet of autumn's fullness and decay,  
 Nay nor of winter's frosts that freeze away :  
 And like her name her nature was—a child  
 Temperate and kind and sunny-sweet she smiled  
 With flowers of kisses and fair speeches mild.  
 Now she is withered and our spring is fled :  
 Violets and snow drops wreath around her head,  
 And lay her neath the mossy turf that yet  
 With weepings of the wintry month is wet ;  
 And write upon her grave—Eariné.  
 Fairest and purest, art thou gone from me ?  
 Will spring return nor bring thee back to me ?  
 Yet does thy gentle soul abide with me,  
 And is, in spite of death, Eariné.

P. M.

\* A debt to Martial must be acknowledged.

# THE ARVE TO THE RHONE.\*

FROM your blue lake of birth  
 You came a laughing child,  
 I stained and dulled with earth  
 Down from my mountains wild.

You leapt into my arms,  
 Clear as your infancy ;  
 And all your heavenly charms  
 Felt my impurity.

Now we together go,  
 Merged and for ever one ;  
 The waves that loved you so  
 Have sullied all your own.

P. M.

\* Soon after leaving the lake of Geneva the Rhone pours its perfectly blue waters into the muddy tide of the Arve, which flows from the glaciers of Mont Blanc. They do not at all mingle, but gradually the thick stream of the Arve conquers the clearness of the Rhone.

## STORIES OF BRISTOL.

## No. V.—TWO ROYAL VISITS.

WE read the past to understand the present.

Love thou thy land with love far brought  
From out the storied past : and used  
Within the present ; but transfused  
To future times by power of thought.

This, it seems, is the use of all knowledge ; but the converse also is true, that we cannot understand the past without borrowing something of the present ; we must colour Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne, William the First, from the Napoleons, Wellingtons and Napiers of to-day—which imperils their identity as we have less grasp of their several features of character. Yet unless their differences and similarities are made clear, how detect growth and change, how gauge the new divergence and development ?

Look at Bristol. You shall there see squares and terraces, mansions once of wealthy, perhaps intellectual men ; but the busy trade, the “ hoarder, the getter, the haver,” capital and labour, have seized them, and sedentary souls fly off at a tangent, like grits jerked from a busy wheel. Where are gentility, and ease, and refinement ? Retreating step by step before this busy Bristol. Back to Clifton, to Redland, to Leigh,—soon they will be hugged by a commercial Avonmouth, and go we know not where.

Here is growth. Everywhere we see it ; in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff,—and beyond our little inch of ocean—at the faubourgs of Paris, at Lyons, Brussels, and soon in America, Australia and the young world. Its roots reach far into the past. The main feeder draws from the rough Norse vigour that is the subsoil of modern cultus. Emerson will say it is based on the English *naturel* : Guizot that it springs from the Middle Age and the *communes*.

It seems that each has the truth, for the one contains, the other refines on the first. It is the developement of Norse energy into municipal life, that marks the difference between the modern and the ancient world—and this is the characteristic of what we term the Middle Ages.

Deny it who can, Bristol must look for her acme of importance in a day when other interests slept. She has not the best position, the best surroundings, the best opportunities; what she has is the coiled energy of the race that inhabit her: if she has not the best of every thing, she will make the best of it. And so we fortify Brean Down harbour, and prepare that coal shall be enticed our way: we will have some of the good things that those Welsh hills give: we claim it by the argument and good text of exertion.

The English are the best workers in the world: and Bristol was once the best working town in England—*once*, for much opportunity has now drifted to better situated towns. To-day we shall see what were her conditions then, in that unseen Middle Age, whose corner we have turned.

An age of castles. We might almost see in castles the crystallized thought of Norman barons: "I shall rob, pillage, destroy; I shall take who have the power, and I shall keep who can." Bristol with its domestic Saxons, entrenched and walled, was too fair a prey to be let go. Godfrey Coutance and his Normans build a battlemented toll-house at the city gate—frowning, not on outsiders, mind you, but on the good meatvenders of St. Nicholas, and the "professors of the mystery of cooking" about All Saints. Nevertheless trade goes on. If they don't interfere with him, what does the Saxon care to whom he pays his taxes? They are paid all the same. It is just as well to have safe conduct to one's fellow-subjects across the Channel, as to own homage to Harold and tremble at Norman privateers.

But the nobility—for such we must consider them—have found that with possession comes some sense of responsibility. It is not only that you have conquered, but you must keep. If for none other, you must at least serve your own interests, and with means of sating the lower desires comes a further craving, a gradated series of hopes and wishes, on and on, perhaps to virtue. At any rate it is nicer to hold liege lands, to receive—even though we too must pay—homage, to sap and prune—than to destroy and sail away to fresh gains. Here is a rich land—cannot we receive its tithes and have a taste of Charlemagne's glory? They say the cannibal spared his prisoner only because he could get more out of him alive than dead—and so these Normans. By and bye comes a higher, more domestic interest. There is a shadow of duty, a tinge of self-respect, an interest as of one who loved these serfs

"a little dearer than his hound, a little better than his horse," we must lead and guide them in some sort—but that is not yet: at present it is "we" the barons, the conquerors, the high caste.

If Bristol is in blinders there is no need that we should be. Let Saxon build his house into gold, and himself into adamant, heedless of the transforming pressure from without, we will look beyond the city smoke for a moment. The Conqueror is dead; through quarrel and compromise William has succeeded and is assassinated, like his brothers. Beauclerc has already drowned his easy wit in mid-channel, dulled perhaps by an overwhelming grief, prescient perhaps of civil war—and has succumbed at last to *deus venter*: his German daughter is hastening to take from pawn her rights, and her son's liege-pledges, when Stephen with precedents to back him and being some miles nearer the crown, thinks he shall wear it. Straightway there is a clamour from all rich men, "As a proof of our loyalty, trust us to build our own strongholds." So the bribe is given: the masons begin, and through fair England in this single reign 1115 castles are built.

At that period in all the land there was no more powerful baron than Robert Earl of Gloucester. Cardiff was his, Bristol was his—and towns too numerous, I dare say, to be mentioned. A natural son of King Henry, he would see for his own interest first, and then his half-sister's. "Let Stephen give me elbow room" is his thought, "he may do what he will else;" and the king actually promises the proud lord never to trespass on his rights—almost as much as never to assert his own over him.

With characteristic energy the earl at once sets to work to fortify. At Cardiff and Berkeley castles rise, and chief of all at Bristol. Not a trace of it now remains above ground. Like Virgil's spectres it has distributed itself into its surroundings: ask the street names where it was. But the stronghold was like the man; it showed his mind. No flimsy party walls, no pinchbeck: not built for a lifetime, but till the next volcano should melt it. "For me and my heirs" was his aim—and through nine sieges it stood, with a brave tower emulous of Dundry Hill.

And now that he has put his designs into stone and mortar, all seems safe. Blood is thicker than water, and here are Matilda and her son ready to stand by him if he will stand by them. The earl has at once decided a plan of intrigue, and after three years of semi-tranquillity has renounced his allegiance, and sails down his Severn to

prepare for the invasion. Stephen at first is successful; David and his Scots play the Philistines, and run from the sacred English symbol. But if priests carry the crucifix into battle, they shall not, Stephen thinks, entrench and impale it. Holy Salisbury and Lincoln shall not "do" the baron. A bishop with a castle is too much: we shall be checkmated. So the bishops are imprisoned, and discontent opens the gates of Arundel to Matilda and the earl.

Then follow battles, sieges, civil war, which we cannot realise, and the barons hail the *carte blanche* for rapine, which they had eyes to foresee; but not the all-embracing, retributive Famine that Celceno-like works her will even on these favoured sons of fortune.

And then a strange evenful day for quiet Bristolians. Rumours reach them of a great battle and a great defeat: is it at Lincoln? Can we believe that Robert the terrible has captured the king? Then the report grows to certainty; and what is of all most wonderful, he is to be immured in Bristol keep. What a day of trepidation for the little city. When a king, even a usurper, is dethroned, there is much pomp of procession, of retinue. And yet it is no Wilhelmshöhe for Stephen. There is a grim white keep—model it on London if you choose—there is a water gate here too, and a mass of vassals, who know and fear king Robert more than king Stephen. Imagine the peering curiosity that conjectures which of those stingy loopholes levies toll on the light that passes to the prison room of a king. And the rumours, some of assassination horrible as that of the captive of Berkeley, some of problematical insurrection and reinstated power—all hushed by the frowning front of the terrible, real castle. And now that the proud queen is mistress, and Robert her right arm, there is no peace for burghers—no charters from unhereditary princes—but a native *grobheit* founded on the persuasive preaching of pike and long bow bullies, and wakening long dormant brains to distinguish between Matilda and Stephen.

Can a man ever escape from that tremendous keep? No burgher yet has come forth, on whom its silent, massive portals closed. All hope abandon him who—but there are murmurs on the wing. The master spirit of whose will these walls are mute emblems has been captured—Matilda the haughty, the relentless, has been ousted—not by lords and retainers, but by hard-pressed citizens like ourselves—and Robert himself is a prisoner. Ah, it is the fairy tale over again. If Great heart will win Fair

lady he must seek the poor plain fairy—the unpretending train bands—and by this strange, despised help seize the very arch wizard ere the captive shall be released. And see with beat of drum and all outward joy Stephen the condescending may return and grant new charters and say his empire is peace.

\* \* \* \*

Thus glide by years and centuries, but we will give a glance at the now proud city, as one whose pen has graced it describes its appearance about the time of the wars of the Roses.\* It is now a city of a hundred towers—churches everywhere, at the centre, at the outskirts; and proudest of all churches in all broad England the grand pile of St. Mary Redcliffe peerless stands.

Whose are these bronzed seamen with brave ships and piles of strange merchandise? If you asked them they would probably tell you with all respect that these are the chattels of the Maistre Canynge. He is a “grave, sad, worshipful man” of fabulous wealth, and almost fabulous generosity. He has many rich fellow-townsmen—for at this period Bristol is second to no city in point of commerce—but he is “ditissimus” and “sapientissimus,” and to him it is committed to entertain her most gracious Majesty. Bristol at last has a royal visitor—not a prisoner, as Stephen, but a visitor to admire the spirit of these wonderful English, her subjects,—yes and more, for Margaret ever had the deep intent of great political souls; she is here with her wonderful energy, the quick fire of that eye that brightens with an undeveloped chivalry, and the strange spell of that beauty that none dare displease. But she is not the wild woman of later years, such as we see her at René’s court,† when son and husband have been bereft her; but all grace, all delicacy, almost all love turns the hearts of sober cits, yet beneath in silent, imperious, perhaps impatient, gesture, in yet more silent act is felt the lurking will that not merely sees an ideal, but works it out through all obstacles and embarrassments and pains, moulding and shaping it into life and fact.

\* \* \* \*

Such is a meagre account of two interesting periods in the history of medieval Bristol. I have dwelt more on Stephens’s imprisonment than Margaret’s visit, because the latter period, the greatest of Bristol’s career, has been amply and more than justly treated by Mr. Lucas in his

\* Lucas, *Secularia* pp. 78—130.

† Anne of Geierstein.

chapters on Medieval Castles and Medieval Boroughs. It would be beyond my leisure, and I fear beyond my patience, to ferret out details of the strange characters who flourished at Bristol during this time. Any who may have a curiosity to see Bristol as it was more fully, will find in the "Secularia" a clear and vivid account of the ring of religious houses that compassed the old city, the strange personæ of Norton the alchemist, Grocyne the Greek scholar, and preceptor of Erasmus at Oxford, or patient William Wycestre, to whom we owe much of what is known of early Bristol. It will be something gained if we, as neighbours of a great commercial city, can form some notion of past experience, and we hope soon to be repeated grandeur.

N. B.

---

## F A I T H .

---

ONE thought I touched to many images,  
 Mirrored in many shapes ; yet lit of one :  
 Spheres manifold, but loyal to one sun,  
 A monotone of many ranging keys.

Shall one forechallenge time, or dare to cast  
 A glance beyond, or shape the great To Be,  
 Unclouding truth from deeps of mystery ?  
 Shall any deed confound the braggart past ?

(1.)

I saw a lone wife in an agony  
 Of sorrow and suffering and fear and prayer  
 Mourning a husband's life : for yonder there  
 Before Rome's thousands he stood up to die.  
 Heard you the hoarse stir of the crowd, intent  
 On a vile Christian's death ?...yet shall the years  
 Not change, for ever brimming tears on tears  
 To her, to them wild lust and merriment.  
 Yet they apart, unheeded in a strife  
 Of jarring selves, and whirl of senseless things,  
 Earnest to catch God's far off whisperings,  
 These Christians wrought their purpose into life.

\* \* \* \* \*

## (2.)

I saw a captain on a mutinous deck  
 Stand cynosured by frowns of lawlessness;  
 Here, there, the poniard gleamed; he not the less,  
 Impatient of their thought, of storm, of wreck,  
 Steered his loud freight toward a deep emprise  
 Leagues on, beyond the misty ocean-rim,  
 A hid land lay expectantly for him  
 Who should ungarnish hoard of centuries.

\* \* \* \* \*

## (3.)

I saw a boy within a room, wind swept  
 Through ruinous crannies; in the grate a flame  
 Searching the bare walls fitfully went and came;  
 Hard by with loosened limbs a drunkard slept.  
 What should he know of wealth, of good? perchance  
 A ruddy glimpse in streets where rich men live.  
 Yet this the beggar boy could catch to hive  
 An onward thought outreaching circumstance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## (4.)

Two nations grappled in unequal war;  
 The loom was listless; but an iron gorge  
 Rained, and men hammered conquest at the forge,  
 And deeds that are not from desires that are.  
 One thought pulsed fierce in many sleepless lands,  
 Armed for occasion. In such jeopardy  
 Shall one ride out the billows? where is he  
 Knows well the season? acts and understands?

\* \* \* \* \*

Faith stood before me, childlike as of yore,  
 The Wonder-worker; mute—for aye He saith  
 No word, whose voice is deed; so passeth Faith  
 Onward, "by slow degrees, by more and more."  
 Himself the law no law shall make unfree  
 With petty chain of man's experience:  
 No circumstance, no master influence,  
 Binds godlike Will to our philosophy.

N. B.

## ECCENTRICITY. ---

**EVERY** one can count among his own personal friends several whom he is accustomed to describe as "a little eccentric," and whom he rather admires for being so. If a man wears his hat on the back of his head, and walks about with an absent air, the world at once pronounces him no ordinary mortal, and makes up its mind there is a something in him which we cannot understand. This so-called eccentricity and the admiration which it excites seem to me particularly offensive, so that I have resolved to do what I can to show that the former is spurious and the latter misplaced.

If we consider every class of persons whom we commonly style eccentric we shall soon find, as we examine their respective claims to the title, that there are but few which really deserve it. It often happens that the term is misapplied on account of our not knowing exactly the circumstances in which the person we speak of is placed. To take an extreme instance: if we brought a cannibal from the South Sea Islands and suddenly introduced him to—say a musical party in York Crescent, he would doubtless conduct himself in a manner which the good people of Clifton would pronounce eccentric. But in his native island, nevertheless, he might be a very commonplace savage. Or if a Highland "lassie" were suddenly brought down here, and if she were to walk barefoot to church, carrying her boots, and stopping in the churchyard to put them on before going in, people would think her eccentric, if not mad. Yet to her all this would seem perfectly natural, and in reality she would not be at all differently constituted from those who passed opinions on her. But if a person who had lived here all her life were to do the same, we should be quite justified in thinking her almost a lunatic.

In this way a great number of those we commonly call eccentric are not really so in any true sense of the word, and our mistaken idea with regard to them arises from

ignorance of the circumstances by which they are usually surrounded. But if we consider those persons who are not excluded in this way, we shall still find that but few have any right to the title. Indeed, there is only one common case of true eccentricity;—when the person affected has what is expressively termed “a bee in his bonnet.” One other case does occur, though seldom, and that is when the eccentricity springs, as we sometimes see it do, from genius. This however is very unusual, and it is one of the great mistakes of vain fools to fancy, because genius takes a path of its own, and because they are endeavouring to do the same, that therefore they are geniuses. In fact, we have now come to the real cause of nearly all the eccentricity in the world, for I hold that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it springs from inordinate vanity. Nothing is more common than to see people who think themselves so much better than any one else that they need not be restrained by conventional rules, but are quite able to shape out a course for themselves.

This vanity, this morbid desire to be foolishly different from one's neighbours, shows itself in innumerable forms, and in every class of persons. If a man wears his hat so that the brim makes an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  with the horizon when the all-powerful laws of custom have established that it shall be parallel to it, there is no other supposition by which we can account for his conduct. Cases also which at first sight are not so evident will on closer examination turn out to be analogous. Instances are not uncommon of men who are behind time on every possible occasion, and who, far from trying to avoid being so, rather take a pride in it. This is only vanity, for they use unpunctuality as a means of attracting notice, since they find themselves unable to do so in any other way. To go a little further still, if a man persists in going without gloves on occasions when it is customary to wear them, or in wearing boots of outrageous size and thickness, he is probably spoken of as one who has no vanity in his composition. But in reality he *is* vain, and prides himself as much on his indifference to public opinion as the veriest fop does on his gorgeous neckties and spotless gloves.

Instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but these are enough to show that the little eccentricities which we are so apt to consider as proof of independent character are nothing less than a form of vanity, and that the admiration too commonly bestowed upon them is misplaced.

## FOOTBALL.

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### SIXTH FORM v. THE SCHOOL.

This match, the first of the season, began on Thursday, Oct. 13th, the Sixth, as usual, having choice of goal and kick off. For a quarter of an hour after the latter event play went on without either side gaining any advantage. The School then compelled the Sixth to touch down the ball within their own goal, and soon afterwards Paul (O.C.) succeeded in getting a touch down for the School, from which however nothing resulted. Again another chance was offered to the School when Heath mi. caught the ball and made his mark, but the drop which followed was also a failure. After this the tide turned in favour of the Sixth, and they forced the School to touch the ball down behind their goal. From this time till "no-side" was called the game was a most exciting succession of slight advantages, first in favour of one side and then in favour of the other, but nothing decisive was done. During the whole match the forwards had almost all the work to do, and the scrimmages were good, both sides playing up well.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 15TH.**—From the very first the Sixth were completely penned, and the School had several near tries at goal. For some time these were unsuccessful, but at last Walton placed a good goal for the School. Sides were then changed, and until "no side" was called the game continued, still in favour of the School, but with no material advantage to either side.

**TUESDAY, OCT. 18TH.**—On Tuesday also the Sixth had the worst of it from the very beginning—the overwhelming weight of the School carrying everything before it. After play had gone on for about half an hour McCorquodale got a touch down for the School. The place by Walton failed, but the Sixth seemed to have lost all heart and allowed Bush (O.C.) to touch the ball down again,—this time between the goal-post. Walton again tried the place and secured an easy goal for the School, thereby bringing to an end a match which was only equal as long as the Sixth were assisted by numerous Old Cliftonians,

## ELEVEN AND TWENTY-TWO v. THE SCHOOL.

On the first day—Thursday, October 20th—the School had the advantage in point of weight, but their backs and half-backs were comparatively insignificant when compared with those of their opponents. Nothing worthy of notice took place in the earlier part of the game, but later on Finney ran in for the Eleven and Twenty-two, and a punt out resulted, but though the ball was caught the place which followed was unsuccessful. Soon afterwards Lodge kicked a rolling ball over the goal posts and secured the first goal for the Eleven and Twenty-two. From this time till the end of the game nothing worthy of notice occurred.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27TH.—Again the School proved themselves manifestly weak in backs and half-backs, so that as soon as one of the opposite side got the ball and passed the forwards he had it all his own way. By this means the ball was nearly always kept near the School “Twenty-five,” until Heath mi., who was especially conspicuous throughout the match, dropped a neat goal for the Eleven and Twenty-two, thus deciding the match in their favour.

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## CLASSICAL AND MODERN.

This match was commenced on Tuesday, Nov. 1st. The first rush of the Classical bore down all resistance, and for a short time the play was chiefly confined to the vicinity of the Modern goal. The latter however played well together and slowly drove the ball back into the Classical twenty-five, where they managed to keep it for some time. But they were gradually driven back again, and shortly before “no side” was called the ball again hung uncomfortably near to their goal. The play on both sides was good, and no material advantage was obtained throughout the game.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3RD.—On this day the play showed a greater amount of variety, and the ball was carried now near to one goal, now near to the other. The Modern played well together, but despite all their efforts they were unable to prevent Finney making a good run and when collared throwing the ball to Boyle, who then ran in.

The ball was too near touch line to admit of a place, and the punt out did not prove successful; but still the Classical must be allowed the right of claiming a touch down.

SATURDAY, NOV. 5TH.—The third day of this match in many respects resembled its two predecessors. The Classical for the first half of the game had the advantage, and Henderson (O.C.) made a good drop at goal. For the last half of the game the ball was for the most part nearer to the Classical than to the Modern goal, but the Modern, like their adversaries, failed to profit by their advantage; the match therefore ending in a draw.

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#### THE COLLEGE V. MR. HENDERSON'S TEAM.

This match was played in the Close on Saturday, Nov. 12th. At first the home twenty had a slight advantage, but they were soon driven back and made to touch the ball down in their own goal. After this play went on for a considerable time without decisive advantage to either side, till about the middle of the game, when the foreign team for a time penned the School, and Bush after a scrimmage on the goal line touched the ball down in the School goal. He then tried a place which failed; but Moore, following up quickly and profiting by the mistake of one of the half-backs, again touched the ball down for the strangers, but the place was missed. After this the College twenty penned their opponents, and after a maul in goal McCordupdale touched the ball down; the place—a hard one—was however missed by Walton. The game then continued very evenly till just before “no side,” when two touch downs were obtained by the strangers—both close to the touch line; the punts out however proved unproductive.

This match was continued on Saturday, the 19th, but was not so good a game as on the first day, since no less than seven of the School twenty were substitutes, and three of the foreign team did not appear. At first the home twenty got the best of the match, and forced their opponents to touch down the ball twice. Before long, however, the foreigners began to play better together, drove back the School twenty, and penned them in the

neighbourhood of their goal. This advantage they maintained during the rest of the game, making the home twenty touch down the ball several times, but until just the end nothing decisive was affected. However, at five minutes to the time for "no side," Henderson got a chance, and dropped a good goal for the foreign team. Before play could begin the clock struck, and the match was therefore at an end.

School Twenty:—Bird ma. (S.H.), Rundall (H.H.), Cluer (S.H.), Fairbanks (S.H.), Fell (S.H.), Boyle (B.H.), Smith (T.), Stevenson (D.H.), Finney (D.H.), Don (S.H.), Paul ma. (T.), Walsh (T.), Walton ma. (T.), Wilson ma. (S.H.), Pearce mi. (D.H.), Mainwaring (B.H.), Heath mi. (S.H.), Mordaunt ma. (B.H.), Lodge (D.H.), McCorquodale (S.H.)

## HONOURS.

A. W. Brodie, Open Exhibition, Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.

J. A. Neale, Hastings' Exhibition, Queen's College, Oxford.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

On Thursday, Nov. 17th, prizes offered by the Head Master for placing and dropping at goal were competed for. The prize for placing was won by H. G. Tylecote (S.H.); that for dropping by J. F. Whish (T.)

The new caps this season are—J. W. Bird (S.H.), G. W. Rundall (H.H.), A. R. Cluer (S.H.), W. Fairbanks (S.H.), H. W. Fell (S.H.), W. A. Smith (T.), C. C. Stevenson (D.H.), R. F. Brunskill (B.H.), J. B. Heath (B.H.), C. B. Walton (T.), R. W. Wilson (S.H.), D. Pearce (D.H.), A. Mainwaring (B.H.), G. F. McCorquodale (S.H.)

The new badges are—G. W. Rundall (H.H.), A. R. Cluer (S.H.), C. W. Boyle (B.H.), H. S. Paul (T.), D. H. Walsh (T.), C. B. Walton (T.), T. S. Lodge (D.H.), G. F. McCorquodale (S.H.)

The cap for Harris's house is black and silver, with a fleur-de-lys as house crest.

In the athletic sports at St. John's College, Oxford, E. F. S. Tylecote has carried off the challenge cup for the second time, being first in the hurdle race, high jump, broad jump, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, throwing the cricket ball, and the quarter-mile. Tylecote has also been elected Captain of the University Eleven.

At Trinity College, Oxford, N. Lucas was first in the hurdle race, high jump and broad jump.

At Worcester College, Oxford, L. J. K. Stow was first in the mile.

In the freshmen's sports, Cambridge, E. J. Davis was first in the broad jump and hundred yards, and at Pembroke College he was first in the hundred, high jump, long jump, hurdle race, and second in the quarter mile.

At Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, A. W. Brodie was first in the hundred yards, three hundred yards, and quarter mile, and he was also second in the strangers' race at Pembroke.

The Rev. T. W. Jex Blake, Head Master of Cheltenham College, preached in our Chapel on Sunday, Nov. 27th, taking for his text Philippians, chap. iv., v. 8.

In the first ties of the House matches Brown's beat Harris's in one day, the goals being kicked by Boyle and Clerk. Both the Town and Dakyns' scored one goal, kicked respectively by Walton and Evill; and they were so evenly matched that the House Football Committee decided that they should both be drawn in the second ties. The second drawing was as follows—

|              |   |         |   |
|--------------|---|---------|---|
| School House | } | Brown's | } |
| Town         | } | Dakyns' | } |

School House v. Town lasted for five days and was a good match, the School House getting a goal on the first day, placed by Cluer, and a goal on the fifth day, placed by Tylecote. Brown's beat Dakyns' in three days, getting a

goal on the second day, placed by Clerk, and a goal on the third day, dropped by Gale (sub.) School House v. Brown's is therefore the final tie.

The following subjects have been discussed in the School House Debating Society:—

Oct. 15th.—“A lawyer is justified in defending a man whom he thinks to be guilty.” Lost by 1.

Oct. 29th.—“England ought not to take a prominent part in European politics.” Lost by 2.

Nov. 12th.—“The game laws need no change.” Lost by 2.

Nov. 26th.—“Women should be educated to the same extent as men.” Lost by 7.

The annual concert will take place on Thursday, December 22nd.

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## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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The third meeting for the term was held in the Physics Lecture Room on 14th October. A paper on the “Honey Bee” was read by Leonard ma., and on the motion of the President it was unanimously agreed to print it in the Society's Transactions. “The Cetacea” was the subject of an interesting paper by Ffooks ma., which called forth a considerable amount of discussion. E. O. Ashby, Esq., O.C., in particular, made some amusing remarks on whale fishing, founded on personal experiences and investigations. A motion for the repeal of the rule respecting compulsory attendance was subsequently brought forward by Wilson ma., but was negatived by a majority of twenty-four. At this meeting eighty-two members and visitors were present.

The fourth meeting was held in the Physics Lecture Room on 28th October. Eighty-nine members and visitors were present. The Rev. J. Greene delivered the first of a short course of lectures on “Insect Life,” and Wood ma. read the first part of a paper on “Frictional Electricity,” which he illustrated by many striking experiments. The President also communicated to the Society an interesting observation he had made in the development of *vorticella*.

At the fifth meeting, held on 4th November, Wood ma. finished the reading of his paper on "Frictional Electricity" and, as on the previous occasion, he illustrated it with many interesting and beautiful experiments. Five Old Cliftonians were elected corresponding members of the Society, viz:—Messrs. W. Cruttwell, E. O. Ashby, A. Brodie, T. W. Shaw, and W. F. Howlett. The election in each case was made by ballot. Fifty-five members and twenty-one visitors were present at this meeting.

The next meeting (sixth) was in some respects the most important and successful one yet held. It took place in Big School, and there were about one hundred and eighty persons present, including the Head Master, several honorary members, and (a new feature at the Society's gatherings) a considerable number of the fair sex. There were three papers in the evening's programme: Rev. J. Greene on "Insect Life" (No. 2), Ogle on "Ozone," and G. F. Rodwell, Esq., on "Some Phenomena in Acoustics." Mr. Greene exhibited several beautifully executed diagrams and many specimens, while Mr. Rodwell illustrated his subjects by experiments with organ pipes, the siren, and the tuning fork. Ogle's excellent essay called forth the warm praise of the President and Mr. Rodwell, and it was promised a place in the Society's Transactions.

On the 18th November the seventh meeting was held in the Physics Lecture Room, forty-eight members and visitors being present. Two papers were read: one by Wills on "The Lias of Whitby," and another by Penney ma. on "The Microscope."

Mr. Greene completed his series of papers on "Insect Life" at a meeting held on 25th November. This course has proved to be one of great interest to the members, and the applause at the conclusion of the final lecture was so hearty and prolonged that, on the suggestion of the President, Mr. Greene kindly consented to continue the subject on a future occasion. Stone ma. had arranged to give a paper this evening on "Dragons," but in his absence from illness it was read by Allen ma., and well received. At the conclusion of the proceedings the President congratulated the Society on its flourishing condition, and urged the members to work with united vigour for its success, showing the many ways in which all could help. He announced that the first volume of Transactions would

appear early in 1871, and acknowledged the receipt of the Proceedings of the Natural History Societies at Rugby, Harrow and Marlborough. This meeting (which fifty-eight members and visitors attended) was the eighth for the term, and the ninth and last was announced to be held on the 9th of December. H. Mogg, Esq., O.C., was elected a corresponding member.

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## DEBATING SOCIETY.

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On Saturday, October 22nd, the motion was that "The present attitude of the English Government is sluggish and cowardly." Proposed by Brunskill, seconded by Cluer, and opposed by Warren ma. The speakers were—For the motion: Brunskill, Cluer, Bird ma. Against: Warren ma., Don, Claxton, Leonard ma. On a division the numbers were—For the motion, 4; against the motion, 9. The motion was therefore lost by 5.

On Saturday, November 5th, Boyle proposed that "Belief in supernatural appearances is not absurd or unfounded." There was a large attendance both of members and visitors. The speakers were—For the motion: Boyle, Leonard ma., Rücker. Against: Warren ma., Fell ma. On a division the numbers were equal, and the President gave his casting vote against the motion.

November 19th.—As the evening was very wet the number of members present was small, otherwise this was a good debate. The motion was Cluer's, that "England ought to adopt the Prussian army system." Seconded by Stevenson and opposed by Rücker. The following spoke for the motion: Cluer, Stevenson, Penny, \*Wilson. Against the motion: Rücker, Fell ma., Don, Prinsep. On a division the numbers were—For the motion, 2; against, 5. The motion was therefore defeated by 3.

\*Visitor.

# ORGAN FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

## TOWN.

|                |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|
| Wills          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Bray           | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Smith          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Leonard        | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Warren         | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Ivens          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Paul ma.       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Carrington ma. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 2  | 6  |
| Cunliffe ma.   | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 2  | 6  |

## OLD CLIFTONIANS.

|        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |   |    |   |
|--------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|---|
| Sayce  | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Moor   | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Shaw   | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| King   | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 0  | 0 |
| Tagart | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1  | 0 |
| Taylor | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1  | 0 |

## MASTERS.

|                         |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |   |    |   |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|---|
| Head Master             | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. T. E. Brown        | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| H. G. Dakyns, Esq.      | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| E. M. Oakeley, Esq.     | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. B. Hartnell        | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| W. F. Trimnell, Esq.    | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. E. Harris          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. R. B. Poole        | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. P. Phelps          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 0  | 0 |
| C. J. Peile, Esq.       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| F. M. Bartholomew, Esq. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | 10 | 6 |

## SCHOOL CHIT-CHAT.

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OUR first duty in this number is to allude to a loss which we have sustained during the last fortnight—a loss which affects us doubly, both as members of the School and as Editors of the *Cliftonian*. J. W. Bird, the head of the School, left on the evening of the last day of the athletics. Those who were present at the distribution of the prizes and heard the expressions which the Head Master applied to him know how well they were deserved. But in praising there is always something unpleasant; we will therefore say no more except, in Mr. Percival's words, to wish for him all success, and for ourselves such another head of the School. By his departure Warren becomes head of the School, Don head of the School House.

We have now the pleasant task of referring to the Athletics. They have this year been a decided success, and, however much we may have to reproach ourselves on other matters, on this score we have no reason to be dissatisfied. One thing which very notably contributed to this was the fine weather. Both days were bright and sunny, so that spectators could enjoy walking and standing about, but they were not so hot as to make running disagreeable. Also the arrangements were excellent, and for this we have especially to thank Bird. A recently introduced change greatly helped, we believe, in keeping the course clear. Since last season the use of whips for this purpose has been abolished, and it was found that the innovation was entirely a change for the better. Nearly all the winners of last year had left, and this created an uncertainty about the issue of all the races, which made fellows work hard and do their best. One result of this is the excellent times. It was also very doubtful to whom the Challenge Cup would fall. Brunskill, who has won it, thoroughly deserved it. He won his events in no

hesitating style, but judged them well, and clearly showed that his success was the well merited reward of trouble taken. His quarter-mile, run in 55 secs., was the best we have ever had, and the same remark applies to his broad jump of 19 feet 5 inches. Waldo also excelled the times of previous years in his half-mile—2 min. 8 secs.—and Boyle's throw of 103 yards did the same. But we have especially to congratulate ourselves on the time in which the mile was done. Lang won it in splendid "form," and we hope that he will again do it next year in 4 min. 53 secs. Last year our times were rather poor, and we hope that the decided improvement shown this season will be maintained in 1872.

And now that the Athletics are over it will be as well to turn our thoughts to Cricket, as the game which will predominate, not only during the remainder of the term, but for several months to come. Encouraged by the beautiful weather we have began early enough in the hope of settling into shape sooner than has generally been the case, but, as yet, nothing has occurred to justify our indulging any very great expectations of victory in foreign matches. Of course it is somewhat premature at present to pass judgment, or to give any decided opinion, but we cannot help remarking on the almost total absence of anything like really good batting below the members of the Eleven. It is strange that this should be so, but stranger that those who ought to make it their duty to remedy the defect—we mean the Twenty-two—exhibit an unaccountable apathy in the matter, which is shown by the very small number who frequent the practice-nets. No doubt they have very good excuses; it is too cold, or some other occupation prevents their practising; but the real reason beyond a doubt is that they are too—well we will not go so far as to call them lazy—but too little interested just now in the game to devote themselves to it in real earnest. We put the matter plainly before this class. On the one side is success only to be won by steady, persevering practice; on the other our already far too lengthy list of defeats, made lengthier still as the inevitable consequence of indolence and lack of spirited interest. This is not intended for the Twenty-two alone, it applies equally throughout the School. The nets are put out, but who use them? Only a very small fraction of those for whose benefit they are intended. But though no great talent from the Twenty-two as yet seems forthcoming, we have several causes for congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a successful season. With six members of last year's eleven still left, and a professional ready on the spot, we may fairly hope to win

some of, if not all of our matches. But practice in batting, bowling, and fielding alike is needed, and the more so, as several of the most important matches will be played *quite early in the term*. For May and part of June we hope to have a second professional, an innovation brought in with the hope of giving those who stand a chance of getting into the Eleven, yet do not have practice with the regular professional, an opportunity for some coaching. As funds are still needed to carry out this plan, we would call the attention of any Old Cliftonians or others who would like to contribute to the proposal. Its expediency is obvious and its success certain.

In Big Side Levée, the motion with regard to handicapping previous winners in the fives ties has been passed, and also another abolishing the absurd restriction that all ties should be played in the open court. The players now arrange, by tossing or otherwise, in which court they play. Apropos of fives, we wish an alteration could be made in the way of "bagging" courts. It is difficult to suggest any plan, but one thing at least might be done. It is no uncommon thing for one fellow to "bag" all the courts for the day, by using other names as well as his own. This is obviously unfair, and ought not to be. If Big Side Levée were to pass a rule that no one could take a court except in his own name, we cannot help thinking it would be a fairer arrangement, and one which would stop the monopoly which at present a few fellows have.

We believe that the long expected transactions of the Scientific Society are at last in the printer's hands, and will not be very long in appearing.

There is one more subject to which we would allude. We should be glad to hear more of the doings of Old Cliftonians at the Universities; for in many cases it is only by chance we become acquainted with the news of who is rowing in either of his college boats, or who is in his college eleven. It would afford us no small pleasure to record such particulars as these. If some of our representatives at Oxford and Cambridge would undertake to let us know of any such events, the act could not fail to draw still tighter the bond that unites us to those who have passed from among us to other spheres of life.



## THE FINDING OF SPRING.

### A RAMBLING RHYME.

---

WINTER is past! Winter is past!  
 The earth is glad.  
 The reign of the old ice-king  
 Is over at last.  
 And the gladsome spring,  
 Borne on the balmy air,  
 Is making our hearts less sad  
 With her smile so rare.

Welcome! Welcome! maiden bright.  
 Welcome! Welcome! child of light.  
 Long, indeed, our hearts have pined,  
 Waiting for thy sweet return,  
 While the howling, roaring wind,  
 Sweeping round the ice-king's head,  
 Made him still more rude and stern.  
 When he sometimes fell asleep,  
 Lying on his frozen bed,  
 Out the timid sun did peep,  
 Thinking he was dead,  
 And with his gentle beams  
 Would beguile him in his dreams.  
 Then, because the sun had shone,  
 In fierce anger he would rise,  
 Shake his huge fist at the skies,  
 Buckle all his armour on,  
 While the wind, with moanings loud,  
 Gathered snow and drifting cloud  
 To be the sun-god's shroud.  
 And, sweet maid, when we  
 Did haste o'er wood and fell,  
 Thinking to catch a glimpse of thee.  
 In some sequestered dell,  
 Hoping to hear thy voice,

And, hearing it, rejoice ;—  
 Not thee, not thee, we found  
 Sitting on some grassy mound,  
 Nought but the cutting, groaning wind  
 Passed us by—with its taunts unkind,  
 And never an answer to our sighing  
 But the voice of this same east wind replying :  
     Not Spring, not Spring,  
     Is it mine to bring !  
     Winter is king.

Early this morn,  
 As the breezes blew,  
 Forth we sallied  
     To search anew,  
 Wending our way with hopeful look,  
 For the sky above us was blue.  
     When low at our feet  
     Up bubbled a brook,  
     Whose tinkling streams  
 Seemed to welcome with music sweet  
     Our anxious dreams.  
 We stood—and our hearts beat fast—  
 Surely a maiden flitted past !  
 Did not a maiden with kirtle gay—  
 Tell us, O brook—pass by this way ?  
 I scarce heard what the brook replied,  
     I bent my head to catch the sound,  
 And as I stooped—close by my side  
     A trembling violet I found :  
     A tiny flower that vainly tried  
     Its timid loveliness to hide.  
     A primrose touched my outstretched hand,  
     A merry flower and gay—  
 That rolled about in rollicking play,  
     By the breezes fanned,  
 Its face it laughingly upturned,  
 Meeting my glance all unconcerned.  
 So this was the answer the brook returned :  
 Seek her—Spring has passed by this way.

A hallowed place !  
     On bubbled the brook  
     With upturned face,  
 Scanning with rapt and radiant look  
     The heaven's space.

While the bright sun beams,  
 As they fell on its streams,  
     Did lovingly greet  
 The peaceful look  
 Of the glittering brook :  
     Heaven lay at our feet.  
 Only a moment that solemn hush—  
 Out burst like an unpent streamlet's gush  
     The song of a thrush.  
     And we knew his song  
     As it eddied along  
 The bushes and trees among,  
     For he sang of a nest  
     In which should rest  
 His mate, with her brood of young

Ah Swallow !  
 Whither goest thou,  
     O'er hill and hollow  
 In thy swift play darting ?  
     Knowest thou  
 That Winter is departing ?  
     " We know it, we know it ;  
 We are sure that we heard a voice  
     That told us, that told us  
 To twitter, and play, and rejoice.—  
     The voice of a blackbird, a blackbird,  
 Or the song of a boastful thrush,  
     And we smelt the perfume, the perfume  
 Of violets that blush.  
 There's a whisper in the trees  
     Tells us of a warm south wind !  
 Standing there perhaps agrees  
     With your meditative mind,  
 But, good sir, to stand at ease  
     Is not the way coy Spring to find."

So spake the swallow  
 (A bold bird he),  
 As he darted along to a tall elm-tree,  
     Bidding us follow.  
 Beneath the elm-tree lying,  
 With golden hair a-flying,  
     A maiden lay,—  
 A bright and joyous maiden

Whose eyes with love all laden  
 Seemed to say :  
 " Be glad, be joyful hearted " !  
 And straightway grief departed,  
 And we were gay  
 Until the elm-tree branches bare,  
 Above her head, recalled our care ;  
 But no ! some tiny leaves hung there.

A lamb at her feet  
 Surveyed us strangers with wistful bleat.  
 Said the swallow in laughter,  
 " Did not I tell you to follow after " ?  
 Ha ! ha ! have we caught thee ?  
 Fair girl, who has brought thee ?  
 O tell us we pray !  
 Long weeks our spirits, yearning,  
 Have waited thy returning :  
 We welcome thee to-day.  
 She raised her eyes with a pleased surprise,  
 But never an answer deigned to give,  
 And stretched her wand o'er the shining pond,  
 Bidding all nature live.  
 And that self-same hour,  
 Grass, tree, and flower  
 Sprang into new life around her ;  
 While with one long harmonious shout  
 The song of a thousand birds rang out.  
 'Twas thus we found her.

Winter is past ! Winter is past !  
 The earth is glad.  
 The reign of the old ice-king  
 Is over at last.  
 And the blithesome Spring,  
 Borne on the balmy air,  
 Is making our hearts less sad  
 With her smile so rare.

## OUR SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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It is not an uncommon resort of philosophical exponents of history when they light upon some political period, in which, although they see in it a great deal of action and movement, they cannot discover the needful "fundamental idea" from which to generalize, to describe such as a "transition stage." And if I now describe the present stage of our Society as one of transition, I flatter myself that in so doing I shall convey as clear an idea by the term as do many of those profound inquirers.

Outsiders, especially such as are devotees of music or debate, are wont to scoff at our Society, to deride and I am afraid deface its notices, and to abjure the sour grapes of field-days and soirées. To show that they have no connection with the concern they affect a supreme indifference to and ignorance of all science, but especially Natural History, in which, moreover, they recognize but one kingdom—*Insecta*, and one order—*Cimicidae*. There are many reasons for this animosity and the attempt to snub the growing institution. One no doubt is jealousy at its sudden increase of dimensions. For while the Society droned on with some thirty members and half-a-dozen visitors it was considered as in need rather of encouragement than repression. But at the very bottom no doubt lies the antagonism inherent in the disciples of Latin and Greek to the new fangled science which threatens to push them from their supremacy. Again our Society has the bulk of its ranks filled with the latest generations, and is not able to represent itself fully among those of long standing and consequent influence.

Of what nature then is our Society, and what is its composition? to use a Platonic formula.

The typical committee-man, it will be noticed, is not at present a man particularly of science. He is rather a versatile popular fellow who is always ready to support the president and treasurer, and who in the days of his simple membership distinguished himself by sound remarks and motions. He feels deeply his responsibilities as a member of the Scientific Society Committee, although he receives with some bashfulness the applause which greets his appearance in full waiterial costume on the occasion of a soirée.

The typical member, on the other hand, is less easy to describe, admitting as he does of several variations. There are perhaps two main types, the scientific and the un-

scientific. But each of these again admits of subdivision. For the former is either retiring and unobtrusive, and one who pays his subscription "ultra," or else (this second type is more rare) he is energetic and self-possessed to a degree, and is very useful in the way of supplying papers and proposing innumerable candidates for every office on every occasion. The unscientific member is less important, from our point of view at least; he either supports the Society as a School institution, or for the sake of a little importance and extra privilege. But let us do him full justice. It is he who almost invariably proposes the most sensible motions and offers the most valuable remarks. He is, as we noticed before, very likely to become one of the committee sooner or later.

The typical visitor has, I am afraid, less to be said in his favour. He comes too often out of mere curiosity, and is at the bottom of the noisy and even turbulent side of our Society, which now and then becomes rather too prominent. He especially fosters that empty desire for applauding which is not unfrequently observable in Big School when notices even of a nature by no means provocative of it are given out.

Let us now turn to the last though not least fact of our Society, its lecturers and their lectures. These may be classed under three heads. The lecturer of the first class too often coincides with the typical committee-man above. His paper is good of its kind, well written, and very fairly delivered; but it is got up too much like a school essay from books, and gives little if any original information. Still the best of this class of papers are often interesting, but alas! the worst are prosy in the extreme, consisting perhaps of long lists like British Museum catalogues of Latin and Greek technical names. The lecture of the second class corresponds to and is generally delivered by the typical member of the first sort. It is interesting in matter, though wanting in arrangement, and often poorly delivered. It is always accompanied by experiments fewer or more. In the latter case it generally verges too much on the third and last, which is wholly devoted to experimental philosophy. Its highest development is a gorgeous display of scientific fireworks, accompanied with startling flashes, and, if possible, explosions. I am sorry to confess that it is this which most effectually draws the typical visitor, and when it has brought him in "brings down the house" in boisterous and uproarious applause. I need hardly say, that I only attempt to describe the normal productions of actual rank and file members.

Now and then, thanks to the influence of our president and the College authorities, we are blessed with a hearing of men of world-wide fame. To conclude, I will only say that the great defect in the Society is that the whole burden at present rests on the shoulders of a few working members, and that original observers (for the essence of science is original observation) are wanted. Much is being done in this direction by the organization of the president, while the radical want of material must be supplied by education, partly within the Society and partly without.

A MEMBER.

### THE CLOSE OF DAY.

THE red-lit heavens are sighing  
 Their last farewell to the sun;  
 And the beauteous day is dying  
 And its race is almost run.  
 The winds of night wail sadly  
 As they sweep through the leafless trees,  
 And follow their wild course madly  
 Over the dreary leas.  
 The birds have ceased their singing,  
 The voice of Nature is stilled,  
 No more through the forest ringing  
 Those blithesome tones are trilled.  
 Fast, fast is the gloom descending,  
 The twilight passes away,  
 There is nought to cheer the ending  
 Of the sad departing day.  
 It is gone,—ay, gone for ever,  
 But oh! in its short-lived strife  
 How oft did the Parcae sever  
 The thread of a weary life!  
 What joy and hope and sorrow  
 Cease with its ceasing breath;  
 How many long for the morrow,  
 How many hope for death!  
 O brother when the day is done  
 If the night seems dark to thy soul,  
 Think on the morrow a glorious sun  
 Bright through the skies will roll.

G. F. R.

## A MEDLEY.

For all a rhetorician's rules,  
Teach nothing, but to name his tools.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

It was a bright Saturday afternoon in summer term. From the Close I heard the thud, thud of cricket balls as they were swiped from the nets spread down by College Road, and the "thank you, ball" of anxious bowlers eager to regain their seven-and-sixpenny worth of red leather. And where was I? Oh, I was in the Fifth School, locked up for the afternoon, or to speak technically "kept in" to learn a grammar lesson which I had failed to master—as usual—at its proper season. It was dull—very dull; and I was dull; for I am, even at the best of times, one of those dull boys who never see the good of learning what I don't understand. Now, for instance, there's this grammar lesson. What's the use of inventing rules—and what rules! when there are as many exceptions as instances often—rules which we never learn in learning our own mother tongue, and which as far as I can see confuse instead of clearing one's ideas. And why shouldn't I talk bad grammar? "Thank you ball," isn't that bad grammar? and if we are ungrammatical in English why not so in Greek?

Thus I went on, sometimes exclaiming aloud, more often in excited but silent cogitation, till the warm sun and uninteresting book made me drowsy, and I slept.

I slept, and, as I slept, methought I stood on some low mountain-top, I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place. I seemed aware that I was the last schoolboy on earth: all around were low graves of schoolmasters—a now extinct race—over whose turf whispered the rustling leaves of the silver birch, and the zephyrs bore to the spot the sweet murmurs of ornamental epithets. I stepped up to what appeared a grave-stone—no, it was a Latin Primer; but so thumbled by the fugitive years that the inscription was illegible. Hard by a Liddell and Scott sunken deep in the turf showed that its owner and it had long since left our already too-vexed world—and springing around all, like their humble sisters, the snowdrops in a churchyard, peeped the funereal Greek and Sanscrit roots, finding their last vegetating ground near those who had loved them so well.

While I was endeavouring to collect my senses and rally them for a concerted attack on the strange phenomena about me, I heard a strange murmuring of words, unintelligible indeed, but reminding me of many familiar sounds; as far as I could gather the irregular chant took this shape:—

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

Procumbit humi bos

Scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus

Præruptus aquæ mons,

Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδεται λᾶας ἀναίδης

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, παράντα τε δόχμα τ' ἤλθον.

Nascetur ridiculus mus.

As the pathetic dirge died on mine ear I looked, and behold! the very Onomatopœia stood before me clothed in white paper, mystic, wonderful. Branches she bore of the enchanted stem of οἰμῶξω παππαπαππαπαῖ, and many strange words. Therewith she touched me, and my eyes were opened, and I saw not far off one of those old Homeric paratactic structures, whose sharp turnings and difficult passages have been the misery of many an unhappy schoolboy. Methought too that loud voices, as in altercation, came from out it, and soon I saw a pair advance whose manner and words betrayed unto me their condition. Said Onomatopœia: "This goodly structure belongs to one Master Predicate and Subject his dame. Now a certain crafty Ἀττικὸν σχῆμα that hath long been whispered, at length reached the good dame's ears to this effect:—Master Predicate hath at unawares been carrying on a joint flirtation or Zeugma with two nouns substantive; and like the old knight Falstaff, did send unto them love-letters, copies of the same, which they comparing found to be a mere hendiadys or duplicate epistle. Waxing wrath thereat they tell Mistress Subject of her husband's unfaithfulness, and a fearful crisis hath been the result, whereof thou seest the consequence." Then did I perceive that the twain that came forth were the quarrellers. Subject, in a dishevelled asyndeton condition, levelled her scornful copula at her mate, and in wild notes of hyperbole uttered her reproaches. He, on the other hand, was all meiosis—in hopes of averting that dearest pain, revenge. "It was but an ellipsis, my deaf; remember that. Besides consider that I am only a tertiary predicate afflicted with severe prolepsis. And had it not been for the unhappy contretemps—quite a παραπροσδοκίαν to me, I assure you—this slanderous

rumour would never have thrown you into such a towering fit of the accusative absolute." His wife glowered at him, and was making as if to rush upon him with her main clause and tear him limb from limb. But Onomatopœia waved her magic stem, the vision passed, and all was plunged in the dim oblivion of Aposiopesis.

N. B.

## THE SKYLARK.

SAD? and the young year is lusty and free?  
 Weary? in frolick Spring's jubilee  
 Of breezy sun-gleam and gambolling showers?  
 Ah! what a world of a world is ours!

Rise, if for once, with the rising day—  
 Revel in laughter of light bright May,  
 Courage! forget those feverish hours,  
 Chase the dim, glimmering studies away!

For the sweet chill airs that play from the west  
 Just lift the light down on the skylark's breast,  
 Just loosen the dark drop that hangs o'er his nest,  
     And he flutters and wakes  
     And the dew he shakes  
 From his wings with a sudden note merrily,  
 And springs to undream all his dreams in the sky.

Pæan of glorious melodies!  
 Measureless measure of harmonies!  
 Wealth of the angel-carols heard  
 In the still thrilled echoes of Paradise,  
 When no man waketh, and hushed earth hears  
 Close, close—and never a leaf is stirred  
 Nor faint sound falters—saving alone  
 A windy choric undertone,  
 The deep diapason of rhythmic spheres.

Shed the rich dower of a wondrous word,  
 Carol thy sweet soul's minstrelsy,  
 Sing me the secrets of earth and sky,  
     Sing me of hope, when the heart is high,  
     Chant me of beauty, beauteous bird.

## SONG.

Up, up, I spring  
 On flickering wing —  
 Pours from my throbbing throbbing throat  
 Bursts of a melody honey sweet,  
 Steeped in the night's soft whispering,  
 Steeped full, till each eager, huddling note  
 Leaps unpent when the morn I meet  
 Floods the broad hollows of air along  
 Whirls me to heaven with eddying song.

Said ye that Orpheus with wonder of mirth  
 To shadow-charmed growths of the sea or the sod  
 Sounding reveillé afar and anear—  
 Marvellous voice as the voice of a god—  
 Swallow or kestrel would hang to hear?  
 Then, as divinity faded from sight,  
 Sullenly softened, the prowler of night  
 Loosened a prey that forgot to fear :  
 Yea, through the low-litten hell's deep girth  
 Lurid with flood of remorse that tossed  
 Restless—aye, e'en to the soul of the lost  
 Memory gleamed and a shadow of night,  
 Dreams through the dreamless dead-land crossed,  
 Dreams of a child in a painless earth.

I am Orpheus. I fling my lay  
 Over the hills to the sleeping day :  
 Betimes I bugle the warrior clouds  
 Shrilly and quickly and merrily.  
 And they spring from the star-charmed vapour-shrouds  
 Harnessed with gold of a gleaming ray,  
 Arms of amber and shafted fire,  
 Army, whose captain may never tire,  
 Serfs of the sun in a tented sky.  
 So I marshal the broken bars,  
 Raised to the vault from a low laid mist  
 And all the heaven with wonder whist  
 Yearns through their hollows with mild eyed stars.

But ever the self same song I sing,  
 Chanted to clouds by my sire's far sire,  
 When fretted with wings of cherubim  
 The rich sky rang with a carolling—  
 Peal of the first grand Christmas hymn.

ALAUDA JOCOSA.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

FROM EURIPIDES.

## I.

'TWERE well for men when first a babe draws breath,  
To meet and wail the woes that he must bear ;  
But to salute the soul that rests from care  
With songs and pæans on the path of death.

## II.

Who knows if that be life which we call death  
And life be dying—save alone that men  
Living bear grief, but when they yield their breath  
They grieve no more and have no sorrow then.

## III.

Let those who live do right ere death descendeth :  
The dead are dust ; mere nought to nothing tendeth.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

Alone of gods Death loves not gifts ; with him  
No sacrifice nor incense aught avails :  
He hath no altar and no holy hymn ;  
Prayer stands aloof from him ; Persuasion fails.

FROM PINDAR.

For them the night all through  
In that broad realm below  
The splendour of the sun spreads endless light :  
Mid rosy meadows bright,  
Their city of the tombs with incense trees,  
And golden chalices  
Of flowers, and fruitage fair,  
Scenting the breezy air,  
Is laden. There with horses and with play,  
With games and lyres they wile the hours away.

On every side around  
Pure happiness is found,  
With all the blooming beauty of the world :  
There fragrant smoke upcurled  
From altars, where the blazing fire is dense  
With perfumed frankincense  
Burned unto gods in heaven,  
Through all the land is driven,  
Making its pleasant places odorous  
With scented gales and sweet airs amorous.

P. M.

## EPITAPHS.

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I DON'T suppose that any one seeing the heading will go any farther, but if they get as far as this I will reassure them by vouching that these epitaphs will be new. I have tried them cautiously on different fellows to test their novelty. I have carefully led the conversation on to this precise subject, and at last with a careless, "I heard rather a rum one once, this," then comes the epitaph: "have you heard it?" And the answer in every single instance has been "No." With this slight preface and seeming apology for the worn out theme of my paper, I will begin my account of my wanderings in "God's acres" and some of the experiences thereof. Epitaphs are of many different kinds, simple and beautiful, *seemingly* comic, and those which are peculiar for the most part from the use of technical terms. I say *seemingly* comic, for in most instances of either of the latter kinds, the intention of the epitaph is serious though the mode of expression may be the very reverse. I don't suppose any of you know the *very* little village of Cymlldyr; it is not a likely place for any one to go to, for the simple reason that there are not more than twenty people living out of a radius of five miles of it that know of its existence. Bradshaw knows it not, nor the A B C. In the churchyard there, an epitaph written by a schoolmaster over his own grave, shows what remarkable Latin prose can be composed even out of school bounds, and also might furnish a philosopher with the thought of what slight grounds man's pride is based on. Here it is:—

Hic jacet ego, semel  
Templum Bellum-spelunca et apis-vallis  
sed nunc angelus.  
Fuit moderatus et caelebs,  
Obiit. 25th of August.

I do hope my readers can construe this. The author was evidently well pleased with his handiwork till he came to the date, then he preferred to imitate Little John and not shoot at all rather than miss. I shan't tell the dwelling places of my other heroes of this paper, because it is so tedious beginning nearly every new sentence with "In the little village of —," and somehow they were all in little

villages. The next is on a once, no doubt, well-known athlete of the last century. It begins—

On the 17th of January ——— started on his great race, only one other competing with him. From the first, however, his rival, though not the favourite, was looked to as probable winner, and the odds were in his favour. They started: at the end of the second lap ——— showed ahead, with his rival hanging close behind him; the third round ——— showed some slight signs of distress, but was still in front; during the run in, however, he dropped behind and succumbed to a splendid spurt, and Death proved an easy winner.

Time : 58 yrs. 7 m.

One gentleman is mourned in a very, to say the least of it, peculiar manner :—

Poor John  
Didn't stay long  
Died he  
At 23  
Again we ne'er  
Shall see his peer.

One would imagine the author of this to have been a reader of Hamlet, as in the last two lines you can trace a strong resemblance to a line in that play. William Wybrow's memory is sent down to posterity accompanied with a slight personal defect, for which, however, the chronicler apologizes :—

“ Here lieth the body of William Wybrow,  
Who passed this life without an eyebrow ;  
I certainly need not have told the same,  
But 'twas the only word would rhyme to his name.”

Perhaps the subject may have been the celebrated W. W., of whom it is written :—

Here lies the body of W. W.,  
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

Again, a Welshman expresses his opinion very forcibly. To explain the feminine pronoun, I believe it is a way they have in Wales :—

Her was a great painter,  
Her was a good saint, her  
Was.

I hope it will be observed with pleasure that I have omitted all mention of the many celebrated cooks who have had for their epitaph—

Peace to their (h)ashes.

of the many old ladies who always say, “ She died in the year 1000 ”—

“ Go thou and do likewise.”

But please, good reader mine, remember that when I exclude all these I render my task one of no slight difficulty, and therefore pardon me if I stop and conclude with a few more placed before you without remark :—

“ Not as when a violet fades  
All the air its soul pervades ;  
Soft away our sister passed ;  
Keeping all her beauty still,  
Rising to the heavenly hill,  
Found a perfect home at last.”

On a dog of the name of Devil :—

“ Poor Devil.”

On one named Sam :—

Here lies a little dog, alack !  
But very sure I am,  
If e'er an angel can be black,  
An angel then is Sam.

M. A. Y.

## A F R A G M E N T.

WHAT bliss awaits us in bleak winter's flight !  
'Tis like the dawning of a stormy night,  
When golden beams the rolling carpet cleave,  
The rollers roll themselves away, and leave  
The heaven cloudless, with a vagrant star  
Caught by the daylight, not a fleece to mar  
The morning smile, till, at a fitful change,  
Again the rollers o'er the vista range.  
So, when the storms and clouds of winter lift,  
And floods and whirlwinds down the horizon drift,  
And leave the genial spring to bud and flower  
With kindly sunshine and with kinder shower,  
Oft does the storm in sudden, cruel, whim,  
Whirl back on horrors and with tempest grim  
Blacken all nature's face ; and bid our hopes  
Hide their sad heads until the heaven opes.

B.

## H O N O U R S.

G. W. Rundall, Scholar of New College, Oxford.

## THE ATHLETICS.

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THE athletics were held this year upon Thursday and Friday, 23rd and 24th March. The Grand Stand was erected in its old position by the side of College Road. The weather on both days was as fine as could possibly have been desired, and the turf in capital running condition, which doubtless contributed to the excellence of the times. There was a large attendance of visitors on both days, although, as usual, the distribution of prizes on the second day attracted the greater number.

The stewards were—J. W. Bird, T. H. Warren, G. W. Rundall, W. E. Evill, C. W. Boyle.

Starters—H. G. Dakyns, Esq., Rev. P. A. Phelps, Rev. R. B. Poole, F. M. Bartholomew, Esq.

Mr. T. Elliot acted as judge.

I.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches.—First heat, (1) Gale, (2) Holmes. Second heat, (1) McArthur, (2) Swindell. Final heat, (1) Swindell, (2) Gale. Swindell led all the way and won by a couple of yards. Time, 12 secs.

II.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; prize given by W. F. Trimnell, Esq.—First heat, (1) Francis, (2) Moggridge. Second heat, (1) Richardson ma., (2) Strachan mi. Final heat, (1) Francis, (2) Moggridge. Won easily, but Strachan pressed Moggridge hard for second place. Time, 13 secs.

III.—HIGH JUMP; open to all; prize given by Rev. T. E. Brown.—(1) Evill, (2) Robinson. Evill however won this last year, so that Berrington ma. fell in for second prize. Height, 4 feet 11 inches.

IV.—QUARTER MILE; open to all. The trial heats of this were run off on the previous day, and resulted thus:—First heat, (1) Brunskill, (2) Boyle. Finney made the running hard for 300 yards, when he was passed by Brunskill and Boyle, who won easily. Second heat, (1) Waldo, (2) Washbourne mi. This heat started at a great pace, and Walsh, who was easily second, was so exhausted that he fell down within a yard of the winning post. Final heat, (1) Brunskill, (2) Boyle. Before the four running in this heat had got away 30 yards Waldo, who was outside, made for the ropes, and consequently fouling

against Brunskill, fell, and was practically out of the race. Boyle then made the running for about 100 yards, when he was passed by Brunskill, and in this order the winning post was reached, though Boyle spurted extremely well down the straight and finished only two yards behind Brunskill. Time, 55 secs.

V.—FLAT RACE; half mile; under 5 feet 5 inches.—(1) Baxter, (2) Gilmore. Baxter went away and soon led by a dozen yards, which he maintained throughout the race. The time, 2 min. 19 secs., was excessively good.

VI.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 4 feet 8 inches.—(1) Baker, (2) Haywood. Baker shows promise of becoming a fair runner.

VII.—FLAT RACE; 300 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches.—First heat, (1) Gale, (2) Brownlow ma. Second heat, (1) Warden ma., (2) Oliphant. Final heat, (1) Gale, (2) Warden ma. Won by 10 yards, a foot between Warden and Oliphant.

VIII.—FLAT RACE; 200 yards; Junior School.—First heat, (1) Francis, (2) Darling mi. Second heat, (1) Moggridge, (2) Woodburn. Final heat, (1) Francis, (2) Moggridge. A good race for second place, Woodburn being only beaten in the last 10 yards.

IX.—FLAT RACE; one mile; open to all; prize given by the Head Master; 29 entries.—This was the event of the day, and was looked forward to with unusual interest, as last year's winner had to contend against a new comer. (1) Lang, (2) Campbell, (3) Pearce mi. Lang took the lead at starting, and maintained an advantage of half-a-dozen yards for the first round; then Waldo passed him, but the previous winner showed evident signs of distress, and being passed in his turn by Lang, gave up at the commencement of the third round, as soon as he saw that he would have to content himself with second place. Lang passed the post amid general cheers 50 yards ahead of Campbell. Lang's running is particularly worthy of remark; he maintained an uniform pace throughout, and his style is extremely pretty. Time, 4 min. 53 secs., the fastest by 17 seconds of all on record here.

X.—FLAT RACE; half mile; Junior School; prize given by Rev. A. Kemble.—(1) Strachan, (2) Woodburn. Francis, who was the favourite, gave up after the first round; the finish was very good, Strachan winning in a good spurt. Time, 2 min. 38 secs.

XI.—HURDLE RACE; 120 yards; 10 flights; open to all.—First heat, (1) Evill, (2) Ffooks. Second heat, (1)

Finney, (2) Gribble, (3) Heath ma. Third heat, (1) Waldo, (2) Walsh. A second set of heats had to be run, resulting :—(1) Finney, (2) Evill, (3) Ffooks : (1) Walsh, (2) Waldo. Final heat, (1) Finney, (2) Waldo. Finney won this last year, and Walsh who ran second two years ago being third, the second prize fell to Evill. Time, 18 secs.

XII.—OLD CLIFTONIANS' RACE; quarter mile.—(1) A. Cox. Henderson, the winner of last year, was penalized 10 yards, and he was quite unable to gain upon the winner. H. S. Paul led at a rattling pace for about 300 yards, but on entering the straight was passed easily by Cox and Tovey; the latter made a good second. Time, 56½ secs.

XIII.—STEEPLE CHASE; under 5 feet 5 inches; 220 yards.—First heat, (1) Bird tert., (2) Campbell. Second heat, (1) Heath mi, (2) Hewson. Third heat, (1) Rankin, (2) Smith quarts. Final heat, (1) Bird tert., (2) Heath mi. An extremely bad course, being so curved that the winner of every heat was without any exception the fellow who had the inside hurdle. Heath took second prize two years ago, so it fell to Campbell.

XIV.—QUARTER MILE HANDICAP; reserved to members of choir and supernumerary choir; prizes given by W. F. Trimnell, Esq.—(1) Holmes, (2) Rücker. The winner got 35 yards start, Rücker 20; Robinson started from scratch and came up with a very good finish, passing the winning post only a yard behind Rücker.

#### SECOND DAY.

I.—FLAT RACE; quarter mile; (Junior School) open; prize given by Rev. B. Hartnell.—First heat, (1) Francis, (2) Darling mi. Second heat, (1) Woodburn, (2) Moggridge. Final heat, (1) Francis, (2) Moggridge. Francis won easily. Time, 1 min. 6 secs.

II.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; open to all; prize given by Rev. E. Harris.—First heat, (1) Brunskill, (2) Boyle†, Finney†. Second heat, (1) Gribble, (2) Heath ma. Third heat, (1) Waldo, (2) Walsh. Final heat, (1) Brunskill, (2) Boyle. A good race; Brunskill, however, had the lead all the way and won easily by a yard. Time, 10½ secs.

III.—HIGH JUMP; under 5 feet 2 inches.—(1) Tatham, (2) Brownlow mi. At first Brownlow mi. and Heath tert. tied for second place, but when they jumped it off the former won. Height, 4 feet 3 inches.

IV.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 5 feet 5 inches.—First heat, (1) Bird tert., (2) Campbell. Second heat, (1) Heath mi., (2) Oliphant. Third heat, (1) Strange, (2) Scott. Final heat, (1) Bird tert., (2) Heath mi. The closest race there was; won only by a few inches. As Heath took second place last year the prize fell to Campbell, who was third. Time, 11 secs.

V.—BROAD JUMP; open to all; prize given by J. Saunders, Esq.—(1) Brunskill, 19 feet 5 inches; Waldo, 17 feet 5 inches. Brunskill won by his first jump of 18 feet; this he afterwards improved by nearly a foot-and-a-half. This is the best jump on record here, being exactly a foot better than that of last year.

VI.—FLAT RACE; 200 yards; under 4 feet 8 inches.—(1) Haywood, (2) Borritt. Won easily. Time, 27 secs.

VII.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL; prize given by E. M. Oakeley, Esq.—(1) Boyle, (2) Tylecote. Distance, 103 yards. Boyle won last year, so Heath mi. came in for second prize. This is the best throw we have ever had here.

VIII.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; under 4 feet 6 inches.—(1) Duncan mi.†, Rideout†, Tyler tert.†, (2) Pill. Duncan was the winner of last year, and could not therefore take the prize. Tyler and Rideout ran again, when the former won easily.

IX.—FLAT RACE; half mile; open to all; prize given by E. C. Plant, Esq.—(1) Waldo, (2) Boyle. Time, 2 min. 9 secs. A very fast race; Lang led at first, but Waldo soon went to the front, and in the finish Boyle also passed Lang.

X.—HIGH JUMP; Junior School; open to all; prize given by Rev. R. B. Poole.—(1) Ball mi., (2) Bernard. Height, 4 feet 4 inches. The jumping for this was good, the winner clearing an inch more than was done in the jump under 5 feet 2 inches.

XI.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; under 4 feet 10 inches.—First heat, (1) Darling mi., (2) Beattie. Second heat, (1) Jones, (2) Strachan mi. Final heat, (1) Jones, (2) Darling. Time, 13 secs.

XII.—HURDLE RACE; 400 yards; open to all.—First heat, (1) Ffooks, (2) Finney. Second heat, (1) Waldo, (2) Tylecote. Final heat, (1) Ffooks, (2) Tylecote. In the final Finney did not start. Ffooks led, with Waldo second; just at the last hurdle Tylecote overtook Waldo, and as the latter fell over that hurdle he easily secured second place.

**XIII.—VISITORS' RACE; 400 yards; hurdle race.—**  
 (1) Henderson. Time, 64 secs. Henderson won easily.

**XIV.—CONSOLATION RACE; 200 yards; open to all.—**  
 (1) Gribble, (2) Heath ma. Finney was a good third.

**XV.—CONSOLATION RACE; 200 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches.—**(1) McArthur.

After all was over the Rev. J. Percival distributed the prizes. The Challenge Cup was carried off by R. F. Brunskill, who was first in the quarter mile, 100 yards, and broad jump.

## BIG-SIDE RUNS.

**MARCH 9TH.**—The hares started from the Downs, and on reaching Penpole Point made a détour through a few fields and came out on the Blaize Castle road. Passing through the wood they crossed King's Weston Down, and in the run home struck to the right, coming out by the Trym, as in the House runs. It was an easy and uninteresting run.

*Hares*,—Pearce ma. (D.H.).... } 4 h. 40 m.  
                   Pearce mi. (D.H.).... }

*Came in.*

|                     |    |    |    |                    |    |    |    |
|---------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|----|----|
|                     | h. | m. | s. |                    | h. | m. | s. |
| Campbell (D.H.).... | 4  | 47 | 0  | Hewson (D.H.) .... | 4  | 47 | 12 |
| Cluer (S.H.).....   | 4  | 47 | 2  |                    |    |    |    |

*Under Fifteen.*

Penny mi. (D.H.) .. .. 4h. 56m.

**MARCH 14TH.**—This, the last run, was over the long Penpole course, nearly the same as the second run of this season. After reaching the Point the hares went on over an immense number of fields, and finally turning made their way towards Henbury, and came home through Henbury and Westbury. A hard and tiring run, there being a jump at nearly every field.

*Hares*,—Don (S.H.)..... } 4 h. 47 m. 3 s.  
                   Cluer (S.H.) .....

*Came in.*

|                     |    |    |    |                    |    |    |    |
|---------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|----|----|
|                     | h. | m. | s. |                    | h. | m. | s. |
| Campbell (D.H.).... | 4  | 53 | 15 | Hewson (D.H.) .... | 4  | 59 | 8  |
| Pearce ma. (D.H.).. | 4  | 57 | 0  | Claxton (T.) ..... | 5  | 1  | 10 |

*Under Fifteen.*

Penny mi. (D.H.) ....., 5 h. 4 m. 4 s.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

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Mr. Poole's History Prize has been gained by T. H. Warren. Highly distinguished:—A. R. Cluer and C. W. Boyle.

The first drawing for the House fives matches has resulted thus:—

|              |   |          |   |          |
|--------------|---|----------|---|----------|
| School House | } | Brown's  | } | Harris's |
| Town         | } | Dakyna's | } |          |

**HAND FIVES TIES OPEN**—Prize given by Mrs. K. Wait:—

## *First Drawing.*

|              |   |                         |   |                             |
|--------------|---|-------------------------|---|-----------------------------|
| Fairbanks    | } | Warren                  | } | Pearce ma.                  |
| beat Evill   | } | beat Luxton (scratched) | } | beat Bush ma.               |
|              |   | Strange                 | } | Claxton                     |
|              |   | beat Heath mi.          | } | beat Fell                   |
| Brownlow ma. | } |                         |   | Blanshard                   |
| beat Finney  | } |                         |   | beat Wilson ma. (scratched) |

In this drawing Rücker and Prinsep were by an oversight omitted.

## *Second Drawing.*

|               |   |                |   |              |
|---------------|---|----------------|---|--------------|
| Fairbanks     | } | Warren ma.     | } | Rücker       |
| beat Brownlow | } | beat Strange   | } | beat Claxton |
|               |   | Pearce ma.     | } | Prinsep      |
|               |   | beat Blanshard | } |              |

## *Third Drawing.*

|           |  |             |   |              |
|-----------|--|-------------|---|--------------|
| Fairbanks |  | Warren ma.  | } | Pearce ma.   |
|           |  | beat Rücker | } | beat Prinsep |

## *Fourth Drawing.*

|           |  |                 |   |
|-----------|--|-----------------|---|
| Fairbanks |  | Warren ma.      | } |
|           |  | beat Pearce ma. | } |

The final tie between Fairbanks and Warren, and the tie between the winner and Boyle, the previous winner, handicapped, have still to be played.

Bat-five ties:—

## *First Drawing.*

|               |   |                 |   |            |   |            |
|---------------|---|-----------------|---|------------|---|------------|
| Stutfield     | } | Brownlow        | } | Rawlinson  | } | Fell       |
| beat Tylecote | } | beat Berrington | } | beat Evill | } | beat Heath |

## *Second Drawing.*

|                |   |           |
|----------------|---|-----------|
| Stutfield      | } | Brownlow  |
| beat Rawlinson | } | beat Fell |

*Third Drawing.*

Stutfield  
Brownlow (scratched) }

The remaining between Stutfield and Boyle, the previous winner, handicapped, has still to be played.

The following are the marks obtained for the Big-Side Run Cup, 25 being full marks :—

|                 |    |    |    |     |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-----|
| Cluer (S.H.)    | .. | .. | .. | 24½ |
| Campbell (D.H.) | .. | .. | .. | 20½ |
| Pearce (D.H.)   | .. | .. | .. | 19, |

The Houses have gained prizes at the Athletics as follows :—

## OPEN EVENTS.

School House: Mile, first; throwing the cricket ball, second and third; hurdle race, quarter mile, second; high jump, third.

Town: Half mile, first; hurdle race, quarter mile, first; broad jump, second; hurdle race, 120 yards, second.

Brown's: Quarter mile, first and second; half mile, second; high jump, second; broad jump, first; throwing cricket ball, first; hundred yards, first and second.

Dakyn's: High jump, first; hurdle race, 120 yards, first; mile, second and third.

*Under 5 ft 5 in.*

School House: Half mile, first: steeple chase, first and second; hundred yards, first and second.

Town: Half mile, second.

Dakyn's: Steeple chase, third; hundred yards, third.

As it may not be generally known, we here give the scale of marks by which the Challenge Cup is gained :—

|                          | FIRST. | SECOND. |
|--------------------------|--------|---------|
| Mile .. .. .             | 18     | 6       |
| 100 yards .. .. .        | 15     | 3       |
| Half mile .. .. .        | 12     | 4       |
| Quarter mile .. .. .     | 12     | 5       |
| High Jump .. .. .        | 7½     | 3       |
| Broad Jump .. .. .       | 7½     | 3       |
| Hurdle Race .. .. .      | 12     | 4       |
| Steeple Chase .. .. .    | 13½    | 5       |
| Throwing Cricket Ball .. | 6      | 2       |

The following are the marks of the first six for the Challenge Cup :—

|                  |    |     |               |    |     |
|------------------|----|-----|---------------|----|-----|
| Brunskill (B.H.) | .. | 34½ | Boyle (B.H.)  | .. | 18  |
| Waldo (T.)       | .. | 19  | Ffooks, (T.)  | .. | 13½ |
| Lang (S.H.)      | .. | 18  | Finney (D.H.) | .. | 12  |

Since the Challenge Cup was established in 1867 the following have held it :—

1867—E. F. S. Tylecote  
1868—N. Lucas  
1869—E. J. Davies

1870—E. J. Davies  
1871—R. F. Brunskill

Since last number the School House Debating Society have discussed the following motions :—

MARCH 11TH.—“The Germans converted war into business, and made peace like rapacious attorneys.”—Carried by 1.

MARCH 25TH.—“The system of election by ballot is a bad one.”—Carried by 3.

The Old Fellows' match will be on May 29th—Whit-Monday.

On Sunday, March 26th, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Madras preached in the Chapel from 2nd Corinthians, v., 14.

## DEBATING SOCIETY.

MARCH 18TH.—The subject was—

“*Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μὲν ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.*”

(We boast to be far better than our sires). Proposed by Cluer, seconded by Don, opposed by Warren. Speakers for the motion,—Cluer, Don, Leonard, Rücker\*, Prinsep; against, Warren, Bird ma. On a division the numbers were—For the motion 6, against 2; the motion was therefore carried by 4.

Rücker was elected member of the Society.

APRIL 1ST.—The subject was, “A Conservative reaction is beneficial and necessary to a nation.” Proposed by Cluer, seconded by Warren, opposed by Wilson. The speakers were—For the motion, Cluer and Warren; against, Wilson and Leonard. Owing to the absence of all the rest of the Society there was no division, although the debate was well sustained by the few present.

\* Visitor.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 10TH.—The fourth meeting for the term was held on Friday, March 10th. The President informed the Society that the committee had elected J. Perry, Esq., and Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, of Bitton, honorary members, and alluded to the recent loss the Society had sustained by the death of Dr. Symonds, an honorary member of the Society. D. Pearce next read an interesting paper on

the mole (*Talpa Europæa*), illustrated with specimens and diagrams. J. C. Prinsep then gave a lecture on "English Architecture," exhibiting a number of well-executed illustrations. A few remarks were made on the lecture by the President and Rev. J. Greene. The two following propositions, brought forward by the Rev. J. Greene, were both passed unanimously:—1. "That members be invited, when in their power, to present donations of specimens to the College Museum, such donations to be acknowledged in the Society's transactions." 2. "That members be requested to bring for exhibition at the meetings of the Society specimens of Natural History and illustrations of Natural and Physical Science in general." The Society then proceeded to elect *directors* for the Chemical and Physical sections in the places of G. F. Rodwell, Esq., and J. Perry, Esq., who had declined these offices. For the Chemical section W. A. Smith was elected, and for the Physical section W. J. Wood.

MARCH 31ST.—The fifth meeting for the term was held on March 31st in the Physical Lecture room. There were 79 members and visitors present. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, F. L. Penney read a paper on the "Carboniferous Limestone," exhibiting in illustration numerous fossils. G. F. Rodwell, Esq., then delivered a lecture on "Energy Potential and Actual." M. J. Ward next read an interesting paper on "Curious Nests," illustrated with several well executed diagrams. This is the first paper that has been read by a member of the Junior School. The Rev. J. Greene then stated that all papers must be placed in the hands of the Secretary as soon after being read as possible, in order to facilitate the work of the editing committee.

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## BIG-SIDE LEVEE.

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At a Big Side Levée held March 17th the following motions were passed:—

That in bat and hand fives competitions previous winners be handicapped and allowed to play.

That they be first handicapped 5, and 3 more for every additional time they win the prize.

That all School fives ties may be played in any court, as the players themselves may arrange.

## CRICKET.

The following is the score of a pick-up played on March 14th and 18th.

| 1st Innings.                        |     |     | 2nd Innings.      |     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------|-----|-----|
| G. W. Rundall, c A. Bird, b Lang    | ... | 8   | run out...        | ... | 17  |
| H. G. Tylecote, c Fairbanks, b Lang | ... | 1   | c sub. b. Lang    | ... | 1   |
| H. Warner, l b w, b Lang            | ... | 2   | c Luxton, b Heath | ... | 0   |
| C. J. Stutfield, b Heath            | ... | 0   | b Heath           | ... | 0   |
| J. Darley, h w, b Lang              | ... | 0   | b Lang            | ... | 1   |
| A. Risdon, b Lang                   | ... | 6   | b Lang            | ... | 0   |
| W. Rawlinson, b Lang                | ... | 4   | not out           | ... | 8   |
| W. Robinson, c and b Lang           | ... | 2   | absent            | ... | ... |
| E. Bush, not out                    | ... | 1   | b Lang            | ... | 1   |
| A. Groom, c Bird, b Lang            | ... | 0   | c Lang, b Heath   | ... | 0   |
| W. Bird, absent                     | ... | ... | absent            | ... | ... |
| Wide 1                              | ... | 1   | Wides 2, l b 1    | ... | 3   |

Total ... .. 25      Total ... .. 31

|                                    |     |     |    |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|----|
| W. Fairbanks, b Tylecote           | ... | ... | 3  |
| J. Heath, b Risdon                 | ... | ... | 0  |
| C. W. Boyle, b Robinson            | ... | ... | 14 |
| S. Finney, c Stutfield, b Tylecote | ... | ... | 50 |
| T. W. Lang, b Risdon               | ... | ... | 29 |
| A. Niblett, run out                | ... | ... | 7  |
| J. Luxton, b Stutfield             | ... | ... | 0  |
| A. Bird, b Stutfield               | ... | ... | 0  |
| J. Key, c and b Tylecote           | ... | ... | 3  |
| R. F. Washbourne, not out          | ... | ... | 1  |
| Byes 3, w 2, l b 2                 | ... | ... | 7  |

Total ... .. 114

## NORTH v. SOUTH.

Played on March 30th and April 1st. In the first innings of the North the bowling of Risdon was extremely good, but he excelled himself in the second innings, when he performed the feat of taking four wickets in one over. Lang, Tylecote, J. Heath, and A. Bird batted well. The match ended in a draw, leaving the South, with four wickets down, 73 to win.

| 1st Innings.                |     |    | 2nd Innings.        |     |    |
|-----------------------------|-----|----|---------------------|-----|----|
| T. W. Lang, b Risdon        | ... | 23 | b Dryland           | ... | 6  |
| R. P. Washbourne, b Dryland | ... | 1  | b Risdon            | ... | 0  |
| W. Rawlinson, b Risdon      | ... | 10 | b Risdon            | ... | 0  |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Bird      | ... | 23 | c sub., b Dryland   | ... | 0  |
| J. Heath, b Risdon          | ... | 17 | b Risdon            | ... | 22 |
| W. Robinson, b Dryland      | ... | 1  | b Risdon            | ... | 14 |
| A. Bird, c and b Bird       | ... | 18 | b Risdon            | ... | 0  |
| J. Darley, b Dryland        | ... | 12 | c Luxton, b Risdon  | ... | 7  |
| J. B. Heath, c and b Bird   | ... | 0  | not out             | ... | 1  |
| A. Groom, not out           | ... | 2  | b Risdon            | ... | 0  |
| A. Pearce, b Bird           | ... | 1  | b Risdon            | ... | 0  |
| Wides 1, n b 1, l b 2, b 2  | ... | 0  | Wides 2, b 2, l b 1 | ... | 5  |

Total ... .. 114

Total ... .. 55

## SOUTH.

| 1st Innings.                        |    | 2nd Innings.           |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|------------------------|----|
| G. W. Rundall, c Robinson, b Lang   | 14 | not out ... ..         | 19 |
| A. Niblett, b Tylecote ... ..       | 4  | run out ... ..         | 2  |
| Dryland, run out ... ..             | 5  | b Lang ... ..          | 4  |
| J. Luxton, c Darley, b Tylecote ... | 0  | not out ... ..         | 13 |
| C. Strange, b Lang ... ..           | 2  |                        |    |
| H. Warner, c Robinson, b Tylecote   | 0  |                        |    |
| A. Risdon, b Tylecote ... ..        | 0  |                        |    |
| W. Bird, b Lang ... ..              | 0  |                        |    |
| R. E. Bush, c and b Lang ... ..     | 5  |                        |    |
| J. Key (sub.) ... ..                | 3  | (sub.) b J. Heath ...  | 4  |
| W. Fairbanks, not out ... ..        | 4  | b J. Heath ... ..      | 0  |
| Byes, 6, 1 b 1 ... ..               | 6  | Wide 1, b 9, 1 b 2 ... | 12 |
| Total ... ..                        | 43 | Total ... ..           | 54 |

## LIBRARY.

The following is a list of books added to the Library :—

| By the LIBRARY COMMITTEE—                                     | VOLS. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Lord Bacon's Works .. .. .                                    | 7     |
| Jowett's Plato .. .. .                                        | 4     |
| Matthiæ's Greek Grammar .. .. .                               | 2     |
| Kennedy's Translation of Demosthenes .. .. .                  | 1     |
| Crusius' Homeric Lexicon (Arnold) .. .. .                     | 1     |
| Cicero's Verrines (Zumpt) .. .. .                             | 1     |
| “ De Finibus (Madvig) .. .. .                                 | 1     |
| “ De Officiis (Alan) .. .. .                                  | 1     |
| “ Pro Sestio (Halm) .. .. .                                   | 1     |
| Tacitus (Orelli, 1st vol.) .. .. .                            | 1     |
| Livy (Madvig) .. .. .                                         | 7     |
| Latin Proverbs and Quotations (Henderson) .. .. .             | 1     |
| Becker's Gallus .. .. .                                       | 1     |
| “ Charicles .. .. .                                           | 1     |
| Altenglische Sprachproben (Mätzner) .. .. .                   | 2     |
| Holy Roman Empire (Bryce) .. .. .                             | 1     |
| Bishop Burnet's History of his own times .. .. .              | 6     |
| Wright's Dante .. .. .                                        | 1     |
| Evelyn's Diary .. .. .                                        | 1     |
| Robertson's Works .. .. .                                     | 6     |
| By the Rev. H. J. WISEMAN and M. J. BARRINGTON-WARD,<br>Esq.— |       |
| German Dictionary .. .. .                                     | 7     |
| Maximi Tyrii Dissertationes .. .. .                           | 1     |
| Homer's Odyssey and Hymns .. .. .                             | 1     |
| By C. J. PELLE, Esq.—                                         |       |
| Mayor's Juvenal .. .. .                                       | 1     |

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of "The Cliftonian."*

SIR,—Since the appearance of the last *Cliftonian* I have had several opportunities of discussing the *pros* and *cons* in the question of rowing being made a School institution. I have discussed the question with nearly all classes in the School, and have found no decided objection to it. The only objection brought forward by any one is that it *might* interfere with cricket. I don't think that it would. I think that cricket would flourish just as well if rowing was also encouraged. If rowing were to become a School institution I don't think that the rowing class of fellows would recruit itself from the cricketing class by any means. It is an undoubted fact that there is a set of fellows in the School who are quite out of their element as soon as the football season is over. They don't go to runs and they don't play cricket. They wander about moodily with their hands in their pockets, and remark occasionally to any one who will listen to them that they never heard of such a "slow" place as Clifton. I think that this class ought most assuredly to have something to do. It is very hard upon them to see others enjoying themselves in ways which appear to them uninteresting. Can the Sixth form not take their case up? I know many Sixth fellows who would be very glad to see rowing a School institution. I feel convinced that the School would feel very thankful to the Sixth if they could help them in the matter.

But now to look at rowing from another point of view, some people say that the river is not fit to be rowed upon. This statement I flatly contradict. It is urged only by those whose acquaintance with the Avon is limited to that part of it which is below Bristol. Let all who hold this opinion go up the river and learn what it actually is before employing their prejudices as an argument. When I took up my pen to write this letter I did not intend to argue the question, but simply to try to describe the river in such a way that those who know nothing about it may be induced to make an effort to get a master to take them up. Within the last few weeks a master has been so kind as to take me up the river several times, and each time I have come back

with a better opinion of our river than that with which I started. Capital boats are to be got at Bristol Bridge. On any afternoon but Saturday you can nearly always find some of the best boats disengaged. The worst part of the river is, I think, the first five or six hundred yards from the starting place. After that the water begins to improve gradually for about a mile and a half till you get past the last work by the side of the river, and then you are quite in the country. I may be accused of passing over this part very quickly—in fact, too quickly. Such is not my intention. The river for the first half mile is abominably dirty, and for some distance above that is not to be called clean. In addition to the water being so dirty, very unsavoury odours sometimes assail your nostrils, at intervals, for the first mile as you pass through the parish of St. Philip's. After the first mile or so you come into the fresh air of the country. The water here is beautifully clear, and if the weather is fine everything is very enjoyable. At one bend of the river a railway passes very near it, and to strengthen the banks it has been found necessary to build some arches which are now covered with ivy, which gives them a very romantic and pleasing appearance—quite unlike the matter-of-fact appearance of an ordinary railway embankment. After this the river is of the most pleasing description. A short distance above the ivy-covered arches is a landing for boats called "Beese's Tea Gardens." The "Tea Gardens" are three and a half miles from Bristol, so it is just a suitable distance there and back for an afternoon. It is quite easy to go up this length any half holiday after call over, and to be back by lock up. In conclusion, I hope that my very brief description of the river may induce some people to explore it, and I can promise that they will not be disappointed with it. Apologising for occupying so much of your space,

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

R. W. W.

GENTLEMEN,—Among sundry other objectionable characteristics of the place, I cannot refrain from calling attention to one which is a positive disgrace to the School. Fellows who don't go to the Gymnasium have to attend drill at certain hours in the week; and one would be simply ashamed to see a stranger anywhere near the Chapel while the farce of drilling is being carried on. People who know what drill is even at private schools would be obliged to admit that our attempt at it here beats anything they have

ever met with. Some one without a vestige of authority is sent to stand and bawl a few words at two or three irregular and erratic lines of fellows : facetious members of the Junior School, and often others, amuse themselves by repeating the "words of command"—do they deserve the name?—to the total bewilderment of the senses of the would-be drilled ; and the fellows themselves are as careless and lackadaisical while under the operation as any forty or fifty could well be, if they expended all their energies on becoming so. Any decent man would make more out of the sheep in the Close. Either let us have the thing done well and properly, and let us see some improvement in the carriage and gait of the most awkward squad that ever stepped ; or else do away with it altogether, and put a stop to that which at once offends the eyes of a looker on, and would make the College ridiculous to outsiders.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

C. B.

SIR,—Once upon a time, very long ago indeed, there were in the gallery of the fives courts certain pegs on which a fellow could hang his coat while he was playing. At that time it was possible to enjoy a game at fives without coming away with a coat covered with dust and mud. But for long all those pegs have been broken, and every one who leaves anything in the gallery is sure to find it trampled on and spoilt. It would be no trouble and next to no expense to have those pegs restored, and though but a little matter in itself, the fact of having one's clothes protected from dust adds greatly to the pleasure of a game at fives. Hoping that the proper authorities will pay some attention to my proposal,

I remain, yours truly,

N. T. E.

## DRAMATIC WRITING.

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"ITEM.—'That the Theatre is the best popular educator.'"

CHATTERTON'S "WILL."

CLIFTON ought to take more than an ordinary interest in what Parliament calls Elementary Education. We are near neighbours to a centre of commerce: we patronise a Bristol Ragged School: we are represented at the Bristol School Board. Therefore I make no excuse in introducing the following paper, which treats of a powerful, though neglected means of popular education.

Some months ago England, in consequence of continental disturbances, was favoured with a visit from the Sociétaires of the Comédie Française. The superior style and organization of their performance, contrasted with the present ebb of the British drama, gave new force to a feeling of discontent which had already begun to exist. Those who wish to know the immediate causes of this decay may read Tom Taylor's article in the *Dark Blue* for August. He inquires into the faults of actors; the failure of refined representation. I wish to look rather to the causes why dramatic composition of all kinds has so fallen in the present day; and for this reason, that as the lower classes become more capable of intellectual diversion the stage will probably be more in demand, and may be—I do not hesitate to say will be—looked upon as a powerful engine for purposes of education. Elementary instruction the mass may get at school: elementary education—the instruction of the moral nature—they will hardly receive at school; they are more likely to receive at the theatre.

Why has the standard of the drama fallen? Dramas are written for stage managers; and stage managers regulate their choice by the taste of the audience: therefore the taste of the audience has fallen; or what is the same thing the audience is composed of a lower set than formerly. Twenty years ago everybody but a methodist went to see Macready: to-day it is not everybody who will go to see Formosa. "Starring" in the old world

and the new: long "runs" of 211 nights: "one-part" pieces for special actors: the "puppet" style which leaves all to scenery and situation, nothing to passion or art: the false statesmanship of removing the patents that guaranteed high art in a few theatres: all these are mentioned by Mr. Taylor as causes of decline.

Every one looks to his own interest: it is the first fact of nature. "Stars" find it pays best to go the round of the provinces, thus swamping the petty actors on country stages. Managers save money and labour by giving up as much as possible to machinery and stage effect, and driving their performers to bargains for some important part for the "run." Thus the reason why the writing of dramas has fallen is threefold: first, character is not wanted by managers, for the audience care more for plot and excitement than study of character: secondly, if the writer be so lucky as to have a special actor to write a piece for, he can only introduce one really powerful part; the rest must be puppets, and so the *ensemble* and symmetry which requires contrast is lost: thirdly, there is not the same inducement for a good author to spend his labour in writing plays.

This last point needs perhaps a little explanation. We do not mean to say that clever men do not write for the stage, but that the number of them is less than it would be if the stage were to take a higher position. Competition among play-wrights has given place to competition between play-wrights as a class and other similar, and, so to speak, upstart professions. Dramatic authors are hard put to it by other caterers for the public taste. Now-a-days we go to novels for romance: we look for wit in Punch, for satire in the "Saturday," for character at the Academy. Elizabethan authors would have dramatized Lothair; Shakespeare would have found it pay him better to hand over the Merry Wives of Windsor for publication in three volumes by Macmillan and Co.

The pith of the question is this: has the theatre any mission at all in the nineteenth century? Is its business done better by novels, papers, and the academy? I think not. I think there is an indefinable something that we should lose if we gave up the stage and devoted ourselves to the others. I grant that a historical picture has this advantage over a historical play, that the main figures and the subordinate figures are by the same master-hand, and so the conception is more fully bodied forth. But the picture must limit itself to one supreme moment: the play

can carry the action through five acts. Again the novel compasses more than the play. We are shown the inner thoughts of men, the writer's comments upon them; all kinds of life may be written of; few kinds of life can be enacted. Una and her lion could never appear on the boards; but sympathy with brutes is a distinct phase of human character nevertheless. But allowing all this the stage can yet produce a vivid series of pictures, living, speaking, moving; the novel if read aloud is generally read like a lesson in chapel in a didactic style. The stage in its free unshackled state groups a few figures in the foreground, contrasting their chief traits, showing the natural outcome in fact of the ideals they imitate, and leaving a branded impression of reality that is not easily forgotten. A novel—even a good one—falls far short in its impression, generally embraces more characters and contrasts them less, and takes a week or more in the reading. It is not easy to touch the imagination except through the eye,

Because things seen are mightier than things heard.

In fact any one knows that in two hours he can grasp every salient point of every character in Hamlet if he has seen it acted; it may take two or three day's meditation to free oneself from the sequence of pages and print, and absorb it into the mind from mere reading. Therefore if I wished to express my idea of the nature of stage culture as compared with that of the "upstart professions" which seem likely to oust it, I could hardly do so better than by the algebraical formula:—

Impression of novels + that of pictures +  $x$  = Impression of drama.

The drama, as a whole, is greater than the sum of the parts into which it has split: and the unknown quantity  $x$  represents that vividness of impression produced by bodying forth the plot and by making a series of scenes. So that even as an instrument of amusement the stage if fairly treated is worthy of holding its own, because its effect cannot be wholly supplied by other means.

But has it a political mission also? This is a harder question, and I leave it to statesmen to answer. In England the newspapers and quarterlies wield public opinion—and many good men repent the powerful influence of them. The rate at which leading articles and essays are produced prohibits any competition by the stage in this particular way. The theatre could never teach us politics like *The Times*; but it might do so like

itself. For instance, the use and abuse of trades' unions and other political agencies might be exemplified; the radical idler who longs for innovation because it may serve his turn: the bigoted tory who opposes change because his own interest will have to subserve the public good; these might be shown in their true colours. And yet I do not wholly advocate this. Party spirit runs high already; and our statesmen are beginning to show their mistrust of its efficacy by deprecating party debate in our great questions. Only great questions could be produced on the stage.

Yet smart sallies on politics have formed and probably always will form part of the theatrical stock in trade; the object of them being not instruction but diversion; generally humouring the taste of the audience, never attempting to insinuate unpalatable maxims. But this, if a fault, is one which is not chargeable to play-wrights alone. No professional man who disguises his political opinions in deference to his clients or patients, or whatever they may be: no shopman who votes in deference to his patrons, nor tenant to his lord, has any right to sneer at the time-service of literature.

A more serious charge against our play-writers is that they do not even give us such plots as, with all the drawbacks of circumstances, might still be produced. The author is restricted to a one-part piece, with generally one sensation scene, and a limited standard of intellect in the audience. But even this leaves some scope. "There is no tragedy so intense as that of a single soul." The single soul need not be that of an unprincipled nor of an incoherent, unreal hero: still less need any demoralized sentiment be introduced, even if the villain is punished in the end; for the pit and gallery contain Englishmen with intellect enough to see the beauty of virtue, and morality enough to heartily approve it; as for the other part of the audience it may be left to defend itself.

But what is the usual style of new dramas? Not often historical. *'Twixt Axe and Crown* I except, as also other plays by its gifted author. But the usual style of thing is a romance demanding "situations," where a sensation scene, such as the underground railway, the rising of the tide, and many such may excite the audience, but the characters either are not worth study or beyond it. By "beyond study" I refer to out of the way characters taken from romantic spots, as Niagara, Madagascar, or the like, to which places actors can never go to study their parts,

and where (except for the sake of the scenery) it is very immaterial that the plot should be located.

To explain my meaning better I will give an instance. Those who have been at Clifton during the holidays will remember that Miss Bateman performed as Leah and Mary Warner in August last. The contrast between these two plays is just that between the picturesque and the real, between Styria and London. The author of Leah has attempted the weirdness of Undine, and the rusticity of the Shepherd's Calendar: he has failed of course; but even his incomplete ideas are mangled, for the actors fail to seize them. Certainly Miss Bateman has done her best to give reality to an unreal part; but no thanks to the author for that. The only touch of striking truth in the plot of the piece is that of the old Jew, whose hearing is made acute by blindness, and who detects the footsteps of Leah and the voice of Nathan the Apostate.

The villain of the play is a villain indeed. We hear his soliloquies, but he never trembles conscience-stricken as Macbeth: it is an insult to any audience to think they can believe in the existence of such a character. The rest are either dupes or innocents, or, what is worse, musical villagers, whose sole business is to sing in church to the parson, out of church to the magistrate—except when they stop the chorus to cudgel a Jew.

Now it is plain that either the author of Leah has a poor conception of Styria, or Styrian villagers are very unlike ordinary people. In either case you can't expect the whole *troupe* of actors to go into Styria to study their parts: and even if they could, I doubt if their efforts would be appreciated.

Turn next to Mary Warner. It is written by Tom Taylor, and represents the trials of a working man's wife. George Warner, her husband, a true picture of the fierce, brusque honesty of his class, is hurt that his masters have borrowed a suggestion of his about a machine and made a selfish profit of it. He first taxes them with their shabbiness, and then characteristically asks for a loan of £20 to go to America. His wife, unknown to him, calls afterwards for the same purpose. Bob Levitt, a discharged comrade, steals the master's cash-box, and suspicion falls on George. When the police are about to arrest the "Englishman in his castle" his wife, in an agony of confused motives, says she did the crime. George of course believes it when he finds she has been there. Hence he refuses to see her in prison, till Milly Rigg, who

has appeared in the first act as a light-hearted, frivolous girl, shows her underlying goodness by begging Warner to go. This dialogue is masterly: the curt, simple language; with its deep Saxon strength. Husband and wife meet, the one behind prison bars which he himself had been employed to rivet, full of every bitter association; the other—and it requires all Miss Bateman's powers to realize the part—full of the yearning after separation, the unconfessed consciousness of a great self-sacrifice. It is a tragedy of errors: each believes the other guilty, and they part in mutual misunderstanding. Warner rises in the world, becomes a gentleman. But from the first interview Mary will see no more of him.

Milly Rigg has married Levitt, whom stifled conscience has ruined; he is a drunkard, and his child is dying. Mary Warner released from prison finds Milly working her fingers to the bone to buy medicine for the child. To help her friend Mary gives her her own wedding ring to pawn. Then comes a touch of nature: Milly on her way sees a gentleman (George Warner) pull out his purse: in the uncertainty of an unprincipled but generous nature, she seizes it, in order that she may be able to restore the wedding ring to Mary. She is pursued: and in a fit of fear gives the purse to Mary and escapes. Bob Levitt enters drunk. Here is another trait of truth: when he finds Mary Warner in the room he is at once sobered by surprise, and blurts out, "Know you? Good God! I wish I had never known you." When he has left the room Mary is again taken by the police. The smitten conscience of the Levitts brings them into court prepared to confess in the last extremity. This they are saved from by George Warner's nobleness, who can't find it in him to prosecute the poor woman: a moment after he finds it is his wife—but she rushes from court. Levitt, however, has been touched to the heart; George's conduct, his own conscience-stricken fears for the sick child (a skilful touch at the end tells us that "it is sleeping sweetly," and likely to recover), make him confess to his wife. Milly's heart is not quite hardened, there is a pure kernel yet. A woman now she sees where duty lies, and prompts Bob to confess at once, and all ends happily.

Mr. Taylor has built from materials at hand. For dramatist and performers alike the English working man, the English capitalist, and the "authorities," as Mr. Funks, the prison warder, calls them, are living and moving models. In this direction the drama has taken the right

step. Robertson and Tom Taylor have dramatized the spirit of the 19th century. The self-complacent human nature that sins and excuses itself, unconscious of its own blackness: the humble human nature that works virtue out of pure goodness of heart, and is surprised at hearing its own good deeds; these are the ideals alike of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Taylor and Robertson; they are expressed in *Bleak House*, *Pendennis*, *Felix Holt*, *Mary Warner and Dreams*; and they belong not specially to any artist, but to the Victorian era. We want to see man on the stage, and more especially the Englishman: we want more Tom Taylors to conceive such characters and more Miss Batemans to reproduce them.

This is what the theatre in good hands can even now do for such theatre-goers as even now patronize it. Let me in conclusion hint at what it may do when a regenerate taste has awakened a healthy interest in it.

Our theatre differs vastly from that of Greece: not a little from that of the Elizabethan era. The Greek theatre was built solely on acoustic principles. Ten or twenty thousand people were come to hear; it was a matter of some difficulty to give them an equal chance. So the actors were placed a long way off at the centre of an arc, whence the voice at a high, staccato pitch could be heard by all alike. But the play of the figure and features could not be seen; nor could scenery of any nicety; so these never became prominent. But we are in a different position. One of the chief charms of the sterling days of our stage was to see the expression as well as note the tone of Garrick or Macready. We like to know our actors in their several parts. Besides, scenery must not be altogether lost sight of: it has its claims, though they are vastly abused now-a-days. The fact is we want to see as well as hear; but our theatres are built on the Greek principle. Therefore, as a preliminary step, the national sense should demand improvement in the building of theatres. At present the "gods" see nothing, the upper rows little: every part of the place is hot, stuffy and uncomfortable: the common seats are hard and close-packed. If instead of useless but elaborate wainscoting we had ventilation and comfort: if the poorer part of the audience were so accommodated that they could have a fair share of the sight-seeing, theatres would soon become a thoroughly popular institution.

The Elizabethan stage was very simple. Action and expression were everything: scenery nothing. A placard on a door "*Venice*" was enough to hint the place: and a pro-

logue explained the character of the person if it was not clear from his dress. And yet with tools of this sort Shakespeare could exhibit all his works. We have increased the capabilities of our stage by scenery and dress ; but we cannot wield the instrument to any purpose. Shakespeare found it hard to make his spectators skip from Edmondsbury to Angiers with King John ; or believe they saw Wolsey's masque in all its splendour. But we without a word except on the play-bill may represent things earthly or supernatural—land or sea—and yet what use has this power been put to ? Without any trouble but the change of dress we might introduce Lear as a young man and in the next scene as a dotard. Time and place need ask no unities from us : we are independent of all but unity of action ; and yet with all these powers so little is produced.

This is my case against our theatre. It has fallen under the stern hand of political economy : barter and exchange even of sentiment and talent are doing their work. The thing is reduced to a calculation of profits instead of being recognized as a living influence with a soul. It is true that if competition condemns a thing it cannot be upheld by sentiment : but without sentiment nothing that exists can do its full duty.

But I do not despair of seeing it rise from its ashes : for it is a means of reaching the hearts of a class that can best be taught by parables. Let us hope that our great men will not hold the theatre too poor an instrument to teach the poor. Athens guided the political and moral sentiment of her people by the ecclesia and the stage. We have methods more scientific but less forcible. Print is cold ; but words are warm ; and there seems small impediment, except a lack of public spirit, to the turning our stage from being, as it often is, the pandering supply to a demoralized demand into a powerful instrument for good ends to work on the imagination of the people.

Perhaps, after all, the wish is father to the thought ; but we have a conviction that as intelligence is quickened in the masses they will seek more intellectual food than is to be found in burlesques or beershops. From them, if from any, must originate the movement towards theatrical reform, for so long as their taste approves a lower style it will have weight to drag down any upward struggles of the more refined but less numerous patrons of the stage.

E. BEAN.

## AT WAKING.

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THIS morning's light scarce sent a glimmering ray  
 Through my blank window, when I woke to think :  
 And then, as one who, hidden far away  
 In some cathedral, hears the cadence sink  
 Through alien aisles, and the great fugue again  
 Breathe sure and solemn on a storm of sound ;  
 So from my tangled dreams there grew a pain  
 At first scarce felt, and round it vaguely wound  
 The trouble of my slumber ; but when sleep  
 Moved from my soul as clouds from mountains move,  
 The pain waged stronger ; till with a sudden leap  
 Full-formed it burst upon me—all thy love,  
 Words, letters, looks, revenge, and cold disdain—  
 A tumult of mixed passion—smote my brain.

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## DEAD LOVE.

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O LOVE, sweet Love, I sit and sing to thee :  
 And from sere reeds sought in the winter brake—  
 Hoarse reeds through which the winds wail mournfully  
 And the waves wash—a funeral pipe I make :  
 For thou art dead, dear Love ! and never more  
 Melodious movements of the breathing spring  
 Shall thaw thy blood, or spread thy pinions frore,  
 Or stir thy cold stiff throat to carolling.  
 These reeds shall bloom and rustle to the breath  
 Of minstrel winds in April ; birds shall sweep,  
 And summer flies shall flicker ; but thy death  
 Is unrelenting as the marble sleep  
 Which holds Endymion—his eternal swoon  
 Breaks to no kisses of the passionate moon.

## DESPAIR.

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To-DAY the very roots of hope are dead :  
 My spirit faints with sorrow for her doom :  
 And o'er the caves of recollection spread  
 Regret's bat-wings ; her sable-cinctured gloom  
 Is thronged with shadows trooping from the past  
 Of selfish years, of fear that lurks within,  
 Of foul hypocrisy and virtue cast  
 Like a fair mantle o'er the scars of sin.  
 But as the after echo of its thought  
 Comes sure—returning on the fugal storm,  
 So have these years of self-deception wrought  
 Just recompense : Passions indulged deform  
     The plastic soul to shapes she still must wear  
     When love is fled and pleasures yield to care.

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## RESTORATION.

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As when the moon, some sultry summer night,  
 Broods in the bosom of a labouring cloud,  
 And scarcely shoots a swart uncertain light  
 Through the dull volumes of her vapoury shroud ;  
 But on a sudden breathing winds arise  
 And part the veil, and she looks forth again  
 To scan the silent earth with silver eyes,  
 Disclosing tower and town and bosky plain :  
 So for three days my soul in darkness dwelt,  
 Shadowed by unintelligible gloom ;  
 Till, stirred by secret impulses, she felt  
 Her light revive, and burst the dismal tomb,  
     And burning clear beheld that all is fair  
     And good and perfect in the tranquil air.

K. T. L.

## MARMION.

It has always seemed to me that Marmion was written not so much for the representation of baronial chivalry as for the sake of depicting antiquarian research. The poem has a kind of musty book-worm appearance. Each canto is employed to describe some mediæval pageant. The castle, the convent, the inn or hostelry, the camp, the court, the battle-field are all dealt with in their turn. Nor do the characters exhibit such individuality as to lead us to believe that the story was related on account of them. Three only exhibit any real character—Marmion, Constance and Clare. The others either do not appear throughout the tale or are in too insignificant a position to be of conspicuous interest.

It is with Marmion, however, that we shall at present deal. In him Scott has evidently attempted to represent a noble and princely knight guilty of one unknighly crime. He sympathizes with him; and in his admiration for the better part of his hero's nature introduces a perpetual discord into his poem. For the character of the knight is inconsistent with the impression Scott fain would have us entertain of him. Had he lived in our own times he would have been called some awkward names—such as forger and seducer and perhaps murderer. And though no doubt there were many Marmions in the days of Henry VIII., I object to Scott's evident admiration for him. Marmion bearding the Douglas, Marmion in the battle-field, Marmion at his dying moment may be bold or knightly or chivalrous: but what can we say of Marmion when the eyes of the world were not upon him? His ideas of marriage and courtship, though somewhat practical, are scarcely consistent with a chivalrous nature.

His was no flickering flame that dies  
 Unless when fanned by looks and sighs,  
 And lighted oft by lady's eyes.

He longed to stretch his wide command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land.  
 If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone  
 Who died within the vault of stone.

He loved Constance Beverley! When he gave back the fugitive nun to be buried within the vault of stone he never thought of the consequences! He only left her because he was tired of her: but this again is scarcely the mark of a knightly nature. Though I have not much regard for the young lady as runaway nun and horse-boy, yet I must say that I prefer her with all her crimes to the knightly Marmion. She has at least the excuse of love.

Constance being out of the way Marmion proceeds more prudently. Of love he seems to have had enough: like any other man of business he "goes in" for money. And having won Clare (without much wooing) he wisely made up his mind to keep her.

The pheasant in the falcon's claw  
 He scarce will yield to please a daw,  
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
 So Clare abide with me.

The similes of the pheasant and falcon did not leave much doubt of what Clare's fate would have been had she married Marmion. Absolute cruelty perhaps she would not have experienced; coldness and neglect would have been her certain fate. Even while Marmion had *some* interest in keeping her quiet and unsuspecting, he had an awkward way of uttering his compliments, and a still more awkward way of showing his teeth if they were not accepted.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare,  
 O think of Marmion in thy prayer.  
 Thou wilt not? well no less my care  
 Shall watchful for thy weal prepare.

The first couplet sounds more like selfishness than love. Clare's safety is plainly not the primary idea in Marmion's mind. But if he survives he will have need of her, and for that reason will provide for her protection. Still he might have suppressed the taunt. She knew him too well to think that any such words proceeded from affection.

Finally for the forgery. We will charitably hope that the gallant knight was not skilled in writing, otherwise

we may have to add another crime to his list. Though I cannot make very certain from the poem, it seems just probable that Constance wrote the forged documents.

No clerk in all the land like her  
Traced quaint and varying character.

If Marmion was unable to write, and merely employed Constance as the most faithful servant he had, no additional crime is laid to his door. But supposing he could write, and supposing he employed Constance to shield himself from the after consequences of discovery. Let us hope that he wrote the documents with his own knightly hands.

After the forgery Marmion does not seem to have felt any pricks of conscience. Wilton was dead (as he supposed) and the matter settled once for all. As in the way of everyday business he had no fears about the matter, except by night—for he was certainly rather timid in the matter of ghosts. When he met the supposed apparition of Wilton he fell abjectly at the very first course. But when he found that he had been fighting—not with a ghost, but with flesh and blood—he felt no joy at being released from the crime of murder, but only vexation at not having rid himself of his enemy.

"Ah! dastard fool to reason lost,"  
He muttered, "'twas not fay or ghost  
I met upon the moonlight wold  
But living man of earthly mould.  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust."

One good quality remains to this villain of the sixteenth century—that of personal bravery. This we must allow him—omitting of course his adventures in the dark. But one quality common to villains in all ages will scarcely redeem his character,

But say he died a gallant knight  
With sword in hand for England's right.

Saying this, we have said nearly all that can be said for him. As a pattern of chivalrous virtues we utterly decline to accept him; unless indeed heroes of the Jonathan Wild stamp are to be admitted into the list of noble and princely characters who have committed one or several unprincely crimes.

Νῆ τῆν Ὕραν καλή γε καταγωγή.—*Sokratés.*

---

O SWEET to hear and feel their strife  
 That battle in the human cause,  
 And make their mother Nature's laws  
 Work out their richer, higher life.

Ay sweet the whirring of the loom  
 And tramping hoof and rolling wain  
 And feet that pass and come again  
 And dusky overhanging gloom.

And sweet to see beside the quays  
 The stately ships from distant climes,  
 And hear the pealing steeple-chimes  
 Half-drowned with din of thronging ways.

---

O sweet to leave the common pen,  
 To feel a world of wider span,  
 To cast the appanage of man,  
 And think of other things than men.

Ay sweet the sultry summer sleep,  
 With chirring birds in brake and fern  
 With silver laughter of the burn  
 With distant plashing of the deep.

Or sweet from off some breezy wold  
 That crowns the rugged pillared scar  
 To catch beyond the woods, afar  
 The sunset ocean shot with gold.

## GODS AND HEROES.

## PAPER I.

It is only when we walk among the excavated streets of Pompeii or Nineveh that any adequate conception of what has been can be formed in the mind. The power of books written on these subjects is doubtless great; greater still is the influence by which the poet sways the senses of his readers, and fills them with the fancies of his fervid imagination; but these are things which have really existed on the earth, and though requiring no small grasp of mind to comprehend their actuality, still some notion of them, however imperfect, is possible to all. But with the pre-historic times the case is different. We are not allowed to believe that Zeus had a real existence. The victory of Indra over Vritra, or over the Panis, has been translated into—if the term may be allowed—poetical prose; and whether all the mythology of the Indians, Persians, Greeks, Latins, Germans, and Norsemen be identically the same, and must be referred to the same source, has long been a very vexed question. Before it is decidedly settled—before we are convinced, at least for a century or so, that the children of the primeval earth said to each other sorrowfully, as they beheld the sun sink beneath the western waters, “Will Indra wake again? will his golden steeds be harnessed again to drive his bright car across the shining vault?”—before, I say, this question is laid on the shelf, and we are forbidden to think of all the gods and demigods and goddesses as anything but abstract beings, I should like to say a few words about them. To me, in spite of theories contradictory or favourable, they can never lose a sort of individuality. At present, the solutions proposed are to be met by insuperable obstacles, unless their proposers are willing to allow that all myths were confounded together long before the first attempts of the poets who tell them. And so, without finding the impersonation of the Trinity in Zeus, Athene, and Apollon, or the type of Christian suffering and victory in Herakles, I should like to offer

a few general ideas on the subject of mythology in the hopes that they may lead others to find equal pleasure in its study.

Firstly, then, did the ancients themselves *believe* their mythology? Does any one really think that an enlightened Brahmin of the 18th century B.C. looked upon the gods to whom he sacrificed as actual beings? or did he, as say the calumniators of Roman Catholics, impose a belief in them upon the people while far too clear-sighted himself to hold any such decided opinion? Did a devout Greek, on hearing the story of Heré's unpleasant suspension in mid-air, with two anvils fastened to her feet and a golden indissoluble chain about her hands, feel any doubts as to the propriety of worshipping such a goddess? To answer such queries is not easy; yet it is possible. Scepticism is not natural to an early state of society. It is only after the mind has been trained to deep thought and to practise itself in hard and difficult problems that the spirit of inquiry begins to demand a hearing; and the religion of both Greece and Rome had run a long way ere doubts of their truth were raised in the minds of their followers. Doubtless, when the questions against them were once mooted, the creeds, such as they were, could not effectually withstand them; but the religions had in themselves fallen into a state of decay and neglect because of the prevailing corruptions throughout society. Monotheism has gained such a hold on the minds of people at the present day that it impedes their judgment when attempting to review the religions of the ancient world: and few will be found so liberal as to admit that a Greek or Roman possessed a pure faith in some good principles, side by side with a clinging belief in all the mythology that had surrounded the gods whom he worshipped. But we are wandering. Not intending to give a detailed account of the "court of Olympus," I must be content with a passing notice of the objects of reverence in those bygone ages to which we assign the name of ancient history.

I do not, with the "old writers," "push the happy season back." And yet I envy the lively imaginations that could people heaven and earth and ocean with deities and heroes; that could offer true worship to Zeus, while fully aware that his life was a tissue of enormities that could not have been tolerated upon earth; and I admire them principally because they were able to rise superior to the trammels of earthly conceptions, and allow a license

to their gods of which they would not have granted the least part to their fellow-men. Heaven had all its gods and goddesses, who lived at ease as they chose, lying, as our poet says, beside their nectar, gazing down over the happiness and misery of man and smiling unmoved by all, and at times descending to the aid of those whose valour had rendered them preëminent. Indra, Ormuzd, Zeus, Jupiter, Odin; call him by what name they will, he is ever the supreme deity, omnipotent when he pleases to exert his will, and yet falling very far short of an ideal power; he walks through his brazen halls and the earth trembles beneath his tread; he sits upon Mount Ida and thence beholds and takes delight in the battles and toils of man; he proudly demands the stolen cows from the Panis, and his invincible might is well known to them; he smiles kindly upon his daughter as he promises that her son's descendants shall reign over the whole of the habitable world, and assures her that his promises shall not fail. It is in the Sanskrit and the Greek that we find the elements of true worship most developed. They offer him more prayers; they implore his assistance in fervent language, conscious of his power and their own feebleness. The sacrifices are offered at the wonted times; but as his power extends to all, so do the prayers of his worshippers arise at all times to him in prosperity or distress; and whether he be invoked merely as an almighty power or as the sun god,  $\delta\varsigma \pi\acute{\alpha}\nu\tau' \epsilon\psi\omicron\rho\alpha\iota$ , he is still a deity; nor did he lose his influence over the minds of those who followed his religion until they had become so corrupted as to have none but material conceptions, and to be tired even of them. This deity is not the type of any abstract principle; he is merely the conception of God as formed long ago in distant ages, and it puzzled philosophers of later times to produce a better.

I have only spoken as yet of one deity, and to continue the rest at similar length is not permitted in the limited pages of our magazine. But I should like to see more of the principle, which I have endeavoured to advocate above, shown by writers who discuss these questions in the present times. The explanation of myths is very interesting and attractive; and one of the best pieces of our poet-laureate has been written on the subject of a very old Greek legend. But we want to know more than this. We want to see how these myths were conceived in the minds of generations while the religion of their separate countries was preserved intact. We absolutely

cannot believe that the language of poetry had less power over the minds of people three thousand years ago than it has now over ourselves. We still use it; our poets are not afraid to speak of the chariot of the sun, of the "travelling orb of day," of the host of heaven, or of Jupiter's attendants: and we find the same language employed in everyday conversation. So did the Persian, Indian and Greek use appellations, forgetful of their meaning, until they became impersonated in course of time, and produced a mass of mythology more beautiful, because more perfect, than any other relic of antiquity; of which, if this find favour, I hope to speak on some future occasions.

C. B.

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### FROM DAWN TILL DAWN.

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In the morn the elms were sighing  
     Like the crying  
 Of an infant at the breast:

All day long the elms kept moaning  
     Like the groaning  
 Of a soul in sore unrest:

But at eve they thundered, roaring  
     Like the pouring  
 Of mad breakers on the beach:

Till at night their limbs fell crashing  
     Like the clashing  
 Of steel shells upon a breach:

And by dawn they stretched storm-shattered  
     Like shot-battered  
 Soldiers that unburied lie:

Now forlorn and faint and throbbing  
     In the sobbing  
 Of spent winds they slowly die.

K. T. L.

# CRICKET.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE v. CLIFTON CLUB.

### THE COLLEGE.

|                                        |     |     |     |     |     |     |    |
|----------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|
| J. Heath, b Miles                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9  |
| S. Finney, c Cross, b Miles            | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2  |
| C. W. Boyle, l b w, b Miles            | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9  |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Grace                | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9  |
| T. W. Lang, b Grace                    | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1  |
| W. Fairbanks, b Miles                  | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4  |
| G. W. Rundall, c Matthews, b Miles     | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3  |
| H. C. Baxter, run out                  | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 20 |
| A. Bird, c Grace, b Miles              | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 25 |
| A. E. Niblett, st J. J. Cross, b Grace | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3  |
| W. Robinson, not out                   | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2  |
| Byes 3, l b 2, w 3                     | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 8  |
| Total                                  | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 95 |

### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|          | Overs. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs. | Wickets |
|----------|--------|----------|--------|-------|---------|
| Grace    | 18     | 4        | 0      | 45    | 3       |
| Miles    | 20     | 5        | 2      | 36    | 6       |
| Townsend | 8      | 2        | 1      | 6     | 0       |

### CLIFTON CLUB.

|                                   |                |     |     |     |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|-----|-----|-----|
| E. M. Grace, c Boyle, b Robinson  | ...            | ... | ... | 142 |
| T. G. Matthews, c Bird, b Lang    | ...            | ... | ... | 20  |
| E. K. Browne, c Finney, b Boyle   | ...            | ... | ... | 28  |
| F. Townsend, not out              | ...            | ... | ... | 35  |
| W. Henderson, c Fairbanks, b Lang | ...            | ... | ... | 3   |
| W. E. K. Fox, run out...          | ...            | ... | ... | 0   |
| Capt. Wallace                     | } did not bat. |     |     |     |
| R. F. Miles                       |                |     |     |     |
| J. J. Cross                       |                |     |     |     |
| W. C. F. Cross                    |                |     |     |     |
| E. Young                          |                |     |     |     |
| L b 1, w 7                        | ...            | ... | ... | 8   |
| Total                             | ...            | ... | ... | 236 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

|                 | Overs. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs.  | Wickets. |
|-----------------|--------|----------|--------|--------|----------|
| Lang ... ..     | 29 ... | 7 ...    | 0 ...  | 66 ... | 2        |
| Boyle ... ..    | 21 ... | 3 ...    | 1 ...  | 45 ... | 1        |
| Tylecote ... .. | 2 ...  | 0 ...    | 1 ...  | 9 ...  | 0        |
| Robinson ... .. | 21 ... | 7 ...    | 1 ...  | 48 ... | 1        |
| Heath... ..     | 8 ...  | 2 ...    | 2 ...  | 17 ... | 0        |

Played on July 8th. Considering the result of this match it is about as well that no account was kept of it at the time. We went in first; Finney was caught by the wicket-keeper, and Heath drew an off-ball into his wickets; the rest of the Eleven followed suit, so far as getting out quickly went, till Baxter and Bird got together. They began to treat the slows to what they deserved, and hit freely and well; Baxter's off-hitting of Miles was really good; he only gave one chance at 16, which was not accepted. After lunch the foreign team started with Grace and Matthews. The ground was perfectly soaked with previous rain, some having fallen during lunch as well; and the afternoon was spent in getting five wickets down for 236. Grace gave one chance in his innings of 142; his hitting was by no means in good style, and especially provoking to bowlers from the amount of "pulls" it included. Matthews played very steadily for his runs, taking nearly an hour to make 20. Townsend's batting was very good, but by the time he came in the bowling was entirely off the spot and the bowlers perfectly tired out. The best feature of the day's play was Niblett's splendid long stopping; in the whole of the afternoon he did not let a single bye.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE v. LANSDOWN.

## LANSDOWN.

| 1st Innings.                    |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.                 |     |     |    |
|---------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|------------------------------|-----|-----|----|
| E. M. Grace, b Lang ... ..      | ... | ... | ... | 14 c sub, b Boyle ... ..     | ... | ... | 35 |
| W. Haigh, b Lang ... ..         | ... | ... | ... | 1 not out ... ..             | ... | ... | 0  |
| P. von Donop, b Lang ... ..     | ... | ... | ... | 2                            |     |     |    |
| L. J. K. Stow, b Lang ... ..    | ... | ... | ... | 0                            |     |     |    |
| F. Townsend, b Lang... ..       | ... | ... | ... | 4 c & b Boyle ... ..         | ... | ... | 5  |
| E. L. Tuson, b Lang ... ..      | ... | ... | ... | 25 st Rundall, b Lang ... .. | ... | ... | 8  |
| W. E. K. Fox, b Lang... ..      | ... | ... | ... | 4 b Boyle ... ..             | ... | ... | 0  |
| E. F. Boddam, b Heath ... ..    | ... | ... | ... | 47 b Boyle ... ..            | ... | ... | 5  |
| A. Grace, c Heath, b Lang... .. | ... | ... | ... | 4 c Rundall, b Lang ... ..   | ... | ... | 11 |
| P. Hammonds, b Lang ... ..      | ... | ... | ... | 3                            |     |     |    |
| A. G. Goodwyn, not out ... ..   | ... | ... | ... | 12 run out ... ..            | ... | ... | 3  |
| L b 1, w 1 ... ..               | ... | ... | ... | 2 l b 1, w 4 ... ..          | ... | ... | 5  |
| Total ... ..                    | ... | ... | 118 | Total ... ..                 | ... | ... | 72 |

## THE COLLEGE.

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| J. Heath, c Grace, b Townsend ... .. | 31 |
| A. Bird, l b w, b Townsend... ..     | 9  |
| C. W. Boyle, b Townsend ... ..       | 0  |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Grace ... ..       | 0  |
| W. Fairbanks, b Townsend ... ..      | 9  |
| G. W. Rundall, c Boddam, b Grace ... | 15 |
| T. W. Lang, c Stow, b Grace ... ..   | 8  |
| W. C. Rawlinson, b Grace ... ..      | 12 |
| H. C. Baxter, c Haigh, b Grace... .. | 1  |
| W. E. Robinson, c Townsend, b Grace  | 1  |
| A. E. Niblett, not out ... ..        | 0  |
| Byes 5, w 2 ... ..                   | 7  |
| Total ... ..                         | 93 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

## GLIFTON COLLEGE.

## 1st Innings.

|                 | Overa. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs. | Wickets. |
|-----------------|--------|----------|--------|-------|----------|
| Lang ... ..     | 38     | 9        | 0      | 62    | 9        |
| Boyle ... ..    | 10     | 6        | 0      | 11    | 0        |
| Robinson ... .. | 10     | 3        | 0      | 14    | 0        |
| Tylecote... ..  | 9      | 5        | 0      | 18    | 0        |
| Heath ... ..    | 3      | 0        | 1      | 11    | 1        |

## 2nd Innings.

|                 |    |   |   |    |   |
|-----------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Lang ... ..     | 18 | 2 | 0 | 38 | 2 |
| Boyle ... ..    | 12 | 7 | 0 | 10 | 4 |
| Robinson ... .. | —  | — | — | —  | — |
| Tylecote... ..  | —  | — | — | —  | — |
| Heath ... ..    | 5  | 0 | 4 | 19 | 0 |

## LANSDOWN.

|                 | Overa. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs. | Wickets. |
|-----------------|--------|----------|--------|-------|----------|
| Grace ... ..    | 24     | 10       | 0      | 46    | 6        |
| Townsend ... .. | 23     | 6        | 2      | 39    | 4        |

This was the last foreign match of the term, and though a decided improvement on the three preceding matches it was not the success that it ought to have been. Lansdown won the toss and went in. When the School came out at 1.15 they were agreeably surprised to hear that five wickets had fallen for 31, including Grace and Townsend. Lang's bowling throughout was second only to his subsequent performance at Lord's and Upper Tooting. He got nine wickets out of the ten, eight clean bowled, but Boddam hit him rather freely. The latter and Tuson made the only stand; Boddam's was a very good innings, comprising three 5's, one 4, three 3's, &c. When the last wicket fell for 118 our chances of victory seemed tolerably safe. But, with the exception of Heath's play, Grace's slows were as effectual as they had been in

the previous week, if not more so. Our innings ended for 25 less than that of our opponents. We certainly had a fair team against us, but, when they were once disposed of, the Eleven ought to have shown better form against their bowling. When the Lansdown men went in again Boyle's bowling was remarkably good; the last two wickets he bowled in succession, while the ball off which Grace was caught at point quite beat him; his 35 included a very good drive for 6 off Heath. Had time allowed we should not have been far behind, as seven wickets fell for 72 in an hour and a half. Our bowling in both innings was very good and told well for the matches to follow; in fact, our success through the term would have been far more uniform if our best bowling had not been frequently spoilt and rendered useless by the amount of rain and bad ground against which it had to contend.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE v. M. C. C. AND GROUND.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE.

|                                     |     |     |     |    |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| J. Heath, c Hearne, b Revell        | ... | ... | ... | 42 |
| S. Finney, c West, b Barber         | ... | ... | ... | 89 |
| H. G. Tylecote, c Revell, b West... | ... | ... | ... | 12 |
| W. Fairbanks, c Jeffreys, b West... | ... | ... | ... | 8  |
| G. W. Rundall, run out              | ... | ... | ... | 0  |
| T. W. Lang, c Jeffreys, b West      | ... | ... | ... | 32 |
| C. W. Boyle, not out                | ... | ... | ... | 50 |
| A. Bird, b Ruxton...                | ... | ... | ... | 10 |
| H. C. Baxter, l b w, b West...      | ... | ... | ... | 2  |
| A. Niblett, l b w, b Barber         | ... | ... | ... | 1  |
| W. Robinson, b Barber...            | ... | ... | ... | 0  |
| Byes 12, l b 2, w 9...              | ... | ... | ... | 23 |

Total ... .. 269

## M. C. C.

| 1st Innings.              |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.               |       |     |     |
|---------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----------------------------|-------|-----|-----|
| C. H. Hamilton, b Boyle   | ... | ... | ... | 1 c & b Lang               | ...   | ... | 0   |
| Barber, b Lang            | ... | ... | ... | 2 b Lang                   | ...   | ... | 0   |
| A. Edwards, b Boyle       | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Heath                  | ...   | ... | 3   |
| Hearne, c Heath, b Lang   | ... | ... | ... | 2 sub (Price), c Heath,    | ...   | ... |     |
|                           |     |     |     | b Lang                     | ...   | ... | 19  |
| A. F. Jeffreys, b Boyle   | ... | ... | ... | 0 c & b Lang               | ...   | ... | 25  |
| West, not out             | ... | ... | ... | 28 b Boyle                 | ...   | ... | 19  |
| W. R. Revell, b Lang      | ... | ... | ... | 0 sub (Clifton), c Finney, | ...   | ... |     |
|                           |     |     |     | b Lang                     | ...   | ... | 37  |
| G. Ruxton, b Lang         | ... | ... | ... | 15 b Lang                  | ...   | ... | 4   |
| V. K. Shaw, b Lang        | ... | ... | ... | 7 b Lang                   | ...   | ... | 11  |
| J. Robinson, b Lang       | ... | ... | ... | 0 not out                  | ...   | ... | 2   |
| Captain J. Sutton, absent | ... | ... | ... | 0 sub (Murdoch), b Lang    | ...   | ... | 0   |
| Byes 4, l b 3, w 3        | ... | ... | ... | 10 Byes                    | ...   | ... | 3   |
| Total                     | ... | ... | ... | 65                         | Total | ... | 123 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

## M. C. C.

|                | Overs. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs. | Wickets. |
|----------------|--------|----------|--------|-------|----------|
| West... ..     | 58     | 15       | 0      | 114   | 4        |
| Barber ... ..  | 33     | 12       | 0      | 48    | 3        |
| Hearne ... ..  | 21     | 3        | 0      | 43    | 0        |
| Graham ... ..  | 10     | 3        | 0      | 13    | 0        |
| Sutton ... ..  | 3      | 2        | 0      | 1     | 0        |
| Revell ... ..  | 4      | 1        | 0      | 7     | 1        |
| Edwards ... .. | 3      | 1        | 2      | 8     | 0        |
| Ruxton ... ..  | 5      | 3        | 7      | 12    | 1        |

## THE COLLEGE.

## 1st Innings.

|              |    |    |   |    |   |
|--------------|----|----|---|----|---|
| Lang ... ..  | 19 | 9  | 0 | 34 | 6 |
| Boyle ... .. | 18 | 10 | 3 | 21 | 3 |

## 2nd Innings.

|                |    |   |   |    |   |
|----------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Lang ... ..    | 28 | 8 | 0 | 52 | 8 |
| Boyle ... ..   | 14 | 4 | 0 | 32 | 1 |
| Robinson... .. | 9  | 0 | 0 | 23 | 0 |
| Heath ... ..   | 5  | 1 | 0 | 13 | 1 |

Among the many forward steps that our School has taken within the last year the one whose progress and result we are now about to record must not be counted the least. Though late in receiving our challenge, the M. C. C. at once accepted the proposal, the only difficulty in the way being the late day on which the match would have to be played, for our Eleven could not be received at Lord's until the 7th of August, nearly ten days after the end of term. However this proved in the end to be no obstacle, and on the appointed day the whole Eleven duly arrived on the ground. As this was our first appearance in London the result was naturally looked for with great eagerness, we might say, anxiety, which showed itself in some degree by the fair sprinkling of old and present Cliftonians, as well as masters, who came to see the match. We won the toss and went in, S. Finney and J. Heath going first to the wickets, while West and Barber bowled. The scoring began at once, Heath leading off with two singles, quickly followed by a fine drive to the off for 5, while Finney made two 3's, two singles and a 5 in quick succession. After this Heath settled down into his old steady style, making 1's and 2's slowly but surely, and leaving Finney to perform the chief part in raising the score, which he did in admirable form, making three 3's in succession, then a 4, then a single and 2, and then another 4. Fifty, sixty, seventy went up, but still the

batsmen kept their wickets intact, nor had the numerous changes of bowling any effect except that of assisting them to score still faster. Hearne and Graham were substituted for West and Barber, and three other bowlers were tried, but all in vain, for soon the telegraph showed 100, an announcement which was received with cheers. At length, when 129 had been reached, Heath put up a ball to cover point, which Hearne secured. His innings was a fine display of patient, persevering defence, combined with well-timed hitting, as shown by his 42, which was composed of a 5, two 4's, five 2's, and singles. Soon after lunch Finney was caught by West at short slip, having played a magnificent innings of 89, in which were two 5's, three 4's, ten 3's, &c. It was one of the finest displays of batting among our Eleven this year, and is especially commendable when we remember that the ground was strange, and twice as lively as our own Close. The three next wickets only compiled 26, Tylecote being caught for 12, Fairbanks for 8, and Rundall run out off his first ball. But more fielding awaited the M. C. C. When Lang and Boyle got together the score mounted up even faster than before. Change after change was tried, but both the batsmen hit with great determination, Boyle especially, who by a 6, a 2, a 4 and singles, conjointly with Lang, made the telegraph show 202 for six wickets, when the latter was caught at mid-off for 32, made up of a 4, a 3, eight 2's, &c. With Bird at the opposite end, Boyle still continued his vigorous play, hitting to leg being his strong point. When the last wicket had gone down he remained not out for a fine hard-hit innings of 50, which was completed by a splendid leg-hit for 6 some distance past the Pavilion. After making a good hit for 5, followed by one for 3, Bird was caught, and the three remaining wickets were not long in going down, two succumbing to an l.b.w., though in Niblett's case the decision seemed very questionable. We were all out for 269, Boyle carrying out his bat for 50, made in splendid style, and containing three 6's, a 4, five 3's, &c.

The M. C. C. began their innings with C. H. Hamilton and Barber, while Boyle bowled from the Pavilion end and Lang at the opposite wicket. Tylecote and Finney fielded at long-leg and cover-point, Fairbanks at point and Niblett at long-stop as usual. Both the bowlers were in fine form. Boyle bowled Hamilton when one run

had been made, and with the first ball he bowled to his successor dismissed him also. Barber was bowled by Lang with the score at 4, and A. F. Jeffreys by Boyle for 0. Hearne made a drive for 2, but in so doing injured his leg, and was almost immediately caught by Heath at third man. West was the only one who made any stand until Ruxton came in, and these together raised the score from 11 for six wickets to 51 for seven. V. K. Shaw made a 3 and a 4, and was then bowled by Lang, and the last wicket Lang also bowled for 0. The total was 65, of which West made 28 by a 5, two 4's, a 3, &c. This first innings closed early on the morning of the second day, and after a short interval the M. C. C. followed on. West and Hamilton began the batting, but the latter was bowled before a run was made. A. F. Jeffreys followed and a good stand was made, West scoring the faster of the two until at 26 Boyle sent him in a shooter, when he had to go for a second good innings of 19. Clifton came in as substitute for Hearne, a proceeding which has been commented on somewhat severely, but in which in this case we fail to see any harm, and the result showed that it was not a mistake. Both the batsmen played exceedingly well, and the bowling at this period was rather severely hit about. Jeffreys made two 4's, three 3's, three 2's and singles, 25 in all, and then put a ball back into Lang's hands. Price succeeded him as substitute for W. R. Revell, Esq., who had been suddenly called away. Another stand was made, the score steadily increasing till at 82 Price was caught in the slips. Four wickets had now fallen, but still Clifton was in, and playing steadily and well. Heath went on bowling instead of Boyle and soon secured a wicket. At last a good catch at long-leg got rid of Clifton, who had made 37 in first-rate style by five 3's, three 2's, &c. V. K. Shaw was the only other to get double figures, and the innings closed for 123, leaving us victorious by an innings and 61 runs. With one or two exceptions our fielding was very good, and the bowling all through first-class. Lang and Boyle in the first innings were so well on the wicket and so destructive that they were kept on all the time, as also was Lang in the second innings. Niblett's long-stopping was splendid, for on such a lively ground as Lord's it is no easy matter to stop fast bowling.

## UPPER TOOTING v. CLIFTON COLLEGE

## UPPER TOOTING.

| 1st Innings.                       |     |     |     | 2nd Innings. |     |     |    |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|-----|-----|----|
| W. H. Lipscomb, c Finney, b Lang   | ... | ... | ... | 9 b Boyle    | ... | ... | 21 |
| W. Bird, b Boyle                   | ... | ... | 0   |              |     |     |    |
| C. E. Nesham, b Lang               | ... | ... | 28  |              |     |     |    |
| E. Lucas, b Robinson               | ... | ... | 24  | run out      | ... | ... | 8  |
| J. E. Congreve, c Robinson, b Lang | ... | ... | 4   | b Boyle      | ... | ... | 1  |
| C. M. Tebbutt, b Lang              | ... | ... | 3   |              |     |     |    |
| C. Burney, b Robinson              | ... | ... | 1   |              |     |     |    |
| J. C. Ker, b Robinson              | ... | ... | 0   |              |     |     |    |
| V. Ellis, b Robinson               | ... | ... | 0   |              |     |     |    |
| W. C. Rigden, b Lang               | ... | ... | 10  |              |     |     |    |
| W. E. Congreve, not out            | ... | ... | 3   | b Boyle      | ... | ... | 0  |
| Bye 1, 1 b 1, w 2                  | ... | ... | 4   | Bye 1, 1 b 2 | ... | ... | 3  |
| Total                              | ... | ... | 81  | Total        | ... | ... | 33 |

## FALL OF WICKETS.

|             | 1 | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 |
|-------------|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1st Innings | 2 | 13 | 60 | 62 | 69 | 69 | 69 | 69 | 72 | 81 |
|             |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|             |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| 2nd Innings | 6 | 10 | 33 | 33 |    |    |    |    |    |    |

## CLIFTON COLLEGE.

| 1st Innings.                        |     |     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| J. Heath, c Nesham, b Ellis         | ... | ... | 14  |
| S. Finney, 1 b w, b Nesham          | ... | ... | 38  |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Lipscomb          | ... | ... | 23  |
| W. Fairbanks, b Ker                 | ... | ... | 16  |
| G. W. Rundall, c Nesham, b Lipscomb | ... | ... | 30  |
| T. W. Lang, b Lipscomb              | ... | ... | 7   |
| C. W. Boyle, c Ellis, b Lipscombe   | ... | ... | 49  |
| A. Bird, b Ellis                    | ... | ... | 0   |
| A. E. Niblett, b Lipscomb           | ... | ... | 0   |
| H. C. Baxter, b Ellis               | ... | ... | 3   |
| W. E. Robinson, not out             | ... | ... | 0   |
| Byes 10, 1 b 2, w 7                 | ... | ... | 19  |
| Total                               | ... | ... | 199 |

## FALL OF WICKETS.

| 1st Innings | 1  | 2  | 3   | 4   | 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9   | 10  |
|-------------|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
|             | 35 | 70 | 101 | 110 | 110 | 168 | 191 | 195 | 197 | 199 |

The Upper Tooting match was played on the day following our début at Lord's. Our fellows were on the

ground shortly after 11 o'clock, and having lost the toss had to field out. Boyle took the first wicket in his first over with the score at 2; the second fell at 13, Lipscomb being very finely caught off Lang by Finney at long-leg. The next two wickets were not so easily taken. Both the men in played at once carefully and freely and increased the previous score by 47 runs, all made off the bat. When Robinson went on instead of Boyle, Lucas was clean bowled by him; and in the next over Lang took Nesham's wicket after a faultless innings of 23. Of the remaining wickets nothing can be said beyond what the score tells for itself. Robinson took three wickets in four balls, all clean bowled, and while the third wicket fell for 60 the total was 81. It being a one day's match the chances of success were decidedly in our favour, and when Finney and Heath began as well as at Lord's all doubts were removed. Heath was the first to retire, being caught at point with the score at 35. Tylecote and Finney increased it to 70, when the latter was l.b.w. to Nesham; and then with tolerable ease and rapidly enough the former with Fairbanks made the necessary 82, and the match was won. The fielding of our opponents fell off rather after this, but some excuse may be made for them when the misses at the wickets were so frequent; at any rate our score would have been considerably decreased if the wicket-keeper had understood his place. Rundall made 30 in something like his old style, and we were very glad to see him do so after his misfortune at Lord's. Boyle and he got well together and hit very freely; indeed Boyle's play in both matches well repaid spectators for their trouble of coming. In this match he was as unfortunately caught after making 49 as he had fortunately just made his 50 at Lord's before the last wicket fell. The last few fellows of our Eleven did not shine in either match. At half-past six the Tooting men began their second innings. With the score at 6, W. Congreve was bowled by Boyle; only four runs were added before his brother's wicket fell to the same bowler; the third and fourth wickets fell for 33, but not until both players had been missed, one at long-leg, the other at deep-on. The stumps were drawn at seven o'clock, leaving us victors by 118 runs on the first innings.

## XI. v. XXII.

Played June 17th, 1871.

| 1st Innings.                                | THE XXII.                        | 2nd Innings.     |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------|
| A. E. Carnegie, b Robinson ... ..           | 2 b Lang ... ..                  | 3                |
| J. B. Heath, b Heath ... ..                 | 12 b Lang ... ..                 | 0                |
| C. J. Stutfield, run out ... ..             | 21 st Rundall, b Lang ... ..     | 18               |
| H. C. Baxter, b Robinson ... ..             | 9 c Heath, b Lang ... ..         | 16               |
| H. Warner, c Fairbanks, b Tylecote ... ..   | 28 c Fairbanks, b Lang ... ..    | 1                |
| C. Strange, c Heath, b Tylecote ... ..      | 9 c Bird, b Fairbanks ... ..     | 33               |
| E. C. B. Ford, b Heath ... ..               | 0 st Rundall, b Fairbanks ... .. | 6                |
| R. E. Bush, b Robinson ... ..               | 5 b Robinson ... ..              | 1                |
| R. W. Rücker, b Tylecote ... ..             | 17 c Rundall, b Lang ... ..      | 1                |
| W. Bird, c Niblett, b Robinson ... ..       | 4 c Bird, b Fairbanks ... ..     | 19               |
| J. Darley, b Robinson ... ..                | 26 c Heath, b Fairbanks ... ..   | 13               |
| J. Key, b Lang ... ..                       | 7 run out ... ..                 | 8                |
| R. F. Blackburn, run out ... ..             | 23 b Fairbanks ... ..            | 34               |
| D. Pearce, b Lang ... ..                    | 11 b Robinson ... ..             | 8                |
| C. Mason, b Lang ... ..                     | 1 b Lang ... ..                  | 11               |
| R. A. Read, c Lang, b Tylecote ... ..       | 1 run out ... ..                 | 0                |
| W. H. Gale, b Lang ... ..                   | 1 c Lang, b Robinson ... ..      | 2                |
| P. Riddiford, b Lang ... ..                 | 1 b Lang ... ..                  | 3                |
| R. P. Washbourne, c Tylecote, b Lang ... .. | 18 b Lang ... ..                 | 11               |
| A. Cunliffe, c & b Tylecote ... ..          | 1 c Bird, b Lang ... ..          | 0                |
| E. A. Smith, not out ... ..                 | 7 not out ... ..                 | 3                |
| A. Pearce, c Rundall, b Tylecote ... ..     | 8 run out ... ..                 | 0                |
| Byes 9, 1 b 2, w 10 ... ..                  | 21 Byes 3, 1 b 4, w 6 ... ..     | 13               |
| Total ... ..                                | 228                              | Total ... .. 204 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

| THE IX.         | 1st Innings.                          | 2nd Innings.                                 |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
|                 | Overs. Maidens. Wides. Runs. Wickets. |                                              |
| Lang ... ..     | 36 ... 15 ... 0 ... 65 ... 6          | Lang ... .. 41 ... 18 ... 0 ... 57 ... 10    |
| Robinson ... .. | 20 ... 3 ... 1 ... 61 ... 5           | Robinson ... .. 7 ... 2 ... 0 ... 11 ... 0   |
| Heath ... ..    | 16 ... 7 ... 7 ... 22 ... 2           | Heath ... .. 25 ... 9 ... 3 ... 34 ... 3     |
| Tylecote ... .. | 27 ... 5 ... 2 ... 56 ... 6           | Tylecote ... .. 14 ... 3 ... 1 ... 27 ... 0  |
|                 |                                       | Fairbanks ... .. 24 ... 4 ... 0 ... 53 ... 5 |

| 1st Innings.                         | THE XI.                             | 2nd Innings.    |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| J. Heath, c Ford, b Stutfield ... .. | 19 c Cunliffe, b Bird ... ..        | 9               |
| A. R. Cluer, c Pearce, b Bird ... .. | 0 c Warner, b Bird ... ..           | 6               |
| C. W. Boyle, b Carnegie ... ..       | 11 c Darley, b Stutfield ... ..     | 2               |
| H. G. Tylecote, not out ... ..       | 58 (sub) c Read, b Stutfield ... .. | 1               |
| W. Fairbanks, b Stutfield ... ..     | 17 c Warner, b Bird ... ..          | 14              |
| G. W. Rundall, b Stutfield ... ..    | 15 b Bird ... ..                    | 0               |
| T. W. Lang, b Stutfield ... ..       | 4 b Stutfield ... ..                | 20              |
| A. E. Niblett, c Key, b Bird ... ..  | 5 b Bird ... ..                     | 1               |
| A. Bird, b Stutfield ... ..          | 0 c Bird, b Stutfield ... ..        | 2               |
| W. C. Rawlinson, b Stutfield ... ..  | 4 not out ... ..                    | 0               |
| W. E. Robinson, c & b Bird ... ..    | 21 b w, b Stutfield ... ..          | 7               |
| Byes 10, w 4 ... ..                  | 14 Byes 3, 1 b 2 w 2 ... ..         | 5               |
| Total ... ..                         | 149                                 | Total ... .. 67 |

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

## 1st Innings.

| THE XXII.        | Overs. | Maidens. | Wides. | Runs. | Wickets. |
|------------------|--------|----------|--------|-------|----------|
| Carnegy... ..    | 19     | 7        | 0      | 41    | 1        |
| Bird ... ..      | 33     | 14       | 0      | 50    | 3        |
| Stutfield ... .. | 26     | 10       | 3      | 37    | 6        |
| Strange ... ..   | 3      | 1        | 1      | 7     | 0        |

## 2nd Innings.

|                  |      |   |   |    |   |
|------------------|------|---|---|----|---|
| Bird ... ..      | 13   | 2 | 1 | 26 | 5 |
| Stutfield ... .. | 12-3 | 3 | 0 | 15 | 5 |

## HOUSE MATCHES.

## SCHOOL HOUSE.

## 1st Innings.

|                                   |     |     |               |              |     |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|---------------|--------------|-----|-----|
| A. Bird, c Lord, b Rundall        | ... | ... | 20 b Groom    | ...          | ... | 17  |
| W. C. Rawlinson, b Rundall        | ... | ... | 3             |              |     |     |
| J. Heath, c Swindell, b Lord      | ... | ... | 2             |              |     |     |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Lord            | ... | ... | 15 not out... | ...          | ... | 18  |
| W. Fairbanks, c Key, b Lord       | ... | ... | 26 not out... | ...          | ... | 94  |
| T. W. Lang, b Rundall             | ... | ... | 4             |              |     |     |
| J. Luxton, b Rundall              | ... | ... | 0             |              |     |     |
| R. P. Washbourne, b Rundall       | ... | ... | 0             |              |     |     |
| J. Darley, not out                | ... | ... | 8             |              |     |     |
| H. C. Baxter, b Lord              | ... | ... | 0             |              |     |     |
| R. W. Wilson, c Blackburn, b Gale | ... | ... | 9             |              |     |     |
| Byes 10, 1 b 2, w 13              | ... | ... | 25            | byes 8, w 10 | ... | 18  |
| Total ... ..                      | ... | ... | 112           | Total ... .. | ... | 147 |

## 2nd Innings.

## HARRIS'S HOUSE.

|                                |     |     |    |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|----|
| W. Gale, c & b Lang            | ... | ... | 5  |
| J. K. Key, b Lang...           | ... | ... | 8  |
| E. P. Read, b Lang             | ... | ... | 0  |
| R. F. Blackburn (sub), not out | ... | ... | 12 |
| A. Groom, b Heath              | ... | ... | 2  |
| G. W. Rundall, c Bird, b Lang  | ... | ... | 9  |
| R. Swindell, b Tylecote        | ... | ... | 7  |
| J. C. Lord, b Lang             | ... | ... | 0  |
| F. Vicary, b Heath             | ... | ... | 6  |
| D. Robertson, b Lang           | ... | ... | 0  |
| C. G. Prance (sub), b Tylecote | ... | ... | 4  |
| Byes 5, 1 b 1                  | ... | ... | 6  |
| Total ... ..                   | ... | ... | 59 |

Harris's scratched after the beginning of the School House's 2nd innings.

## DAKYN'S v. TOWN.

## TOWN.

| 1st Innings.                         |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.                   |     |     |  |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------------|-----|-----|--|
| A. E. Carnegie, b Stutfield          | ... | ... | ... | 5 c Campbell, b Strange        | ... | 53  |  |
| S. J. Douglas, b Stutfield           | ... | ... | ... | 2 b Finney                     | ... | 15  |  |
| R. E. Bush, b Strange                | ... | ... | ... | 18 b Finney                    | ... | 0   |  |
| E. C. Ford, c D. Pearce, b Strange   | ... | ... | ... | 23 run out                     | ... | 0   |  |
| W. A. Smith, b Finney                | ... | ... | ... | 13 b Finney                    | ... | 6   |  |
| D. H. Walsh, c Jenkins, b Finney     | ... | ... | ... | 4 (sub) c Strange, b Stutfield | ... | 8   |  |
| A. C. H. Borrett, c Evill, b Finney  | ... | ... | ... | 0 c A. Pearce, b Stutfield     | ... | 12  |  |
| J. F. Whish, b Stutfield             | ... | ... | ... | 1 b Stutfield                  | ... | 1   |  |
| B. Henderson, not out                | ... | ... | ... | 1 c Strange, b Stutfield       | ... | 5   |  |
| J. Duncuft, c A. George, b Stutfield | ... | ... | ... | 4 b Stutfield                  | ... | 3   |  |
| A. Cunliffe, b Stutfield             | ... | ... | ... | 0 not out                      | ... | 17  |  |
| Byes 6, w 1                          | ... | ... | ... | 7 byes 12, 1 b 2, w 8          | ... | 22  |  |
| Total                                | ... | ... | ... | Total                          | ... | 142 |  |

## DAKYN'S.

| 1st Innings.                          |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.                   |     |    |  |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------------|-----|----|--|
| A. Pearce, b Duncuft                  | ... | ... | ... | 3 c Douglas, b Carnegie        | ... | 4  |  |
| A. E. Niblett, b Duncuft              | ... | ... | ... | 11 c Darling, b Carnegie       | ... | 17 |  |
| T. L. Jenkins, b Duncuft              | ... | ... | ... | 0 c Smith, b Carnegie          | ... | 0  |  |
| C. J. Stutfield, c Whish, b Henderson | ... | ... | ... | 7 c Douglas, b Carnegie        | ... | 2  |  |
| S. Finney, b Carnegie                 | ... | ... | ... | 55 (sub) c Cunliffe, b Duncuft | ... | 14 |  |
| C. E. Strange, b Duncuft              | ... | ... | ... | 24 b Carnegie                  | ... | 1  |  |
| D. Pearce, c & b Carnegie             | ... | ... | ... | 2 b Carnegie                   | ... | 3  |  |
| W. E. Evill, b Carnegie               | ... | ... | ... | 10 c Cunliffe, b Duncuft       | ... | 1  |  |
| A. W. M. Campbell, b Carnegie         | ... | ... | ... | 0 c Douglas, b Carnegie        | ... | 1  |  |
| G. C. Henderson, c Bush, b Borrett    | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Carnegie                   | ... | 3  |  |
| A. George, not out                    | ... | ... | ... | 0 not out                      | ... | 2  |  |
| Byes 13, 1 b 3, w 4                   | ... | ... | ... | 20 byes 4, 1 b 2, w 4          | ... | 10 |  |
| Total                                 | ... | ... | ... | Total                          | ... | 58 |  |

## BROWN'S v. TOWN.

## BROWN'S.

|                                       |     |     |     |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| R. A. Read, b Borrett                 | ... | ... | ... | 28  |
| W. Mason, b Borrett                   | ... | ... | ... | 15  |
| W. E. Robinson, b Borrett             | ... | ... | ... | 2   |
| C. W. Boyle, b Borrett                | ... | ... | ... | 55  |
| H. Warner, run out                    | ... | ... | ... | 33  |
| J. B. C. Heath, c Borrett, b Carnegie | ... | ... | ... | 16  |
| P. Riddiford, b Borrett               | ... | ... | ... | 8   |
| N. Gould, b Borrett                   | ... | ... | ... | 1   |
| R. F. Brunskill, b Borrett            | ... | ... | ... | 6   |
| A. Bird, run out                      | ... | ... | ... | 16  |
| E. L. Maissey, not out                | ... | ... | ... | 2   |
| Byes 18, 1 b 1, w 1                   | ... | ... | ... | 15  |
| Total                                 | ... | ... | ... | 197 |

## TOWN.

| 1st Innings.                       |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.            |     |    |  |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-------------------------|-----|----|--|
| A. E. Carnegie, b Bird             | ... | ... | ... | 6 c Vickers, b Robinson | ... | 0  |  |
| S. J. Douglas, c Boyle, b Robinson | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Bird                | ... | 0  |  |
| E. C. B. Ford, 1 b w, b Robinson   | ... | ... | ... | 13 run out              | ... | 0  |  |
| R. E. Bush, b Robinson             | ... | ... | ... | 5 c Warner, b Bird      | ... | 1  |  |
| A. Cunliffe, b Boyle               | ... | ... | ... | 6 run out               | ... | 2  |  |
| W. A. Smith, b Boyle               | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Robinson            | ... | 0  |  |
| J. F. Whish, b Robinson            | ... | ... | ... | 5 not out               | ... | 7  |  |
| W. A. Darling, b Robinson          | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Boyle               | ... | 6  |  |
| A. C. H. Borrett, b Boyle          | ... | ... | ... | 01 b w, b Bird          | ... | 0  |  |
| A. Gilmore (sub), c Boyle, b Bird  | ... | ... | ... | 3 b Bird                | ... | 2  |  |
| B. Henderson, not out              | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Robinson            | ... | 0  |  |
| Byes 15, 1 b 2                     | ... | ... | ... | 17 bye 1                | ... | 1  |  |
| Total                              | ... | ... | 55  | Total                   | ... | 19 |  |

## FINAL TIE.—SCHOOL HOUSE v. BROWN'S.

## SCHOOL HOUSE.

|                                      |     |     |     |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| J. Heath, c Goold, b Robinson        | ... | ... | ... | 1   |
| A. Bird, c Mason, b Bird             | ... | ... | ... | 10  |
| T. W. Lang, c sub. b Bird            | ... | ... | ... | 1   |
| A. R. Clier, b Bird                  | ... | ... | ... | 5   |
| H. G. Tylecote, c Riddiford, b Boyle | ... | ... | ... | 74  |
| W. Fairbanks, b Bird                 | ... | ... | ... | 51  |
| J. Luxton, c Maisey, b Robinson      | ... | ... | ... | 1   |
| H. C. Baxter, b Maisey               | ... | ... | ... | 0   |
| R. P. Washbourne, run out            | ... | ... | ... | 4   |
| J. Darley, not out                   | ... | ... | ... | 4   |
| Byes 28, w 21, 1 b 1, n b 1          | ... | ... | ... | 51  |
| Total                                | ... | ... | ... | 211 |

## BROWN'S.

| 1st Innings.                |     |     |     | 2nd Innings.              |     |    |  |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|---------------------------|-----|----|--|
| C. W. Boyle, b Lang         | ... | ... | ... | 2 c Heath, b Lang         | ... | 12 |  |
| W. E. Robinson, run out     | ... | ... | ... | 4 b Lang                  | ... | 1  |  |
| H. C. Warner, b Tylecote    | ... | ... | ... | 1 b Lang                  | ... | 5  |  |
| R. A. Read, run out         | ... | ... | ... | 1 not out                 | ... | 8  |  |
| J. B. Heath, b Tylecote     | ... | ... | ... | 0 b Tylecote              | ... | 4  |  |
| W. Bird, b Lang             | ... | ... | ... | 3 b Lang                  | ... | 0  |  |
| R. F. Brunskill, b Tylecote | ... | ... | ... | 18 run out                | ... | 6  |  |
| W. Mason, b Lang            | ... | ... | ... | 1 b Heath                 | ... | 4  |  |
| T. C. Maisey, absent        | ... | ... | ... | 0 run out                 | ... | 1  |  |
| P. Riddiford, run out       | ... | ... | ... | 3 b Lang                  | ... | 1  |  |
| N. Goold, not out           | ... | ... | ... | 3 thrown out by Rawlinson | ... | 1  |  |
| Byes 2, w 1                 | ... | ... | ... | 3 Byes 8, w 3             | ... | 11 |  |
| Total                       | ... | ... | 30  | Total                     | ... | 54 |  |

## SCHOOL HOUSE (COCK HOUSE) v. SCHOOL.

| SCHOOL.                            |                |                   |           |
|------------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-----------|
| 1st Innings.                       |                | 2nd Innings.      |           |
| S. Finney, c Fairbanks, b Tylecote | ... 14 not out | ... ..            | 25        |
| H. C. Warner, c Bird, b Lang       | ... ..         | 3 run out         | 0         |
| C. W. Boyle, run out               | ... ..         | 8 b Tylecote      | 3         |
| C. Strange, b Lang                 | ... ..         | 7 b Lang          | 1         |
| G. W. Rundall, b Lang              | ... ..         | 16 b Lang         | 1         |
| C. J. Stutfield, b Heath           | ... ..         | 8 c & b Lang      | 5         |
| A. E. Niblett, c Baxter, b Heath   | ... ..         | 13 run out        | 1         |
| R. F. Blackburn, c Cluer, b Heath  | ... ..         | 6 b Lang          | 0         |
| W. E. Robinson, not out            | ... ..         | 4 b Lang          | 10        |
| E. C. B. Ford, c Heath, b Lang     | ... ..         | 0 c Lang, b Heath | 2         |
| W. Bird, c Bird, b Heath           | ... ..         | 1 run out         | 2         |
| Byes 4, 1 b 4, w 3                 | ... ..         | 11 Byes 6, 1 b 1  | 7         |
| Total                              | ... .. 90      | Total             | ... .. 55 |

## SCHOOL HOUSE.

| 1st Innings.                            |                               | 2nd Innings.       |           |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|-----------|
| J. Heath, b Boyle                       | ... .. 14 c Carnegie, b Boyle | ... ..             | 5         |
| A. R. Cluer, b Boyle                    | ... .. 6 c sub, b Boyle       | ... ..             | 3         |
| H. G. Tylecote, b Robinson              | ... .. 0 run out              | ... ..             | 1         |
| W. Fairbanks, b Boyle                   | ... .. 19 not out             | ... ..             | 18        |
| T. W. Lang, b Robinson                  | ... .. 1 not out              | ... ..             | 9         |
| A. Bird, not out                        | ... .. 28                     |                    |           |
| W. C. Rawlinson, b Robinson             | ... .. 10                     |                    |           |
| H. C. Baxter, b Robinson                | ... .. 4                      |                    |           |
| R. P. Washbourne, c Rundall, b Robinson | ... .. 0                      |                    |           |
| J. Darley, b Robinson                   | ... .. 2                      |                    |           |
| R. W. Rucker, c sub, b Robinson         | ... .. 4                      |                    |           |
| Byes 7, 1 b 1, w 1                      | ... .. 16                     | Byes 3, 1 b 4, w 2 | 9         |
| Total                                   | ... .. 104                    | Total              | ... .. 45 |

Begun on July 6th. The School won the toss and went first to the wickets. The first wicket fell for 7, but Boyle and Finney seemed rather well set, when the former ran himself out, Rucker putting down the wicket in good style. Soon after Finney was caught at the wicket; his 14 was made by a 5 off Lang, one 3, &c. Rundall made 16 and was bowled by a slow from Lang. Niblett was missed three times before being caught at short leg, and Blackburn skied one to long off. The last three wickets fell quickly, and the innings closed for 90. The School House did not play as well as had been expected, considering that they had six members of the Eleven. Still the first wicket fell for 24, and when Fairbanks and Heath were together the scoring came rather quickly; the former hit a 4 off Robinson and two 4's in succession from Boyle. Bird and Rawlinson played well; Bird was not out 28, made without giving a chance. Total 104. In the

second innings of the School the first wickets showed more promise, but the rest were disposed of very quickly; the only stand was made by Finney, who played slowly and steadily for his 25 not out. The School House only had time to make 4 on that afternoon; the last day of term was chosen to finish the match, when, after the loss of three wickets, Lang and Fairbanks made up the necessary number by some free hitting, which included three splendid off-drives down to the Chapel.

### AVERAGES OF THE ELEVEN.

| FOREIGN MATCHES.      |                |                        |                |                    |                  | SCHOOL MATCHES.    |                  |
|-----------------------|----------------|------------------------|----------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|------------------|
|                       | No. of Innings | No. of times "not out" | Highest Score. | Total No. of Runs. | Average.         | Total No. of Runs. | Average.         |
| G. W. Rundall ... ..  | 12             | 0                      | 65             | 153                | 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 89                 | 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| W. Fairbanks ... ..   | 12             | 1                      | 129*           | 226                | 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 90                 | 15               |
| H. G. Tylecote ... .. | 12             | 0                      | 48             | 204                | 17               | 98                 | 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| C. W. Boyle ... ..    | 12             | 1                      | 50*            | 153                | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 90                 | 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| J. Heath ... ..       | 12             | 1                      | 81*            | 337                | 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 89                 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| S. Finney ... ..      | 9              | 1                      | 89             | 281                | 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 121                | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| T. W. Lang ... ..     | 12             | 0                      | 36             | 158                | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 81                 | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| A. Niblett ... ..     | 12             | 1                      | 16             | 72                 | 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  | 51                 | 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  |
| A. Bird ... ..        | 12             | 0                      | 45             | 140                | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 117                | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| W. E. Robinson ... .. | 8              | 3                      | 45             | 80                 | 16               | 43                 | 7                |
| H. C. Baxter ... ..   | 5              | 0                      | 24             | 50                 | 10               | 59                 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

\* Not out.

### CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN.

G. W. RUNDALL has proved, as we anticipated, a most energetic captain. His good management throughout has materially contributed to the very successful career of the Eleven during the past season. Personally, like many a captain, he has been unlucky: yet more than once he has shown himself worthy of all his old reputation as a thoroughly good bat.

W. FAIRBANKS has on the whole been very unfortunate for one who is undoubtedly a fine bat. In practice his

- batting was first-rate ; in a match he rarely did himself justice. His fielding at point is very good.
- H. G. **TYLECOTE** is a fine free bat, with a remarkably easy defence against slow bowling ; a useful change-bowler, a promising wicket-keeper, and a sure field anywhere. He has a good knowledge of the game, and is in fact a thorough cricketer. He succeeds G. W. Rundall as captain.
- C. W. **BOYLE** has done very good service this year. His fielding at long-leg and cover-point has again been very fine : and he has become invaluable to the Eleven as a fast round-arm bowler. At the end of the season he developed great powers of batting.
- J. **HEATH** has been the most trustworthy bat of the Eleven, scarcely ever failing to score. He has a capital defence with very fair hitting powers. As a bowler he is very uncertain, but is a good field, and will be much missed next season.
- S. **FINNEY** has proved a most invaluable member of the Eleven. He is a very hard hitter, with a persevering defence, and very rarely fails to make runs. He fields capitally at long-leg and cover-point.
- T. W. **LANG** has proved himself a really first-rate school bowler of medium pace. He is a thoroughly good bat and field, and altogether one of the most promising members of the Eleven.
- A. E. **NIBLETT** has been the long-stop of the Eleven, and a first-rate one. As a bat he promised well at the commencement of the season, but fell off towards the end.
- A. **BIRD** improved greatly as a bat and in fielding generally. He played several capital innings.
- W. E. **ROBINSON** is a good left-hand bowler, an excellent field, and a fair bat.
- H. C. **BAXTER** won his place in the Eleven by his very promising batting. He has a good defence, standing well up to the bowling. In the field he will no doubt continue to improve.

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We cannot close this notice of the Eleven without bearing our testimony to the sterling qualities of those members of it who have left us. We sincerely hope that the good example of energetic, painstaking cricket which has been given to the school by Rundall, Fairbanks, Heath, Finney, Niblett and Bird, may be valued and followed by those who remain.

## SWIMMING.

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The swimming races took place at the baths on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, July 17th, 18th and 19th. Two new events were introduced into this year's programme, an obstacle race and plunging. The former produced an excellent contest, the obstacles consisting of two poles and a ladder stretched at intervals across the water. The Rev. R. B. Poole and H. G. Dakyns, Esq., acted as judges for the plunging. The handicap produced a much better race than last year, the start allowed the small fellows being considerably reduced. Trial heats for most of the events were swum off some days previously; the result of the "finals" is given below:—

400 yds. W. Claxton, 1; W. Oliphant, 2. A good race, the two placed both swimming well; Oliphant's neat stroke was especially admired, but Claxton won somewhat easily by about 3 yds. Time, 7 min. 55 sec.

133 yds. W. Oliphant, 1; W. Claxton, 2. Another well contested race, but Oliphant's superior speed enabled him to turn the tables on his former opponent. Time, 2 min. 10 sec.

100 yds. handicap, W. Oliphant, scr., 1; Alleyne, 15 ft., 2. Oliphant, last year's winner, again achieved an easy victory.

Obstacle Race, 100 yds., W. Claxton, 1; H. G. Tylecote, 2. A very close and amusing race. The course was three lengths of the baths with the obstacles before mentioned. As there had been no previous heats above a dozen competitors appeared at the start, which took place from the shallow end. Tylecote looked very much like winning in the last length, but Claxton passed him and came in first by a few inches.

200 yds. (under 5 ft. 2 in.), C. P. Tyler, 1; Galpin, 2. Tyler swimming in excellent style soon distanced his opponents and won very easily.

Object Diving.—R. F. Brunskill, 1; P. B. Ogle, 2. There were seventeen stones in the water, Brunskill bringing up six in each of his three dives; Ogle picking up three, five and eight respectively.

Long Dive.—R. F. Brunskill, 150 ft., 1. Brunskill's first dive was about 135 ft., and Ogle, who was second in this also, reached exactly the same spot. Brunskill in his second dive managed a length and a half of the baths, while Ogle did not come up to his first attempt.

Plunging.—W. E. Robinson, †; O. Vickers, †. Three headers allowed—one standing, one running, and one over a pole. There was a very large entry for this event, which took a long time to decide.

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## FOOTBALL.

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### SIXTH v. SCHOOL.

The Sixth match, the first of the season, was commenced on Thursday, October 12th. The weather was warm, too warm in fact, yet the play was none the less energetic. For the first time, thanks to the salutary rule of twenty a side, the *Cliftonian* has not to record in stereotyped phrase, that “the School were of course much superior in weight and numbers, and the Sixth were consequently penned the greater part of the time.” On the contrary, especially for the first three-quarters of an hour, the Sixth, though perhaps somewhat weak in their back play, proved evidently superior to the School forward, carrying the ball repeatedly through the scrimmages. In fact in the first ten minutes almost they compelled the School to touch it down behind their own goal, to which however the School replied shortly by returning the compliment. The Sixth then again brought the ball down towards the lower goal, and their hopes ran high when Rücker by a brilliant run in secured them a try at goal. The place was tried by Cluer, but unfortunately the ball rolled from its hole in the ground, and no goal was the result. Still there was the ball right in front of the School goal, but a touch down by Claxton under the very goal posts was disallowed. The School now began to exert themselves manfully, and for the rest of the day kept the ball in somewhat dangerous proximity to the upper goal. A fair catch by Fox (O.C.) allowed Tylecote to try a place, but as the intervening space was rather short, the Sixth had time to charge and intercept the ball. H. G. Dakyns, Esq., A. Prichard (O.C.), Cluer and Rücker for the Sixth, and A. J. Bush (O.C.), — Cox (O.C.), Walsh and Tylecote, for the School, distinguished themselves by their back play; as forwards the Rev. R. B. Poole, J. A. Neale (O.C.), A. Bunyan (O.C.), A. E. Niblett (O.C.), Warren and Bruns-

kill for the Sixth, and W. E. K. Fox (O.C.), and Pearce for the School, were prominent. Six Old Cliftonians appeared for the Sixth, viz., J. A. Neale, A. Bunyan, A. W. Prichard, S. H. D. May, A. Nash, A. E. Niblett; and four for the School, A. J. Bush, W. E. K. Fox, — Cox, — Young.

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SECOND DAY.—The weather was again warm and fine and the ground hard, so as to admit of good running. The School appeared with several additional Old Cliftonians, while the Sixth were without some who had assisted them on Thursday. Still for the first twenty minutes they managed to keep their own, and even forced the School to resort to a touch down. After this however the School showed their strength by penning their adversaries, until A. J. Bush by a run in secured them a try at goal. The first place was unsuccessful, but in a splendid rush on the part of the School, Ffooks managed to touch the ball down again to a more favourable position, and this time Tylecote was more lucky and placed a good goal. For the rest of the day the Sixth, though the hill was against them, managed to keep the play about in the middle of the ground, so that nothing more of interest took place. Boyle, F. C. Maisey (O.C.), Brunskill, Don and Stevenson, played well for the Sixth, and R. Collins, Esq., A. J. Bush (O.C.), A. T. Taylor (O.C.), W. E. Cook (O.C.), — Paul (O.C.), Washbourne and Ffooks for the School.

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THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17.—On this day the ground was rather soft from continued rain in the morning, which told rather against the Sixth, especially as now with the lower goal they had also the hill against them. Consequently for the greater part of the day the School kept the ball pretty close to their adversaries' goal, near enough to allow of several drops at it by their half-backs, none however proving successful. After about half-an-hour's play, Bush again got the ball across the Sixth goal line and touched it down, but the subsequent punt out was a failure. Once the Sixth, by a great effort, carried the ball up the slope towards the upper goal, which Boyle with a fine run and drop just failed of making their own. On the whole however they were evidently overmatched. The long drops of A. J. Bush (O.C.) and A. W. Prichard (O.C.) were much admired; while Boyle, Cluer, Warren, Don, Brunskill, Stevenson, Smith, Pearce and Fox (O.C.) were again conspicuous.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

**JULY 7TH.**—The sixth meeting for last term was held on Friday, July 7th, in the Chemical Lecture-room. Fifty-eight members and visitors were present. R. B. Don read a paper on "A Curious old Church." H. Proctor, Esq., O.C., spoke. W. J. P. Wood next read a paper on the "Organ," on which Messrs. Ward and Ogle spoke. The President then announced that the Society's picnic would take place on Saturday, July 15th, and Brockley Coombe was fixed upon as the place for the excursion. It was then stated that the Museum would be opened to members of the Society on Mondays and Fridays from 12.15 to 1.15; and from 12.15 to 1.15 on Wednesdays for the whole School; and from 5 to 6 on Fridays for the Junior School.

**JULY 14TH.**—The seventh meeting was held on July 14th. There were present sixty-nine members and visitors. The following donations to the Museum were acknowledged:—Some Indian coins by A. Paul, Esq., O.C.; fossils by A. Cruttwell, Esq., O.C. On the proposal of the President J. Fox, Esq., O.C., was elected a corresponding member of the Society. D. Pearce then read a paper on "Birds of Clifton," on which Messrs. Ward, Don, Kent and Brown spoke. F. L. Penny next gave a lecture on "The Bed of the Avon," exhibiting numerous fossils and diagrams. On this paper J. Stone spoke.

**JULY 21ST.**—The eighth meeting for the term was held on July 21st. Present fifty members and visitors. Donations to Museum acknowledged:—Nest and eggs of humming-bird by R. Haynes; Lepidoptera from Rev. H. Aubrey. An account of a visit to a Cornish tin-mine was given by H. Proctor, Esq., O.C. On the motion of the President Proctor was elected an honorary member of the Society. J. Swinburne read a paper on the "Wild Cat," on which Messrs. Greene and Ward spoke. The office-bearers elected for the next term were:—R. F. Brunskill, treasurer; J. Stone, secretary; Rev. J. Greene, T. H. Warren, R. B. Don, D. Pearce, members of committee. It was proposed by T. H. Warren and passed that the Directors of Sections be elected terminally by the whole Society.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—The first meeting for this term was held on September 29th. The President announced the election of J. Robinson, Esq., as an honorary member of the Society. The following were elected Directors of Sections :—Geology, J. G. Grenfell, Esq. ; Entomology, Rev. J. Greene ; Archæology, J. C. Prinsep ; Zoology, D. Pearce ; Chemistry, J. Robinson, Esq. ; Physics, W. A. Smith ; Botany, F. T. Saunders. Donations acknowledged :—Stuffed squirrel and magpie by J. Heath ; river shells by Davis ; petrified wood by Gibbons ; mud from bottom of Atlantic and some tinore from Cornwall by M. J. Barrington-Ward, Esq. ; two tusks of the wild boar and two claws by General Young-husband ; shells and fossils by R. Richardson ; birds' eggs by Niblett. The following were elected members :—G. E. Locke, J. Gibbons, J. Hewson, G. Le Strange, L. Bonham-Carter, J. Bell, G. Maw, L. Fuller, P. Ogilvie, R. Richardson, H. Fowler, W. Clark, W. Druitt, A. Evans, E. Crosse, W. Savile, J. Forbes, R. Sumner, A. Darley, W. Darling.

OCTOBER 6TH.—A special meeting was held on October 6th to elect a Director for the Botany Section in the place of F. T. Saunders who resigned. G. Dakyns was elected.

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## DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The first meeting for the term of this Society, which has been re-established on the old basis, took place on Saturday, October 14th. The subject for discussion was,—“That the autumn manœuvres have been beneficial to the country.” Proposed by Brownlow, seconded by Warren, and opposed by Ivens. The attendance was not very large, several of the members being occupied with the Choral Society or the School-House debate, both of which unfortunately chose the same hour for their gatherings ; still the discussion was spirited, though a little one-sided, there being in all ten speeches from the following :—For the motion,—Brownlow, Warren, Boyle, Crosse, Brown and Robinson. Against,—Ivens, Don, Leonard and Brunskill. The motion was finally put to the vote, and carried by a majority of 6, there being 10 votes for and 4 against.

The following motions were then passed :—1. That the next meeting, an extraordinary one, take place the next Saturday, i.e. October 21st. 2. That should the Choral Society's hour be fixed from 7 to 8 p.m., the debate take place from 8 to 9 p.m.

The second debate of this term took place on Saturday, October 21st. The subject was, "Ireland, provided foreign powers did not interfere, ought to rule itself." Proposed by Boyle, seconded by Budd ma., opposed by Ivens. The speakers were: for the motion,—Boyle, Budd, Williams. Against,—Ivens, Brunskill, Leonard, Robinson, Crosse, Warren. On the division there were, for the motion, 3; against, 11. The motion was therefore lost by 8.

## BIG-SIDE LEVÉE.

I. At a Levée held September 26, 1871, it was passed,—1. That for this term the Lower Fifth be not exempt from fagging. 2. That every one be obliged to fag during his first term in the Lower Fifth. 3. That the Covered Courts be taken on coming out from School morning prayers.

II. At a Levée held September 30th,—1. That two additional goals be erected on the slope between Big-side and the Lower Ground. 2. That any one found on the Middle Court wearing anything else but racquet shoes or slippers without heels be fined 2/6. 3. That a list of the caps and badges, with the dates of their being given, be kept in Big-side Levée book, the latter list to be supplied by the Senior Badge to the Head of the School. 4. That the sixth match begin on Thursday, October 12th.

III. At a Levée held October 4th,—1. That a committee of three be appointed to report on Big-Side Book. (Warren, Cluer and Boyle were appointed). 2. That the Town pay a subscription of 2/6 each for the use of the pavilion in the winter term. 3. That Robinson be appointed to send up accounts of the ensuing Football Matches to the *Field*, &c. 4. That Rule 11 in the book of rules stand as follows :—It is lawful to pick up the ball except when dead on the ground, and if a player deaden a rolling ball while trying to pick it up it shall be counted no pick-up.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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Last term fourteen members of the Sixth Form left. On the classical side Rundall (H.H.), Fairbanks (S.H.), Fell (S.H.), Evill (D.H.), Blanshard (T.), Campbell (D.H.), Bray (T.), Pearce ma. (D.H.), Niblett (D.H.), Finney (D.H.); and on the modern side, Hay (T.), Heath mi. (S.H.), Penney (D.H.) and Heath ma. (B.H.) The Form at present consists of twenty-one classical and five modern members. Those who have come into it this term are Brown (S.H.), and Younghusband ma. (T.), both on the classical side.

The Heads of Houses are,—T. H. Warren (T.), W. Claxton (H.H.), C. W. Boyle (B.H.), C. C. Stevenson (D.H.) and R. B. Don (S.H.).

Nine of last season's caps still remain :—T. H. Warren (T.), A. R. Cluer (S.H.), C. W. Boyle (B.H.), W. A. Smith (T.), R. F. Brunskill (B.H.), C. C. Stevenson (D.H.) R. B. Don (S.H.), D. H. Walsh (T.), and D. Pearce (D.H.). Of these four are badges :—Cluer, Boyle, Walsh and Pearce.

The following are the members of Big-side Levée for this term :—

|                 |   |                    |
|-----------------|---|--------------------|
| T. H. Warren    | } | <i>Ex officio.</i> |
| C. W. Boyle     |   |                    |
| R. F. Brunskill |   |                    |
| H. G. Tylecote  |   |                    |

For the Classical Sixth : Cluer, Claxton, Smith and Stevenson.

For the Modern Sixth : Don.

For the Upper Fifth : Luxton and Pearce.

For the Lower Fifth : Lang.

For the Modern Fifth : Ffooks.

For the School House : Rücker and Rawlinson.

\* For the Town : Walsh

For Brown's : Robinson.

For Dakyns's : Strange.

For Harris's : Wood.

\* The Town have not yet completed their election.

The Open Prizes last term resulted thus :—

Classical Scholarship Prize:—Cluer. Lower Bench: Budd ma.

Modern Scholarship Prize :—Don.

English Essay :—(1) Cluer; (2) Warren.

Latin Prose: no 1st; 2nd, Rundall and Claxton (equal).

Lower Bench: Boyle.

Translation: Warren. Lower Bench: Ivens.

Greek Prose: Claxton. Lower Bench: Boyle.

Greek Iambics: Rundall.

French Composition: Oliphant.

German Composition: no 1st; 2nd, Locke.

Essay on the Spectrum: (1) Smith; (2) Blanchard.

We have to thank an Old Cliftonian, who does not wish his name known, for sending £4 to the Pavilion Fund.

We have also to acknowledge the following list of subscriptions received or promised for the Racquet Court: further lists will appear :—

|                               | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------|---|----|----|
| W. G. Coles .. .. .           | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| H. S. Washbrough .. .. .      | 5 | 0  | 0  |
| Rev. J. Percival .. .. .      | 5 | 0  | 0  |
| Dr. Fox (annual) .. .. .      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Rev. T. E. Brown .. .. .      | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| Rev. B. Hartnell .. .. .      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| H. G. Dakyns .. .. .          | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| Rev. R. B. Poole .. .. .      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Rev. P. A. Phelps .. .. .     | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Rev. E. Harris .. .. .        | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| E. M. Oakeley .. .. .         | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| Rev. H. J. Wiseman .. .. .    | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Rev. H. C. Watson .. .. .     | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| F. M. Bartholomew .. .. .     | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| M. J. Barrington-Ward .. .. . | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| J. G. Grenfell .. .. .        | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| J. Collins .. .. .            | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| J. Perry .. .. .              | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| C. E. Plant .. .. .           | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| W. Battersby .. .. .          | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| T. S. Lodge .. .. .           | 1 | 10 | 0  |
| A. T. Taylor .. .. .          | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| J. Heath .. .. .              | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| A. M. Edwards .. .. .         | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| J. C. Godwyn .. .. .          | 2 | 0  | 0  |

## BIG-SIDE BOOK.

## GENERAL RULES.

1. The Head of the School shall be President of Big-Side Levée and also of School Levée ; and he shall enter the proceedings in a book, which he shall keep for that purpose and for which he is responsible to Big-Side.

2. Big-Side Levée shall be a representative assembly thus constituted :—

|                                 |   |          |                            |
|---------------------------------|---|----------|----------------------------|
| The Head of the School          |   | }        | <i>Ex officio</i> members. |
| The Senior Badge                |   |          |                            |
| The Captain of the Eleven       |   |          |                            |
| The Holder of the Challenge Cup |   |          |                            |
| From the Classical Sixth        | 4 | members. |                            |
| From the Modern Sixth           | 1 | "        |                            |
| From the Fifth $\alpha$         | 2 | "        |                            |
| From the Fifth $\beta$          | 1 | "        |                            |
| From the Fifth Modern           | 1 | "        |                            |
| From the School House           | 2 | "        |                            |
| From Brown's                    | 1 | "        |                            |
| From Dakyns's                   | 1 | "        |                            |
| From Harris's                   | 1 | "        |                            |
| From the Town                   | 2 | "        |                            |

If the Captain of the Eleven be absent the next highest member of the Eleven shall take his place.

3. If any member of Big-Side Levée absent himself three times in one term from the levées without giving any satisfactory reason for his absence he shall forfeit his seat. If he be an *ex officio* member the next in seniority shall take his place ; if an elected member there shall be a new election, but he shall not be allowed to stand again. This rule shall only hold for the term in which the offence is committed.

4. Every one in the Lower Fifth shall be a fag for his first term in that form.

5. Any motion, of which at least a week's previous notice has not been given, may, by the desire of any member, be postponed for a week.

6. All members shall be seated during levée.

7. Not more than one member shall speak at a time, and he shall rise to speak.

8. The House match, both in cricket and football, shall be Cook-House and School.

9. Caps and members of the Eleven, as well as all who are not fags, are members of Big-Side.

10. No one shall be allowed to go into the Pavilion except members of the Sixth and Eleven and Twenty-two; and the Town in the football season on payment of their subscription.

11. After the rules have been printed every one proposing a new rule must be prepared to show either that it clashes with no existing rule, or that it designedly alters or modifies one or more existing rules, which rule or rules he must quote.

#### CRICKET.

1. All colours for the Eleven and Twenty-two are to be awarded by the members of the Eleven; the Captain always calling the meeting and having a casting vote.

2. The Captain shall consult the other members of the Eleven respecting the arrangement of challenges, the procuring of professionals, and the awarding of testimonials to them.

3. No practise nets shall be pitched within or near Big-Side while a Big-Side match is going on.

4. A bat, or some equivalent in cricket things, shall be given for every "50" made in a foreign match.

5. After each drawing, House cricket matches shall be recommenced on a half-holiday.

6. Defeated Houses shall play among themselves for places in the order of their defeat.

7. House cricket matches must be played at least two days a week; they may be played every day with the consent of the captains of each side.

#### FOOTBALL.

1. The Head of the School shall be Captain of his side in the Sixth match, and shall kick off to begin the season.

2. All fellows who play on Big-Side shall be bound to attend, unless they obtain leave by a note signed by the Head of their House.

3. Caps shall be given by the Heads of Houses with the consent of the præpostors in the House. If there be a disagreement the majority shall decide.

4. Præpostors may take their Caps if they choose without leave from any one.

5. Præpostors may exempt themselves from Big-Side.

6. The highest Cap on each side shall be head of his side.

7. All Big-Side matches shall be limited to twenty on each side, exclusive of Masters and Old Cliftonians.

8. The School Twenty shall be chosen by the Senior Badge and the two highest Caps; the Senior Badge to preside at the meeting.

9. The Badge and Cap are distinct: the Badge is a School distinction given by the old Badges.

10. No one shall wear any extra mark on his jersey unless he has his Badge.

11. The Badges shall be unlimited in number.

12. Lists of the Caps and Badges, with the dates of their being given, shall be kept in Big-Side book: the list of Badges to be supplied by the Senior Badge to the Head of the School.

13. No maul in goal shall last more than three minutes. If the ball is not touched down by either side within that time it shall belong to that side in whose goal it is.

14. There shall be a Football Committee, to consist of representatives chosen from the Caps of each House, the Upper School in each House to choose one. The following are their rules:—

(a.) All the Houses shall be drawn in ties before the Sixth match.

(β.) Houses not wishing to play may scratch during the week after drawing.

(γ.) For every House match two umpires shall be chosen out of the Committee by the Committee itself.

(δ.) A third umpire shall be chosen by the Heads of sides.

- (ε.) Substitutes shall be chosen by the three umpires with power to refer to the whole Committee, when, as in all cases, the interested members shall have no vote, but shall be at liberty to state demands, complaints, &c.
- (ζ.) Except special meetings about substitutes, the Committee shall meet but once a week, when all complaints, &c., can be mentioned. The Committee shall always, if possible, look on at matches and reserve their judgment until the meeting.
- (η.) The Heads of sides may object to any umpire, and if they object may choose another.
- (θ.) If no goal is kicked on either side, the umpires shall decide which is successful.

15. Defeated Houses shall play among themselves for places in the order of their defeat.

#### BADGE RULES.



1. There shall be a meeting of the old Badges once every week, on Saturday at 2.10 p.m.
2. Any Badge who does not attend shall not have a vote in the meeting.
3. The Badges must be unanimous before a badge be given, if the number of the old Badges be less than six.
4. The Senior Badge alone has the power of informing a fellow that he has got his badge; if the Senior Badge is necessarily compelled to be absent from school, the highest badge in call-over assumes his place.

#### ATHLETICS.

1. The Athletic Committee shall consist of the Heads of Houses, the holder of the Challenge Cup, and the Captain of the Eleven.
2. There shall be an Old Cliftonian's Race at every athletics: the distance shall be 300 yards, and previous winners shall be penalised eight yards.

3. The marks for the Challenge Cup are as follow :—

|                              | 1st | 2nd |
|------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Mile .. .. .                 | 18  | 6   |
| 100 yards .. .. .            | 15  | 5   |
| Quarter Mile.. .. .          | 12  | 5   |
| Half Mile .. .. .            | 12  | 5   |
| High Jump .. .. .            | 7½  | 3   |
| Broad Jump .. .. .           | 7½  | 3   |
| Hurdle Race.. .. .           | 12  | 4   |
| Steeple Chase .. .. .        | 13½ | 5   |
| Throwing the Cricket Ball .. | 6   | 2   |

**FIVES.**

1. The Houses shall play matches at hand-fives for Cock House in the Easter term, and the Cock House shall play the School. There shall be two players on each side in these matches.

2. Defeated Houses shall play among themselves for places, in the order of their defeat.

3. The covered Fives Courts shall be taken by fellows on coming out from School morning prayers.

4. Any one on the Middle Racquet Court wearing anything but racquet shoes, or slippers without heels, shall be fined 2/6.

**RUNS.**

1. Two prizes shall be given for the best running in paper chases, one open to all and one only to those under 15.

2. All who come in within five minutes after the first hound in runs get "places" and are "in." Fellows under fifteen are counted "in" if they come in within five minutes after the first hound under fifteen.

3. Those who go hares shall keep their average for running.

4. The marks for hounds coming in are :—25 for the first hound, and 1 taken off for every twelve seconds later.

5. The senior winner of the Big-Side Run cup shall hold the Big-Side Run bags ; and if he is not in the school at the commencement of the run season, the bags shall be held by the person who got the next highest marks in the previous season.

6. In Big-Side Runs the hares shall throw out all the paper they have, if they mean to run straight home, or else shall lay scent up to the Downs.

7. If the hares are sighted the hounds must still keep to the scent and not cut across country.

#### SWIMMING.

1. A committee for managing the swimming races shall be appointed by Big-Side Levée.

2. The subscription shall be 1/- down to the Upper Fourth inclusive, and 6d. for the rest of the School.

3. The races shall be :—

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| Open to all: 12 lengths .. ..     | 1st & 2nd Prize. |
| “ 4 lengths .. ..                 | “                |
| “ Object diving .. ..             | “                |
| “ Long diving .. ..               | “                |
| “ Handicap Race .. ..             | “                |
| Under 5 ft. 2 in. 6 lengths .. .. | “                |

The handicap shall be made at the rate of 5 ft. start for every inch under 5 ft. 5 in. ; also a previous winner shall be handicapped five additional feet.

## EDITORIAL.

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THE first thing we have to allude to is a success which the School has lately gained ; a success, however, which is one that needs no comment. To obtain the first Scholarship at Balliol, and also an Exhibition, is an achievement which speaks for itself, and we have only to thank those who have won us this honour.

With regard to the games of this term we may also, on the whole, congratulate ourselves. A decided step in the right direction has been made in having an increased number of Little-sides on every half-holiday, and in seeing that those who are supposed to play really do so. Besides the game on Big-side, there have been three others, not including those of the Junior School, so that no one in the College has been without an opportunity of playing. This has caused the remark from several out-siders that they have never before seen such a turn out of flannels in the Close as on the half-holidays of this term. Another advance we have made, one which probably arises chiefly from this increased play, and that is that the rules have been more generally known, and consequently more generally acted upon than in former years. But there is still room for improvement in this respect, for it ought to be impossible for any one, on however low a game he plays, to break a rule, at least without being conscious of it. On Big-side the play has been good throughout the year, in spite of the number of our best fellows who have left since last season. We can only regret that we have had no foreign match, and hope that next year one at least will be arranged. It gives the twenty something definite to play for, and adds vigour and interest to our football generally. Our house matches have not this term been as successful as they might be, considering them as a means of improving our football. The fault of them is that they are too exciting, and that victory is more thought of than the means by which it is gained ; in fact, the principle that all is fair in war is carried to an extreme. That this should be the case is perfectly natural, and to check it entirely is impossible. But we believe that it would not

be difficult to make some slight changes in our system of house matches, by which this objection to them would be almost entirely removed, and we hope that before next season something of the sort will be done.

While from a general review of this term's games we have many reasons for self-congratulation, the prospects of next term are by no means encouraging. We cannot play football owing to the state of the ground and the cricket to come; training and practising for the athletics take up after all but a minimum of the term, not more than one hour on half-holidays and a few minutes of occasional running after afternoon school; the runs are the regular employment of the Easter term. If they are to be a repetition of this year's miserable performances we may almost wish to see them entirely done away with. We have had two runs this term; in the first, over the course best known to all, the hounds came in twenty minutes after the hares; the first hound in is only fifteen, which fact we mention to *his* praise, but at least it is not creditable to the rest of the school. In the second fourteen fellows mustered at the start; this is really a good number for our runs, and one to which we seldom attained last Easter term. Owing to the nature of the run, and a new course being taken, the field kept together till the run home; but, though the distance was only four miles, the first hound came in twelve minutes before the rest. Such a state of things in a school like ours is simply preposterous. Out of more than three hundred fellows we have sixteen as a high average attending runs; the average number of those who came in during the seven runs of last season is under five. Fellows have no excuse whatever except that it is too much "grind" to go to runs. We are quite willing to make allowance for those whose constitutions absolutely prevent them from running at all. But sympathy with those who prefer loafing into Clifton or Bristol, who find a recurring problem in the question what is to be done on each successive half-holiday, we do not feel at all. It is really painful to know that we have gone back so far in a matter that is simply one of pluck and perseverance. Most fellows here can remember a far better state of things; even two years ago the runs were better attended than they are now; and this we assert, without any desire to "push the happy season back;" it is a plain fact and by no means a creditable one. At Rugby, which we profess to follow as our model,—and we could not do better—runs are in a far more flourishing condition.

We read an account of the Crick Run, and turn to think of our own school with every opportunity for establishing a list of runs quite equal to those of Rugby, with the addition of considerably more hard work in the way of hills—more than that, we have the runs already established, and barely two fellows now left who know the courses. With these advantages we are losing the very point that it is most important for a young school to gain. We want something established that shall last in the traditions of the school, not in written rules. We want, in the way of runs, that every one should take an interest in them and have some knowledge of the pace at which they were done by our best runners. We want fellows to give up the worse than idle disparagement of the whole system which confronts us throughout the school. It seems that we have forgotten the qualities which are inspired by the hard work of running more than by any other game whatever. Endurance and the stern dogged pluck so characteristic of the English nation are admirably brought out by runs. Every fellow has his work before him, and has to do it unaided; those who do run can only do it for the honour, for the prize is entirely out of proportion with others given at the athletics for races which are sometimes won without a day's training; yet, in spite of this, fellows who go to runs are rather pitied by their friends in the school. We do not wish for a compulsory system by any means. The Sixth and Fifth ought to know their position well enough to wake up from their present apathy as regards this subject; and, from personal experience we can add, at least to encourage some, that no one knows his powers until he has tried them, and if a good field were to muster at the first run of next term half of those running would be seen at every Big-side for the rest of the season. Something must be done. We have recognised the principle that it is bad to have fellows loafing about the Close even when they have good football to look at; we surely do not intend to have loafing and idleness without any object whatever.

Old Cliftonians will be glad to hear that racquets is at last likely to become one of our games. Within the last few weeks the open racquet court has been finished, and is now being played upon. It is only the forerunner, we may venture to hope, of other and better ones. An addition to the number of our fives courts has also been made, for instead of the old open fives court, which was knocked down to make way for the workshop, two others have been built which have in every way proved a success.

Personally, as Editors, we have little to say, and that little is nothing new. We still complain, however, of having nothing to reject. It is a fact that it is a most unusual occurrence for a piece of *prose* sent to us not to be accepted, and we do not think this ought to be so, for it shows a lack of interest, almost a lack of pluck, in those who ought to contribute to *The Cliftonian*. We feel certain that if more indifferent articles found their way into our box, many really good would be included with them.

## DIALECTICAL REGENERATION.

Is the literature of England going to decay like that of Greece?

This is a question that people have begun to ask themselves: some have tried to answer it. Max Müller has shown that dialects are the feeders of language. What we call provincialisms our sons will not know from good idiom: what we call slang will, much of it, be received and welcomed by them. Mr. Marsh has shown another form of dialectical regeneration in the revival of old Saxon words, from Chaucer, from Layamon, from Piers the Plowman. This he says is found, by a method of residues, to be the sifted cause which may postpone—it can never prevent—the decay of the English language and literature.

So then language really decays? On the whole we think the metaphor not misapplied. When Professor Max Müller calls the dropping of inflexions decay; the syntactical change, decay; the analytic for the synthetic form, decay; we cannot agree with him. For language is but the expression of thought, and while thought is vigorous, language cannot be said to decay. Now the change from an inflexional to a “positional” syntax is caused, as everybody knows, not by decay in thought but by the necessity of distinguishing niceties of thought. In fine the language has advanced with the thought, but to neither can the term “corruption” be properly applied. But we have passed this stage for centuries. Our language is decaying because our thought is becoming corrupt; our thought is decaying because strong words are used for little things and we have no stronger words to take the place of those degraded. There is hardly a more powerful word in the language

than "awful": but slang is gradually usurping it, till at last our writers will be ashamed to use it; and in 1971 it will be revived by a historian who will say, "The battle of Sedan was awfully bloody, fearfully decided, and fought at screaming odds."

The danger to the language is that while it is in the nature of words to lose their strength, it is not in the nature of a stereotyped language to supply fresh words. When I say "lose strength," I mean the following process. People naturally wish to speak forcibly: it saves breath and rivets attention. If you hear a forcible speaker, you are all on fire to imitate him; forgetting that the strongest words are but

A voice flying by, to be lost on an endless sea,

and that his story is only a tale of little meaning though the words are strong.

To take some instances. Years ago when a man was "*abandoned*" by his fellow citizens he was outlawed, *banned*, made a *bandit* of. To-day it would mean no more than that they refused to send him to parliament, or left him alone in a lecture room. A Roman meeting a *re-spectable* person would have turned to point at him, as a man of mark, going down street. Who would think twice of respectability now? I will even cite an example from our own school annals. Two or three years ago, a boy in the School House happening to turn pale, was told by his friend "How *deadly* you look!" The word caught the fancy of the wits in the lower school and any pale-faced boy was a "deadly" youngster. I remember two were burlesquing a parley between a "pale-face" and a Red Indian. Says the red man, "Will the white face smoke the calumet of peace with me?" "Thy white brother begs to decline," he replied. "What, and is the *deadly-faced* one afraid it will prove too strong for him?" After this *deadly* was transferred to any one who blushed; that being more common than turning pale. From blushing it was applied to any signs of confusion or embarrassment, and then when the strong word had lost its power it died of its own debility.

This is enough to show the way in which words decay. The three chief agents which hasten this decay are slang, politeness, and advertisements. I have said something about slang: I will now say something about the other two.

By politeness I mean the habit of paying compliments.

Old Fuller derives this from *complete mentiri*,—because the worst truth is the best of compliments. The essence of a compliment is to say what you don't mean. You tread on my toe. "I beg your pardon; I am sincerely sorry," you say; at least if you did not you would be thought uncivil. But the words mean little or nothing; and hence the strange truth that if you accurately expressed the amount of your regret you would be misunderstood by me: if I literally interpret your "sincere regret" I misconstrue you.

I shall have more to say about advertisements. I have taken the trouble to compare a few from a Bristol paper at different periods since 1800, with a view to showing how competition in advertising, as in all else, has the effect of using up the sap of things prematurely.

*Anno Domini 1800,—*

The cordial Balm of Gilead possesses wonderful efficacy in all nervous disorders, &c., &c.

Also,—

The proprietor of the Balsam of Liquorice thinks it his duty to remind the public that experience has proved it may be relied on, &c., &c.

Also,—

The housekeepers' instructor or universal family cook . . .  
to which is added the Complete Art of Carving, by  
William Augustus Henderson,  
who has been in the most extensive practise of cookery.

In April, same year,—

To be Sold by Auction.

The Freehold dwelling house in Dighton St., a most desirable situation in exceeding good repair, and possessing every convenience, &c., &c.

1801,—

Vetmos' vegetable syrup. It is not from any illiberal motive that the proprietor of this medicine which has sustained an unrivalled and undiminished credit for thirty years, opposes it in all obstructions and impurities of the human fluids to the mineral and metallic salts, &c., &c.

Here is a rich one which I quote nearly at full:—

London, April 17, 1802.

Mrs. HOLYLAND

Begs leave to acquaint her friends and the PUBLIC at large that the business is carrying on as usual for the benefit of herself and Mr. Holyland whose painful situation still unfortunately incapacitates him from taking an active part in the concern.

The HOTEL for the RECEPTION of FAMILIES  
No. 12 Cecil St. Strand

Most eligibly situated both for the purposes of business and its contiguity to all places of public amusement, and commanding also a most delightful prospect of the Thames, &c.

Here is truth in a nutshell; a hard nut to crack indeed. Can any one suggest where the delightful prospect of the Thames at the back of the Strand was in 1802? But we will advance half a generation and see what their grown-up sons made of the parents' example.

1816,—

Bayley's Liquid Japan Blacking. This matchless composition for boots, harness, &c with less labour produces more brilliant and lasting Jet Black than can be obtained from any other preparation.

Happy shoeblack! Lubricate thy brushes and bless Bayley's Blacking. Now we come to

EIDOURANION  
or Grand Transparent Orrery  
by Mr. Bird  
The Self-taught Astronomer.

We hasten from the self-taught ignoramus to a rare paragraph:—

A healthy young man of good character wishes to engage himself with a gentleman deranged, *having been used to that way of life*. Any person wishing to see him may hear of him by a line, &c., &c.

Here we are left in doubt whether the deranged gentleman must have been used to being deranged before the healthy young man can be engaged with him, or whether the healthy one being frequently deranged wishes to make an engagement (pistols of course) with a lunatic. The confused thought makes hash of the language.

Here follows an instance of Euphemism in middle-class life:—

To Parents and Guardians.  
Wanted Immediately.

An Apprentice of respectability to a wholesale and retail Linendraper. . . . . a liberal premium will be expected as the *young gentleman* will be treated as one of the family.

After passing years of "EIDOURANION" and "TEETH" we arrive at a fine specimen in 1830:—

A Challenge to ALL THE WORLD for 1000 guineas!!  
Mons. Beaumont, Professor of Languages engages to teach the French, Italian, and Latin languages on lower

terms and in less time than any other Professor in the world *without the tedious task of committing lessons to memory.*

N.B.—Perfection guaranteed to the pupil.

Apart from Mons. Beaumont's intrinsic absurdity, who gave him the title of Professor? Does he pretend to measure himself with men like Professor Max Müller?

Why don't we remind these people that the one cause of corruption in language is the neglecting to call things by their right names. After such an example, in a couple of months we find a tailor advertising that the

EMPORIUM OF FASHION!!!

is Removed to  
No 7 Broad St.

No need to turn to advertisements of the present day. M. A. Y. has given us some specimens, and everyone knows plenty for himself. What I wish to suggest is that the attempt to describe common-place articles in high flown terms is the ruin of the language. The waste of word power so made is not balanced by the supply. The language is no longer creative, and literature with her forceful Carlyles and nice Mat. Arnolds seeks for re-inforcement in Germany, France, Rome, America, everywhere, but withal cannot find enough.

Where do the advertisements find harbourage? In the cheap daily press. What does the press boast to be? The free expression of honest men, and the great bulwark of national stability. And yet our champions so disinterested, so public spirited, do not scruple by penny-a-liners and advertisements to damn our literature by murdering our language.

E. BEAN.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE SACRED BAND AT CHCERONEA.

"THINK not that these men wrought or suffered shame!"  
So spake King Philip; and his iron eyes  
Were fountain-heads of tears with liquid flame  
Scorching war-withered cheeks, while windy sighs  
Heaved the close mail that bound his stubborn breast.  
Nay: for beneath the hard unpyting skies  
Folded they lay in cold death's marble rest—

Three hundred men of Hellas in dire need  
 Sent forth to die ; her bravest and her best—  
 Three hundred men, three hundred lovers, freed  
 From pain and sin and bonds of flesh that bite  
 The incorruptible soul, making her bleed  
 Celestial ichor in the earthly fight.  
 There where they fell, face-forward to the foe,  
 Serried like swathes of grass or barley white  
 Beneath the sickle, couched they, row by row.  
 Some were but boys, with blooming cheeks and hair  
 In ruddy splendour of live gold aglow ;  
 Some grizzled like the fierce cave-cabined bear ;  
 Some in the noonday prime of manhood turned  
 Their flashing foreheads and broad bosoms bare  
 Full on the foeman's spear-point, chafed and spurned  
 Their panting lives forth mid the pitiless hedge  
 Of Macedonian lances :—breasts that burned  
 With hopes heroic there on soaking sedge  
 Sheathed half-a-dozen shafts ; hands that had swung  
 Flesh-biting falchions, grappled the smooth edge  
 Of brazen pikes to which they madly clung.  
 Thus perished they. Their names were never writ  
 On parchment ; nor have mighty poets sung  
 How friend with friend implicit, comrade knit  
 To comrade by firm love surpassing speech,  
 Died on that day when discrowned Hellas bit  
 The bloody dust, and slavery like a leech  
 Sucked the free veins that fed the soul of man.  
 Shall we then weep for them ? Nay rather teach  
 The lesson of their lives republican.  
 They weep not who, when drum and viol and flute  
 Have waked the surge of symphony, and wan  
 Gleams the musician's face o'er myriads mute,  
 Throb with the stormy strife ; even so dare we  
 Dry-eyed the tragedy of love salute.  
 For what is death but immortality ?  
 And what is love but music that doth raise  
 The groanings of the grave to ecstasy ?  
 Drop not a tear : let fiery-throated praise  
 Attune their dirge to deathless harmony.

K. T. L.

NOTE.—Plutarch says that on the fatal field of Chœroneæ the  
 Theban Sacred Band of 300 lovers were left dead together, and that  
 Philip of Macedon when he saw them wept and cried : " Perish any  
 man who suspects that these men did or suffered anything that was  
 base ! "

## THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY.

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THE great dependence of thought upon language as its instrument is so patent a fact that logicians who deal in thought as an abstract existent deem it necessary to inculcate at the very outset the indispensability of all attainable perfection in this instrument itself, and of delicate care in the use of it. Yet in poetry, the essence of which is beauty and perfection of thought, the importance of language is hardly sufficiently recognized. It is indeed a very subtle inquiry whether we can at all in true poetry consider the elements of thought and language separately. For myself, I think that for critical purposes such a separation is possible. Thus, on the one hand, it may be said that the grand, rich, many-voiced, yet simple diction of Homer is merely the natural outcome and expression of his thought, that the two form an indivisible whole, the poetry of Homer: that, again, the sacred organ-tones of Milton, or Tennyson's mellow flute-notes, are but the necessary, natural, and inseparable vehicle of their inward sentiments striving to express themselves, just as the hollow and turgid conceits of the English Augustan period found natural utterance in the pompous and ringing yet empty verbiage of Dryden and Pope. Now this view would, I think, hold good were thought apart from its expression entirely dependent upon language: that is, were it impossible for men to think except in language, in words in fact. We allow, it is true, the axiom that without language no individual could enjoy original intercommunication or arousing of thought, and hence no one could have any power of thinking in himself, but this does not imply that when once we have learned to think we cannot proceed to further thought, independent of language, of and by ourselves. Indeed, experience tells us that the very contrary is the truth. Such phrases as "originality of thought," "thought that strives in vain to find adequate utterance in words," phrases in every critic's mouth, may serve to assure or remind us of this. Allowing then that thought may be too deep for language,

that it may in some way have birth or exist without actual embodiment in words, it is, I think, quite evident that we may critically separate thought and language in poetry. Moreover, I fancy the reason why at first sight they seem inseparable is this, that in the perfection of poetry we find them practically to be so. The perfection of poetry in Homer or Milton exhibits both perfect thought and perfect language, and either being perfect they blend so harmoniously as to be practically inseparable. But in the lower types the case is different. There can be no doubt, I think, that many of Wordsworth's and Browning's thoughts are utterly marred and maimed by inadequate expression, by bold and harsh diction, by deliberate roughness and negligence of style ; or that there are again poets whose language is more perfect and beautiful than the thoughts it conveys. It is clear to my mind that all who would be poets must strive, that all the greatest poets have ever striven, as well after beauty and perfection of expression, as beauty and perfection of thought.

The want of attention to beauty of language marks at any rate, if it does not imply, an inferior grade of poetry, as we may see by applying the test. Heretical as the opinion may seem, in my estimation Shakespere is inferior as a poet to Homer or Milton, if only in this that, whether through his own fault or from the exigencies of the drama, his thought finds very inadequate, often very sorry and meagre expression. Let us consider in comparison another, perhaps somewhat incongruous specimen, the poetical prose or prosaic poetry of Walt Whitman. His so-called poetry often, from the mere force of well chosen and graphic language, bursts through the harsh trammels imposed upon it and rises to such a level as to really merit the name. What he might have done had he been sensible enough to employ time-approved vehicles of thought, is shown by the splendid fragment of real and consummate poetry, the dirge "Captain, O my Captain," where he does deign partially to employ metre and even rhyme. Again, some months ago I took up Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," which I had not read for a long interval. It is true Scott is never a poet of the highest order, nor is his thought very intense or subtle, but apart from this I was surprised to see how often one was brought to a standstill by some ill chosen word or negligent rhyme, which jarred on one's sense of the beautiful. On the other hand, in such pieces as the "Coronach," beauty of thought, meeting with sustained beauty of expression, may claim to rank as poetry

of no mean order. Two other examples especially striking by contrast I should like to consider—Tennyson and Wordsworth—but space forbids, and I must leave them for another opportunity. In conclusion, I think that there are signs in the rising schools of poetry of some appreciation of the importance of beauty of language, but it has to combat with several obstacles. Of these one is the influence of Wordsworth's unduly lauded writings, which are and ought to be considered as an extreme and a reactive protest against the still worse productions of the preceding age. Another, not learnt from Wordsworth, is the often lamented impatience of modern writers. It seems as though nowadays men lacked the patience to let their poetry lie in the desk for the seven years which Horace prescribed to the poetasters of his day. Hence, instead of the grand, polished, statuesque simplicity of a Sophoklès, we get only crude and unequal productions of writers of a month, rough and harsh, with badly tempered conceits and stop-gap commonplaces. At least were beauty of language recognized as indispensable in poetry we had not heard Carlyle's disgusted and sickened protest, reminding us that the language of ordinary thoughts should be prose not poetry.

T. H. W.

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## FAGGING.

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WE have already had in *The Cliftonian* articles on several of our school institutions; our Debating Society has been discussed, and so has its younger brother the Scientific Society, while "Stray Notes" has pointed out some other phases of our life here. I also wish to speak of one of our institutions, of the greatest of them all, the system of fagging. Such an article is not likely to be characterised by what is styled "literary merit," but the subject is at least sure to be one which all, both old and young, can appreciate and judge. At the same time I do not intend to balance the advantages and disadvantages of the system, for that is unnecessary in any public school where the

results of it are seen around us, where all can feel that were it suddenly abolished chaos would be the consequence. My motives are more personal; I have a grievance, and take refuge as so many have done before me in the promise contained in the preface to *The Cliftonian* that the grumbler shall have his say.

It is a just cause of complaint that out-siders, whose notions of fagging have been received second-hand, are so ready to believe all the absurdities of those who know as little as themselves. I remember reading some years ago in the magazine of a school at which fagging is not established an article on this subject. The writer had all the stock notions about tyranny and cruelty, but the example he gave of what he believed to be one of the usual practices at public schools of the present time sufficiently proved his ignorance. He gravely stated that it is customary for every one of the elder boys to make a younger one lie for half-an-hour in his bed before he himself comes to occupy it. Then, when he believes it sufficiently warmed, he takes possession of it, while the poor fag has to retire to his own cold sheets.

I recollect that it was when in the train coming here as a new fellow that I first heard that there was fagging at Clifton. Not being at the time particularly predisposed to cheerfulness, and having my mind primed with horrors on the subject, it made me supremely miserable. But on arriving I found the dreaded prospect to consist chiefly in being connected with a fellow who introduced me to foot-ball, taught me the rules, and helped me in every way to become accustomed to my new life. Since then time has gone on, I have passed through the chrysalis state of a fifth form fellow, and have reached the dignity of a full-blown præpostor. More than once it has happened that inquisitive relatives, when employed in their task of pumping me about school, have asked if I ever fagged fellows. I have had to confess to the crime, but at the same time have protested that I am not a monster of cruelty, nor given to amuse myself with the sufferings of my fags. But with a few exceptions, I have never succeeded in convincing any one prejudiced against the system that the current stories are either reminiscences of by-gone days or the inventions of sensational writers; at best they consider it as legalised bullying. That there is an entirely different side to the question out-siders never seem to know; and nothing is more misunderstood by them than the mutual relations of præpostor and fag.

Admirable as is the system of fagging, it has not yet reached its full development. There is still a feeling on the part both of big fellows and of little which is not sufficiently broken down. Those who, like myself, have once been fags have probably—even although they were the best of friends with their præpostor—been conscious of a desire to know him better, and to invest him with a greater individuality. But a feeling that it was difficult to break the ice, a fear of being a bore, has kept them back. Again, judging by my own experiences, I believe that at the same time the præpostor, while in the ordinary sense of the term looking after his fags, has experienced a wish to enter more fully into their life, and to know them in a more natural and less forced manner. But a feeling exactly similar to that of the fags has prevented his ever going any further; and thus both sides have been playing at cross purposes. A thing which all concerned have wished has never been accomplished, because none would take the first step. This is a natural mistake, but nevertheless it is a foolish one; and it is especially foolish on the part of those who, having once themselves been fags, ought to be able to fall back on their own experiences. That such a state of matters often exists is certain: there may be many who have never realised it, and who may even be at first inclined to deny it; but if they will only examine into their own case they will be obliged to acknowledge that it is true. If all præpostors thought oftener of what their feelings were when they themselves were fags, and if all fags were to remember that those who now seem so much older were not so long ago in exactly the same circumstances as themselves, our system would do even more good than it has already accomplished. I have a theory that most people are better than they seem, and improve upon acquaintance. A cold or repelling manner is oftener a misfortune than a fault, and neither præpostor nor fag ought to be discouraged by its existence on one side or the other. An Utopia is as impossible and undesirable in the world of school as in the world of politics, but I firmly believe that the system of fagging will yet improve as much as it has improved; and since it is the essential element in that self-regulating plan which has made English public schools the most manly in the world, its advance will have no little influence on the “coming race.”

## FROM A. DE MUSSET.

EPHEMERAL creature  
 That flutterest a day,  
 What sort is the dolour  
 Thou grieveest always?  
 'Tis thy soul that is sick,  
 That fulfils thee with tears—  
 But thy soul lives for ever  
 And grief dies with years.

Has thy life for its goal  
 Set a girl's fickle heart?  
 Must it break if it win not?  
 Hast set for God's part  
 To comfort thy spirit?—  
 Say then to thy fears,  
 Thy soul lives for ever  
 The heart's healed by years.

Does the pique of a moment  
 Destroy thee with sorrow,  
 Can a mortified past  
 Throw a cloud o'er the morrow?  
 Thou must trust then thy future  
 And the morn end thy fears—  
 Thy soul lives for ever  
 There's an end to the years.

A sick sighing spirit  
 Afflicts thee to death,  
 Thy head hangeth heavy,  
 Thy knees sink beneath:  
 Then kneel and adore,  
 Blind framer of fears—  
 Thy soul lives for ever  
 Thy life a few years.

In the coffin, to dust  
 Returneth thy frame,  
 Thy memory, thy glory,  
 Shall pass with thy name.  
 But never the passion  
 That a true heart endears—  
 For thy soul lives for ever;  
 Reck nothing of years.

W. F. HOWLETT.

## UP AT OXFORD.

Perhaps I shall  
Say something to the purpose, and display  
Considerable talent in my way.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, xiv., 98.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

COWPER, *Prog. Err.*, 415.

THE first "try" for a scholarship at Oxford is always a great event in the life of a schoolboy ; looked forward to with curiosity, not unmixed with anxiety, and ever afterwards regarded with an interest unsurpassed by that of any other attempt, whether successful or not. Such being the case, my adventures—if I may so call them—during a wild attempt to carry off an Oxford prize may interest and perhaps amuse some of the readers of *The Cliftonian*.

It was to me an eventful post that brought permission from home to compete for the scholarships at St. James's, Oxford : a month's work at school and another in the holidays could hardly be considered sufficient to prepare for so stiff an examination as rumour told of, though I am afraid that whether hard or easy my fate would have been the same : and so I went up free from any of that anxious nervousness so common to those who "fancy themselves" for success ; I regarded it as an experiment, an amusing way of attaining to the knowledge of the *modus operandi* of an examination ; and, if the truth be known, I expected a pleasing relief from the monotony of school life. Such a state of mind, I am well aware, is anything but conducive to success ; but rather likely to impair, if it does not completely mar any chance one has.

At last the looked for morning had arrived, and after an early breakfast we found ourselves on our way to the station, three of us, Reed, Green, and myself : our first business was to compare notes on ourselves, our chances, and our baggage ; Green being a lady's man—in his own estimation—had brought a dress suit and white tie in hopes of falling in with some invitations ; Reed had an eye to

the business of the trip and he had brought books, tea and sugar, and an Oxford guide book. Nothing could have been more prosaic than our companions in the train ; two gentlemen disinclined for conversation, and in a corner an important looking clerk, who every now and then mysteriously took out a bundle of letters and papers, and after shuffling them about so as to display two cheques with well feigned carelessness replaced them in his pocket. Swindon—sometimes jocosely called Swindle on account of its high priced refreshments—and Didcot being successively reached, we arrived at Oxford ; having left our luggage at the station we started for the town, but which was the way ? Green, not knowing, humbly asked a passing porter, “ which was the way to Oxford ? ” The porter stared as if he did not comprehend the question and passed on, and owing to our laughing remonstrances Green made no more investigations on the subject : we soon found ourselves at St. James’s—no very difficult task, and on the porter’s recommendation engaged apartments in Ditch Street : having sent for our luggage, after dinner we proceeded to the rooms of the Head of the College to enter our names. There was something in the solemn and impressive way in which we were ushered one by one into his august presence calculated to raise our expectations ; all that we had ever heard of the majesty and grandeur of the dignitaries of the university rose to our minds, and I for my part was not a little disappointed at his very ordinary appearance and quiet manner.

An intimation that we were wanted at nine o’clock in the College-hall on the following morning brought us there five minutes before the time, when we were joined by another Cliftonian, Jones. The candidates were thirty in number, and presented specimens of every conceivable species : there was the man with a beard who might have been of any age from twenty to thirty ; opposite to him sat a boy who looked not more than fifteen ; on one side was a dark, sleepy-looking individual who presented a strange contrast to his neighbour, a bright intelligent youth about nineteen, whom, as I examined the faces of those around me, I mentally selected as the successful candidate ; nor was I mistaken. The entrance of the examiners and the porter with bundles of quill pens and reams of light blue paper separated the various groups of conversationalists. After half-an-hour’s close application I glanced round the hall and examined my companions : one with knitted brow was writing as if for dear life ; a second was apparently noting down in a casual manner a few remarks on the questions, looking intensely

bored ; a third gazed at the ceiling with such intentness that I instinctively raised my eyes to see what he could be looking at ; while a fourth seemed lost in contemplation of his boots. The paper over at twelve, we found ourselves walking down High-street—four abreast, Reed, Green, Jones and myself—a long one, a short one, an ugly one, and—I refrain from commenting on myself. To our astonishment we did not excite any great commotion among the dwellers of the now quiet old city ; and what little attention was directed to us was to a great extent due to Jones's ugly face. Having lunched, and returned to another three-hours' paper at half-past one, we found ourselves by half-past four free for the rest of the day, and so directed our steps to the river and were soon gazing at the long array of boats at Salter's : after an animated discussion we came to the conclusion that it would be simply suicidal for us to venture in a light boat, notwithstanding the indignant remonstrances of Jones, who tried to persuade us that he was *au fait* in the whole matter ; while we were unwilling, as Cliftonians, to stoop to the humble safety of a "Noah's ark," as common boats are irreverently termed by Oxonians ; and so we determined not to leave *terra firma*, but to content ourselves with our ordinary mode of progression.

It is needless for me to detail the various little doings of our sojourn in Oxford ; for though we delight to recall each little incident, I fear they would possess but slight interest for the readers of *The Cliftonian*. The examination lasted four days, on the last of which there came the *viva voce* ; to this I had looked forward with no little interest and expectation ; I had fully determined that I for one would not be awed by the most stately of dons, that I would exhibit a cool and collected demeanour which could not fail to excite admiration, all the more so as I should present such a striking contrast to my companions in misfortune. But I must own that my feelings would have been different if I had not expected that as I was in for science no classical questions would be asked ; under this pleasing delusion I entered the presence of the examiners, and walked with what I flattered myself was an unconcerned air to the table. To my horror the examiner commenced by asking me what books I had taken up ; vainly I protested that I was entirely unprepared for any such examination, that I would much prefer to omit all classical subjects ; the examiner with hateful blandness interrupted my flow of argument by repeating, with the slightest tinge of impatience in his tone, his first question. I felt my courage rapidly oozing out, I

made one last desperate effort, and even tried the expedient of turning towards the door as if the matter was settled, but my enemy, with a manner which I dared not resist, peremptorily enquired once more what authors I would select: there was nothing left for it but to do my best; I accordingly faintly murmured Livy and—sudden happy thought—Hecuba. Oh! how I regretted then those hours when my whole attention—to say no more—was not directed to the eloquent dissertations of my master on that play: there was a last chance left for me, he might not have the books, but while the thought was coursing through my mind I found myself with the Hecuba open before me. Somehow or other I stumbled through the passage with less difficulty than I expected, and felt when the Don closed the book and turned to the Livy that the worst was over; for any little knowledge of classics I may have is almost entirely confined to Latin. Vain hope! I had never seen the passage before, and I stared with blank amazement at the page. We have all heard of the youth who'd

Glance (in quite a placid way)  
 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:  
 And smile, and look politely round,  
 To catch a casual suggestion;  
 But make no effort to propound  
 Any solution of the question.

But my plight was still worse; for unfortunately it was vain to attempt to look placid, and equally vain to glance round since the examiner alone met my frenzied eye, and still vainer to make any effort to propound any solution of the passage, and so like my friend whom I have mentioned above

Not much esteemed was I  
 Of the authorities:

but the Don with gentle smile advised me to commence with the nominative; with as much indignation as I could muster I answered that I was well aware of this, but that—and here my voice sank considerably—I, I, I was not *quite* sure which the nominative was: a second smile illumined his mild countenance and he pointed it out; but my difficulties were little lessened; another piece of advice “to take the verb” next elicited the mournful answer that that too failed to catch my eye, and not even the information of which *it* was, allowed my eloquence to flow unimpeded: for which was the accusative was now the puzzling thought;

so we went on for a few minutes till at last the examiner intimated that I might retire. I draw a veil over my wounded feelings. Suffice it to say that ever since I have been continually shaken with inward bursts of laughter at the recollection of this scene.

The *viva voce* had given me quite a distaste for the whole affair, and my aim was now to finish my paper with the "maximum" of accuracy in the "minimum" of time: this having been done to my satisfaction, I directed an epistle to my friend Green to ask him to do likewise and join me outside; but the very idea of sending notes in time of examination shocked his conscientiousness, he flung it down on the floor, refusing to open it, and frowned and glared fiercely at me; I endeavoured to return his glances as blandly and calmly as I could, but determined "to have it out" with him afterwards. My friends plodded on, and at last got to the end of their store of knowledge on the subject, and rose to go. I followed them: when we got to our lodgings, as the last paper was over, we made arrangements for departure; Green examined Bradshaw, having just enough knowledge of mathematics to allow him to hope for success, while Smith and I sent for the bill. I fully expected to have had the traditional dispute with an angry landlady who, with blustering tongue, would demand at least three times her proper claims. I had indeed been prepared for her modest demands by perceiving with astonishment that our piece of beef came up a second time almost as large as it had descended. When we had settled the "little account," always an unpleasant duty, we took a cab to the station and soon were safely seated on our return journey. Now was the time to pay Green out for his conduct about the notes. "By-the-bye, Green," said I, "what did you do with that note I sent you?" "Threw it on the floor, of course," was the reply. "Goodness gracious! did you really," cried I, "whew!—you *have* gone and done it this time." "Why, what is the matter," asked Green, his naturally goggle eyes opening wider than ever. "Matter, my dear fellow," answered I, "only that your chance for the scholarship is up, I only hope that nothing more serious will happen." Green in evident trepidation entreated me to explain: which, after some time spent in exciting his utmost fears, I condescended to do. "Why," said I, "I wrote in the note, for fun, that I would send you the answer to that question in a minute if you really wanted to know. Thrown on the floor the Dons will be sure to pick it up and read it;" and I added that I believed no one could obtain

admission to any college at Oxford after having been detected in an attempt to cheat in a scholarship. Green was plunged into the depths of despair, no thought of a hoax crossed his mind, he was too miserable even to be angry. Reed, who was equally taken in, began to remonstrate seriously with me, and with lofty indignation to make bitter remarks about feeble jokes and their consequences. I had continually to put my head out of the window to hide my convulsions of laughter. Green grew worse and worse, visions of an interview with enraged Dons, who, holding the fatal paper before his eyes would sternly refuse to listen to any explanation, were vividly depicted by his excited imagination; a telegram he supposed would be waiting for him at Bristol; no one would believe his innocence. Should he put an end to his misery by one bold jump out of the window, and not wait to see the disgrace of the son silvering the father's hair. So intensely ludicrous was his state that I could hardly bring myself to end it: but when he ceased from lamentations and reproach and sunk into the deep silence of despair, I felt that the fun was over, and proceeded to enlighten him as to the true contents of the note; for a minute or two he wavered between anger and laughter, but when he saw Reed cramming his handkerchief down his throat to prevent his shrieks alarming the occupants of the neighbouring carriages, he could resist the merry god no longer.

The rest of our journey calls for no comment. A cab conveyed us to the College, and I was in a minute or two busy answering eager questions about my Oxford experiences.

P. L. H. M.

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## THE CHALLENGE OF LINES.

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I AM the God Lines  
 Son of the God Fines—  
 I am the Blunderer;  
 Here with my inkstand  
 My pen and my paper  
 Scrawl I for ever.

Here amid birches  
 I scrawl upon paper :  
 This is my holder,  
 Blotter the mighty ;  
 Ink erasers and rubbers  
 Cannot withstand it.

These are my fingers  
 Wherewith I wield it  
 And write a whole page off—  
 This is my pen nib ;  
 Whenever I ink it  
 Scrawls are redoubled.

The streams thou beholdest  
 Run from my inkstand  
 In splashes like blacking  
 Are but the black drops  
 Spilt by my right hand  
 Blotting the papers.

The cane is my brother,  
 Mine eyes are both dotted,  
 The streams from my inkstand  
 Run on the papers ;  
 The scrawls of my holder  
 Will live for ever.

Pens rule the lines still,  
 Write them, will write them,  
 Pencils are weakness,  
 Pens are triumphant,  
 Over all papers  
 Still are my scrawls.

Thou art a God too  
 O Graphite Pencil !  
 And thus pen in hand  
 Unto the combat,  
 Pen-nib or pencil  
 Here I defy thee.

J. S.

## FOOTBALL.

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### SIXTH *v.* SCHOOL.

FOURTH DAY, October 26th.—During the earlier part of the game the ball was kept well in the middle of the ground, but the efforts of the School proved too much for the Sixth, and it was driven near the Sixth goal, when Tylecote ran in: the punt out, however, failed. During the next half hour the ball was kept chiefly within the Sixth "twenty-five," the latter being twice compelled to touch down. At last the tables were turned, and after a good run by Cluer the ball was carried near the School goal, where it remained until "no side," the School being obliged to touch down three times. For the Sixth Rev. R. B. Poole (sub.) and Brunskill (forwards); for the School, R. D. Collins, Esq. (sub.), Woodforde and Mason played well.

FIFTH DAY, October 28th.—The last day of this match was more fiercely contested than any of its predecessors, the School being reinforced by several Old Cliftonians. Play commenced with the School carrying the ball down to the Sixth goal, and the latter were soon compelled to touch down. The Sixth then made an effort and drove back the School, keeping the game dangerously close to their goal till the ball was scrimmaged in, but the maul that ensued ended in favour of the School. Again the tables were turned and the Sixth penned till Bush, obtaining the ball close to the goal posts, ran in: the place, a very easy one, failed, and from this point the School had the best of it, although they did not succeed in obtaining another try at goal. The play on both sides was throughout energetic, a vast improvement upon former years having been effected by the limitation of players to twenty on each side.

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### ELEVEN AND TWENTY-TWO *v.* SCHOOL.

FIRST DAY, November 2.—Contrary to all expectation the School twenty proved far the weaker and were penned throughout. Soon after the start Bush secured a touch down for the former, but the punt out failed. This was soon followed up by a run in by Boyle; the place was

unsuccessful, though a very good try. Play still continued in the vicinity of the School goal till a maul ensued, which Fox (O.C.) obtained for the XI. and XXII. and Boyle converted into a goal. Sides were then changed, and several good runs by the XI. and XXII. half-backs carried the game near their opponents' goal, where it remained during the rest of the afternoon, the School being several times compelled to touch down.

**SECOND DAY, Saturday, Nov. 4th.**—Play on this day was more even, the XI. and XXII. having lost the services of several Old Cliftonians who had proved of great use on the preceding Thursday. During the first half hour the game was very equal, forward play on both sides being vigorous. The first advantage was gained by Warren running in for the School, but the punt out was unsuccessful. Fortune then changed, and the cricketers carried the ball slowly towards the School goal; Rücker ran in between the posts, but the place failed. After the kick out the School drove their adversaries back within their "twenty-five," and Gribble ran in between the posts after Cluer had foolishly thrown the ball out of touch right in front of the XI. and XXII. goal. Brunskill tried the place ineffectually. The XI. and XXII. did not recover their advantage for the rest of the afternoon.

**THIRD DAY, Thursday, Nov. 9th.**—After nine minutes' play Lang ran in and Boyle placed the second goal for the XI. and XXII., thus bringing the match to an end.

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#### CLASSICAL *v.* MODERN.

**FIRST DAY, Thursday, Nov. 16th.**—The former won the toss and took the upper goal. Don's kick off for the Modern was well followed up, and within a few minutes of starting, after some hard scrimmages, the Classical were forced to touch down. Play then continued even for some time, chiefly in the centre of the ground. Towards the end of the game the weight of the Classical began to tell, and the fight was maintained in the neighbourhood of the Modern goal. Shortly before "no side," by some loose kicking on the Modern side, Mason had a good drop at goal that struck against the cross-bar. Taylor (O.C.) then obtained the ball and by a fine run carried the game towards the centre of the ground, but the Modern were again driven back. For the Classical, Lang, Allen and Mason; for the Modern, H. G. Dakyns, Esq., Don and Wood.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, November 23rd.—The Classical kicked off but the ball was returned by a good drop, and they were penned for the first few moments and forced to touch down. For some time the scrimmages kept well in the middle without advantage to either side. When the Moderns again began to pen their opponents a good drop from Mr. Dakyns carried the game near the Modern goal. This advantage did not last long, as Robinson brought the ball to the centre by a good run. The Classical were again driven back and Swindell ran in, but the place was difficult and failed. After the try there was a little more evenness in the game, but throughout the Modern had proved too strong. For the Classical, H. G. Dakyns, Esq., Stevenson, Walsh and Lang; for the Modern, Bush (O.C.) and Taylor.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, Nov. 25th.—As neither side obtained a goal this proved to be the last day of the match. During the earlier part of the game the Modern were rather hard pressed, and the ball was unpleasantly close to their goal until Robinson got the ball at whole-back and made a splendid run from behind the Modern goal past the whole Classical twenty, and was only overtaken by Walsh's superior pace. The Modern were however forced back, and only saved touching down in spite of the efforts of the opposition. When "no side" was called the match was drawn in favour of the Modern by two touch downs and one try to nothing. On the second day the Classics were unavoidably deprived of the services of three caps, and of four on the third. As usual this was the best contested match of the season.

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#### THE HOUSE MATCHES.

##### BROWN'S HOUSE *v.* HARRIS'S.

A match between the strongest and the weakest house could hardly at any time be expected to be very interesting, either to the spectators or to those actually engaged. As to the present instance little more need be said than that Harris's, although they played pluckily and did their very best, managing for the first few minutes to keep the ball well up towards their adversaries' goal, were of course entirely overmatched, so that Brown's in a very short time showed their great superiority and decided the match on the first day by kicking the requisite two goals. The match was played on the lower slope.

DAKYNS'S HOUSE *v.* TOWN.

This match was played on the School House ground, and Dakyns's winning the toss secured for themselves the upper goal and the advantage of the hill, which enabled them to make some considerable stand against the superior weight of their opponents. On the first day the Town for the first half hour penned their adversaries pretty closely, securing one try at goal from a touch-down by Woodforde, which however proved unsuccessful. For the rest of the time Dakyns had the advantage. On the second day, however, the Town asserted their superiority unmistakeably, Warren twice running in and giving them two tries at goal, the second of which was successful. They now had the further advantage of the hill, yet though repeated touches down were made by Warren, Walsh, Woodforde and Paul, Dakyns's manfully protracted the struggle until the fourth day, when a run in by Warren afforded the Town a final and successful try at goal. Besides those already mentioned, Pearce and Hewson played well for Dakyns's, and Bush and Wadham for the Town.

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 SECOND DRAWING.—SCHOOL HOUSE *v.* BROWN'S.

This match, like the preceding one, was played on the School House ground, and Brown's led off with the advantage of the hill. Yet although they twice carried the ball for a short time down the slope and once got past the pavilion the School House had a decided superiority, obliging Brown's at one time to touch down the ball behind their own goal. On the second day Brown's had decidedly the best of it for the first half hour, keeping the ball on the whole pretty close to the School House goal, until after several attempts Boyle made a successful run in, and then by a very good place kick secured his house a well-earned goal. After this, though they now had the hill against them, Brown's managed by one rush to keep the ball for a few minutes well up the hill, but were gradually driven back towards their own goal and kept there for the rest of the time, having to touch down once and also kicking into touch in goal once. The day ended with a disputed touch down on the part of the School House. On the third day not only was the ground moist and soft, but the rain fell in torrents nearly the whole time, entirely spoiling the play. Both sides, notwithstanding, made the most

strenuous efforts, the one to maintain the other to recover the advantage. The superior weight of the School House, with the aid of the hill, enabled them to pen their opponents the whole time, with very little exception, and also to get two touches down and one try at goal, which proved however unsuccessful. The last two days so far resembled the third that the School House penned their opponents the whole time, the ball seldom being outside Brown's "twenty-five," except after taking out. On the fourth day Brown's had to touch down five times, and on the fifth at least eight, the whole-backs touching down persistently on every possible opportunity. They were both played in the rain. The School House obtained another unsuccessful try, and finally, whether through fault or misfortune, they had for the first time to acknowledge themselves defeated.

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#### BROWN'S v. TOWN.

This, the final tie, was begun on Monday, the 27th November, on Big-Side, and has not yet been played out. Brown's winning the toss selected the upper goal, which gave them a slight advantage in the scrimmages. The Town had at first the advantage, and compelled Brown's to touch down the ball behind their own goal, but were shortly afterwards obliged by them to do the same themselves. Once more they brought the ball up towards their adversaries goal and compelled them to touch it down behind; but after this, either they relaxed their efforts or provoked their opponents to redouble theirs, for they were penned almost all the rest of the time. Boyle made two runs in for Brown's, but neither of the tries was successful. On the second day the Town again led off with the advantage, but again were driven back to their own goal, and Brown's had three tries at goal from runs in by Boyle and Robinson, besides obliging the Town to touch down the ball behind their own goal. For Brown's, Boyle, Bruns-kill, Robinson and Vickers; for the Town, Gribble, and on the second day Warren and Walsh played well.

The umpires have decided this match in favour of Brown's.

## R U N S.

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NOVEMBER 11TH.—The hares started from the top of the Downs and took the short Penpole course, doing the distance in very fair time considering the state of the ground. The running of the hounds was considerably below the mark, added to the fact that a very poor field attended, mostly of small fellows:—

*Hares*,—Claxton (H.H.) .. .. } 4 h. 8 m.  
 Pearce (D.H.) .. .. }

*Came in.*

Hewson (D.H.) .. .. 4 h. 28 m.  
 Robertson (H.H.) .. .. } 4 h. 31 m.  
 Merritt (D.H.) .. .. }

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NOVEMBER 30TH.—The second run of this season was an attempt to get more fellows together by altering the course and giving the hounds more work to find the scent. The hares started down the lane between the Stoke Road and the Clifton Cricket Ground, turned off to the right over some good ploughed fields where the scent was very hard to find, the hounds being constantly delayed. At last they struck the road to King's Weston and ran straight up to the Down; then bearing off to the right crossed the wood and kept away over several fields, till at last they turned round into the Penpole fields and came home round Penpole Point. Owing to constant checks the hounds did not reach Penpole Hill till 4.30, and though the field had been kept well together it was too dark to find scent, and the leaders decided that they had better take to the road and run straight home; accordingly the hounds came home by the ordinary short Penpole course, having run about a mile and a half less than the hares. In spite of this, the frequent casting about for scent made the time very bad. Fourteen started, only four of whom could have any pretension to Big-side running:

*Hares*,—Pearce (D.H.) .. .. 4 h. 20 m.  
 Rawlinson (S.H.) .. .. 4 h. 29½ m.

*Came in.*

Cluer (S.H.) .. .. 4 h. 52 m.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 27TH.—The first ordinary meeting for the term was held on Friday, October 27th. There were present forty-three members and visitors. Donations acknowledged :—A box of British eggs by Mrs. Battersby ; a collection of iron ores from South Wales by A. Batchelor ; a large quantity of foreign shells and some minerals by the Misses Shakspeare ; a piece of agate and some other minerals by J. Gibbons ; fine specimens of stalactitic iron, and iron in the various stages of its manufacture, from the Forest of Dean Iron Works by H. J. Greenham, Esq. ; coins by F. Wedderburn and Mrs. Buchanan ; fossils by Lukis, J. G. Grenfell, Esq., and the Geological Section. The President announced that the committee had elected the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Chester, an honorary member of the Society. An opening address on the prospects of the Society was read by the President. T. L. Jenkins next read a paper on "The Natural History of Tenby."

NOVEMBER 3RD.—The second meeting for the term was held on Friday, November 3rd. About eighty-five members and visitors were present. The following donations were acknowledged :—A fossil fern from the coal measures by J. Robinson, Esq. ; skin of snake from California by Mrs. Ward, Belfast ; large series of fossils by S. Worsley, Esq. ; over 100 herbaceous plants from the Botanic Garden, Hull, by J. Niven, Esq. ; fifty plants by Rev. H. N. Ellacombe ; lace bark by S. Douglas ; coins by W. E. Hull. The Rev. J. Whiting then gave a lecture on "The Magic Lantern as applied to Scientific Teaching," illustrating it with a magic lantern and numerous slides. The lecture throughout elicited great applause. At the close a vote of thanks to the Rev. J. Whiting was unanimously passed.

NOVEMBER 17TH.—The third meeting for the term was held on Friday, November 17th. Fifty-three members and visitors were present. Donations acknowledged :—

Two birds' nests by C. Henderson, Esq. (O.C.); dried plant (*Dianthus deltoides*) by Miss E. Marriott; a scorpion in a glass shade by J. E. Jose, Esq. (O.C.); young turtle and piece of heart oak by W. Webb, Esq.; Quarterly Journal of Science, parts 31 and 32, No. 89 of the Geological Magazine, and a hand-book of Cornish mineralogy by F. F. Tuckett, Esq.; Maundy money by W. F. Trimnell, Esq.; tin and copper ores by H. Grylls; fossils by J. G. Grenfell, Esq., and the Geological Section. J. I. Fox, Esq. (O.C.), then read a paper on "Bristol Cathedral," followed by one by W. J. P. Wood on "Goitre and Crétinisme." On this paper Messrs. Greene and Grenfell spoke. J. Hewson next read a paper on the "Silkworm," on which Messrs. Greene and Stone spoke. C. T. Blanchard, Esq. (O.C.), was elected a corresponding member.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—The fourth meeting for the term was held on Friday, November 24th. Forty-six members and visitors were present. The following donations were acknowledged:—A fossil trunk of tree, two large shells and a piece of coral by W. Webb, Esq.; slab with fossil plants from Bedminster Colliery by J. Barker, Esq.; a complete collection of polished cubes, illustrating the Clifton Rocks, purchased with Miss Wills's donation of £5; a large crystal of iron pyrites by J. E. Jose, Esq. (O.C.) C. B. Brownlow read a paper on "Printing," and exhibited some of the instruments used in that art. On this paper Messrs. Ward, Brown, Stone and Ogle spoke. J. Stone next gave a lecture on "Tea," illustrated with drawings and specimens. A vote of thanks to J. Stone for his paper was proposed by Mr. Ward and carried. The President, with the meeting's consent, stated that the paper would appear in full in the Society's transactions.

DECEMBER 1ST.—The fifth meeting for the term was held on Friday, December 1st. Sixty-one members and visitors were present. Donations acknowledged:—Provincial tokens, mostly of the 18th century, by W. E. Hill; ancient Indian coins by Col. Lambert; fragments of a Roman pavement and a Roman nail by E. K. Wedderburn; Roman and other coins, discovered at Dover, by Mrs. Buchanan; a large case of palaeozoic fossils from Ireland by the Irish Geological Survey. The Rev. J. Greene presented, on behalf of J. Carver, Esq., Chilton Polden, Bridgwater, a very fine specimen of the Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa Antiopa*). It was taken by Mr. Carver on the 13th of August, 1870, while sipping the

juices of an apricot tree in his garden. It has unfortunately lost its antennæ, otherwise it is in good condition, and being an undoubted British example, is a most valuable addition to our collection of lepidoptera. H. Wills read a paper on "Aust Cliff," followed by one by G. Dakyns on "Cocoa." P. R. Ogle next read a paper on "Flame," illustrated with numerous experiments.

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## DEBATING SOCIETY.

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There has been only one debate since our last number appeared. On November 18th it was proposed that "The claimant in the Tichborne case is the real Sir Roger Tichborne." Proposed by Robinson, seconded by Crosse, and opposed by Warren. For the motion the speakers were:—Robinson, Crosse and Younghusband. Against:—Warren, Don and Prinsep. On a division the numbers were—for the motion ten, against it six. The motion was therefore carried by four.

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## BIG-SIDE LEVEE.

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The following new Rules have been passed by Big-Side Levée:—

- (1.) That if the ball while in play be touched by any player who is off side the umpires shall have power to bring it back to the place where he touched it, and if while in touch or behind goal it shall be given to the opposite side. Behind goal this shall not count as a touch-down.
- (2.) That the ball may be touched down behind goal with any part of the body above the waist.
- (3.) That in case of a fair catch the catcher may take two paces, but not more, before making his mark.

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## HONOURS.

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T. H. Warren, Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.  
A. R. Cluer, Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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In the Scholarship examination at Balliol, W. Claxton was also honourably mentioned.

The following are the new Caps for this term:—W. Claxton (H.H.), R. W. Rücker (S.H.), W. Robinson (B.H.), W. F. Woodforde (T.), C. Wood (H.H.), W. Mason (B.H.), R. P. Washbourne (S.H.), F. Taylor (B.H.), W. Gribble (T.)

The following Badges have been given:—November 4th, R. F. Brunskill and R. B. Don; November 11th, T. H. Warren; November 25th, C. C. Stevenson; December 11th, W. A. Smith.

We notice the names of the following Old Cliftonians in the athletic sports at the Universities:—

OXFORD, St. John's College:—E. F. S. Tylecote, \*hurdle race, 1; wide jump, 1; \*putting weight, 2; \*high jump, 2; \*throwing cricket ball, 2; throwing hammer, 2.

Queen's College:—C. B. L. Tylecote, \*hurdle race, 1; one mile, 1; wide jump, 2; \*high jump, 3; \*100 yards, 3. Tylecote was second in the strangers' race at Pembroke, third in that at Merton.

Christ Church:—C. D. Olive, consolation race.

CAMBRIDGE, Pembroke College:—E. J. Davies, \*100 yards, 1; \*long jump, 1; 120 yds. handicap, 1; \*high jump, 1; quarter mile, 1; \*hurdle race, 1. For the 120 yds. handicap Mogg was second. Davies was also first in the strangers' races at Jesus and Queen's, and third in that at Sidney Sussex.

Clare College:—W. Fairbanks, throwing hammer, 1.

Sidney Sussex:—A. W. Brodie, 100 yds. 1; 300 yds, 2; quarter mile, 1. Brodie was second in the strangers' race at St. Catherine's, and first in the 200 yds. handicap (open to all but Freshmen) in the Freshmen's sports. In those sports F. J. Waldo was second in the wide jump and third in the hurdle race.

The Old Fellows' Match and the Concert will be on Wednesday, the 20th inst.

\* Penalized.

## ARTEMUS WARD.

1. Artemus Ward. His Book. (London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly). Price One Shilling.
2. Betsey Jane Ward (Better-Half to Artemus). Hur Book of Goaks. Price One Shilling.

THE introduction of one who is familiar at least by name to most readers may seem superfluous ; and for that reason a few words ought to be offered by way of apology. Firstly, most persons who talk of our author betray their ignorance of his writings by mis-pronouncing his own name. The correct pronunciation we take from his own spelling, Arteemass ; and this must surely be held as a fair authority, though it lays one open to the sarcastic quotation of

Pierre was the bravest man in France ;  
He said so, and *he* ought to know.

But, secondly, very few readers seem to have studied the books of this extraordinary writer, or recognise in them the essence of wit that lies hidden under the most original and amusing specimen of orthography extant. Artemus Ward is too often read merely for the sake of a moment's diversion. He is expected or believed to hold up persons to ridicule in much the same style as Dickens did ; to make us laugh at every character and every incident however insignificant by the drollery of his expressions. There is some element of truth in this. Any person subject to "appleplexy," or to such convulsions of laughter as the elder Mr. Weller experienced on the stairs of the Fleet, ought to beware of A. Ward's books ; for they are likely to give the finishing touch to his dangerous symptoms. But there is no reader, even of the soberest type, who can peruse any one of Artemus's writings without several fits of "inextinguishable laughter." Possibly the ideas generally prevalent about them may have arisen from cursory reading. The books are one of the stock railway-stall articles. They are taken up just to while away an hour, and flung aside after fulfilling their object in a manner far above the average of most novels. But they deserve much more than this. Any one who has read and re-read them until he knows their substance by heart will bear witness that there is more in Artemus Ward than an attempt, though successful, to make his readers laugh. His chief characteristic is a thorough perception and honest exposure of "the dupeability of man."

Scattered here and there through his works are short pithy paragraphs with the ring of that earnest hatred of untruth which has established the name of many a greater man. But we must leave the reader to judge most of this for himself. A few instances by way of illustration may be culled from these remarkable writings. The author himself has some time since

reached that bourne  
From whence no travellers return ;

but we would not praise him simply because of this : indeed the proverb is generally misconstrued which is thought to bid us say nothing but good of the dead : it should be, "Say nothing of the dead unless you can say good." He died in London about three years ago at the early age of thirty-one ; and we doubt not that, had life sufficed, he would have turned his singular powers more vehemently against the abuses which he has so keenly satirised in his American works. But we must let him speak for himself, in the hope that it may induce others to cultivate acquaintance with him.

The following passage is entitled "Among the Spirits" :—

"The company then drew round the table and the Sircle commenst to go it. Thay axed me if there was anybody in the sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizniss, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the sperret of William Tompkins present ?' sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

"Sez I, 'William, how goze it, old sweetness ?'

"Pretty ruff, old hoss,' he replide.

"That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show bizniss, William ?' sed I.

"He sed he was. He sed he and John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan) stired up the animils and ground the organ, while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. \* \* \* \* \*

"Sez I, 'William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me ?' He sed no with one of the most tremenjus knox I ever experiunsed. The Sircle said he had gone. 'Air you gone, William ?' I axed. 'Rayther' he replide, and I knowed it was no use to pursoo the subject further."

Spiritualism is one of the objects against which Artemus Ward directed his most humorous sallies. *Apropos* of this we may be allowed to quote from the other of his works which we have selected, where the barefacedness of these impostors and their hold upon the minds of a certain class of American society is very strongly depicted. It is in this satirical exposure of men who make it their practice to prey upon weak-minded people that the books excel. The passage we have chosen is published under the name of Betsey Jane Ward, who thinks herself as capable of writing as her husband, if not more so. A few questions had been put by Artemus and answered by the spirits, who in this case lifted the table:—

“At larst Arteemass konsayted that he seen the mejium lift up the table by placing his foot aginst the korner of the leg. He whispered 2 an onbeleever skepticule that sot nixt 2 him, & they watched & seen him do it, & made him take a weigh his foot, & when he did he couldn't make the table lift at awl.

“I node it was all rite, & Miss Whipple took me in2 the other room & eggsplaned it 2 me most beautiful. She sed that the table had a sperrit as well as a human, & the sperrit of the table air in the same shape as the table. But the sperrit, having no fleshly hands, can't move the table itself without employing the hands or feet of some human hoo is in2 the body. I seen it awl as plane as day, for in koarse, the sperrit can't deal with materul substances without using the hands of a materul being hoo is in the body. \* \* \* I told Miss Whipple I would eggsplane it to Arteemass, but she said: oh, no, thet the oninshiasted wouldn't believe that the sperrit had anything 2 do with it ef they node that the table was lifted by the mejium's hands or feet.”

Our author's account of his courtship is very amusing; and if compared with that which is supposed to be written by Betsey Jane is almost inimitable. The pair are ‘sot on a fense, his left arm ockepied in ballunsin himself, while his right was wound lovinly round her waste.” After a few attempts at soft words, Artemus says:—

“‘I wish thar was winders to my sole,’ sed I, ‘so that you could see sum of my feelins. There's fire enough here,’ sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, ‘to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versooovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans.’

“She bowed her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet. ‘Ar could you know the sleeples nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has

seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dout me. Gase on this wastin form & these 'era sunken cheeks.'—

"I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur kersmash, tearing my klose and severly damagin myself ginerally.

"Betsey Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawing herself up to her full hite she sed: 'I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean getting hitched I'M IN!'"

An Englishman, even though not troubled with nervousness, might have been taken aback by this abrupt response to his amorous proposals. Let us see what the other side has to say of this courtship, though we must curtail it for want of space. A lecture against Artemus has just been delivered by the maternal parent of Betsey Jane, evidently without much effect. While she is still thinking over it she sees—let us give her own words:—

"The head of my affinity inside the room whilst the rest of his body were onto the outside. I riz up & flew to his side and sed: 'Run for your life, Arteemass, for if you are found here you'll be horswhipt within an inch of your natteral life.'

"Instead of takin my advice he jumpt in2 the winder. 'Go—run—escape, Arteemass,' cried I versiferusly, 'or you'll be larrupt.'—

"'Hoo'll larrup me?' cried he; 'no, no, Betsey, I shall not be larrupt, bet your life on to it.'

"'But, Arteemass, you wouldn't hurt my parient—the parient of your Betsey?'

"'Hurrah!' hollered Arteemass, as he cotch me round the waist; 'my Betsey, are you? I hevn't heard that word be4. If you're my Betsey I'll defy the hull universal creation. Hurrah!'

"I perceived that in my anxiety I had let the feline animal escape out of the bag."

One quotation will suffice as an example of the powers of earnest denunciation possessed by this remarkable writer. The subject is "Wimin's Rites," and the gist of the piece lies in the fact that some of the "Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin and Wimin's Rites Associashun" came and requested to be allowed to see "the show" gratis, and exhibited considerable bad temper on meeting with a refusal.

"'My female friends,' sed I, 'be4 you leeve I've a few remarks to remark: wa them well. The female woman is

one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world I should scarcely be here with my unparallelled show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman,' I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, 'you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel and (metty-forically spoken) get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides and with your heda full of wimin's rites nosbuns go round like roarin lyons seekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man you play the devil, and air an emphatic nuisance. My female friends,' said I, as they were indignantly departin, 'wa well what A. Ward has sed!'"

The holding up to ridicule of social and moral abuses is the main object of Artemus Ward. We cannot refrain from giving a few quotations illustrative of this. His visit to Brigham Young is very fine, and shows the general feeling of Americans which has resulted in the suppression by law of the Salt Lake city. A. Ward is "overtuk by a large crowd of Mormons," and the following conversation ensues:—

"'We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's show without payin nothing!' they shouted.

"'Yes!' hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, 'we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!'"

"'What's old Revelashun got to do with my show?' sez I, getting putty rily. 'Tell Mister Revelashun,' sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery crowd with a proud and defiant mean, 'tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the konstitushun of the United States!' \* \* \* \* \*

"'Oh stay, Sir, stay,' sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summers must have parsd, 'stay, & I'll be your Gentle Gazelle.'

"'Not ef I know it you won't,' sez I, 'Awa you skandalus femaile, away! Go and be a nunnery!' That's what I sed, jes so.

"'& I,' sed a fat, chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than two hundred lbs., 'I will be your sweet Gidin Star!'"

"Sez I, 'Ile bet two dollers & a half you won't!' Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, oh Betsey Jane!"

With two more quotations from the pen of Betsey Jane Ward we must close our attempt to bring these books before

our readers. The first is on occasion of a shipwreck, caused by the upsetting of a small pleasure boat, at a short distance from land :—

"I seen noboddy coming, & were afeard I should be drowned. Then I thort it mite doo some good to address the throne o' grace, and so I sed 2 or 3 prayers as loud as I could holler. For, tho I never jined the meeting house, gnaw thort it worth while to make a purfession, yit I think it's very well 2 hev a little rillijun stowed away somewhere, like Sunday klose, or like a like-presarver in yure trunk, to be used in case of ship-reck, or inny sitch sollum awkkashun, when praying comes natterrall."

There is no need for us to comment much on this. It is a home-thrust to many, and expresses volumes of sermons in one short, pithy sentence. Let the reader put the test to himself.

Our last extract is an exposure of the ceremonial politeness which in so many instances masks the real feelings of persons in society ; of that conventionally-hypocritical sham-courtesy under which is concealed the concentrated essence of bitter feeling and animosity. Our author has been "taking a tower" with his wife, and finds himself at a considerable distance from home, with "no munny into his pocket." Suddenly he remembers a "kindred, 7 times reemoved," named Rufus, who lives close by, and determines to force his hospitality. The pair enter the house, and after his cousin had kept dinner waiting till it was nearly cold, in the hope that Artemus would depart, he invites him to sit down, and says he shall "be welcome." Artemus starts at the sight of "vittles," and begs them not to use ceremony, at the same time explaining that he only called out of affection, not with any expectation of dinner ; which sentiment Betsey Jane echoes with "The idee of dinnur was the larst thing we thawt of." However—

"So we sod down and Arteemass went into the beef & puttators as if he was eggspecting never 2 get anuther meel onto the erth.

" 'I admire those turnip,' said Arteemass, helping himself another spoonfull onto hiz plate ;" 'I never seen this kind be 4.'

" 'Yu'll be a purty good juge of the article when you see it agin, I'm a thinkin,' sed Kuzzin Rufus."

After "eting awl they wanted," Artemus and his wife take leave of their "kuzzin."

" 'Betsey Jane,' sed Arteemass, arfture we'd got fairly on the road ; 'yu see the nachur of mankind air 2 lye. We lyed when we sed we diddend call in for dinner, and Rufus

lyed when he sed we was wellcome ; for you seen they kept dinner waiting till it was enermost cold, in the hopes that we would cut out be 4 they sod down to table.

“ ‘He lyed & we lyed, & so the akkout air purfeckly square, & nary 1 of us hev inything 2 complane of.’ ”

“ Then I seen that Arteemass were a filosofer, but he larnt awl he node from me, Betsey Jane Ward, the wife of his boozim.”

We should like to illustrate these books further, but our space is limited. With a few words more, we must leave them for our readers to peruse and judge for themselves. We recommend them earnestly to all ; not because they are a source of endless diversion, but because books of this class, when they have this true ring of honest indignation—when they speak out simply, plainly, and boldly against the abuses, social, political, and moral, of the world we live in—when they bear upon their face the stamp of reality and not sham, showing that they have not been compiled merely to excite a laugh, or to employ an idle hour—such books must have the effect of clearing the mind from prejudice and implanting, in young people especially, a wholesome caution against the plausible shams which are likely to beset them in works written, in persons, or in societies. We hope that their attractiveness has been sufficiently brought out to induce people to obtain them for their own reading ; and we do not hesitate to predict good results from their perusal.

C. B.

## E C H O .

SWEET nymph, that whisperest with the whispering breeze,

Mimic of every sound,

That murmurest back the sighing trees,

Dancing the hollow mountains round !

Chaste-footed sprite ! Sweet Nature's child !

That playest with the thunder-roar,

Riding the wing'd wind, roaming wild,

Mournfully mocking the waves on the shore—

Mock not an aching heart,

Mock not a throbbing breast,

But grant, or let us part,

This one, this last request ;

Come down, oh, I pray thee, come down from above,

And grant that one tossed in the tempest of love

May lie

With his wearied head on thy snow-white breast,

And die !



P. B.

## DIALECTICAL REGENERATION.

(PART II.)

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ENGLAND has been subject to three distinct influences, in her literature, by neighbouring nations at various epochs. The first was the Italian influence. We translated Petrarch and copied Boccaccio; Chaucer and Shakespeare are both, if to any, beholden to the Italians. The next epoch is the French. From the days of Boileau to Voltaire we found that they did things better in France; and we haven't yet rid ourselves of the notion. What other cause will account for the miserable burlesques, the *opera bouffé*, and the farces, so un-English, with which the theatre is trammelled? I refer it all to the influence of Napoleon's military despotism, which degraded Frenchmen into purveyors to military taste, and corrupted French society. As to the opera, that is a piece of our own national folly, which, whoso reads the *Spectator*, will require strong persuasion to be induced to approve. But let that pass. The Lake school and Walter Scott overthrew the French, as Wellington defeated Buonaparte; and in the present day Coleridge and Carlyle have taught us to reverence Germany, as Germany reveres Shakespeare. What will be the results of this influence we do not yet foresee. Good, no doubt; for the Germans are æsthetic, and respect the absolute, whereas, according to Emerson, we English lack due regard for the theoretical and the sensuous, and make the future and the perfect subserve the practical and present. But one may discern yet more. The Germans are purists in language: ours needs purification: they are the great philologists; we stand most in need of studying Saxon philology. For, as I hinted before, our language is degenerating; we cannot coin new words to supply corrupt ones; therefore our best plan is to search back among the forgotten leaves of Layamon and Piers the Plowman and recruit the ranks of language thence.

Most speeches are fed from the provincial dialects. But every trade and profession also has its dialect, part of which is absorbed into the main language: and according

as one or other pursuit is more exclusively national so is the idiom of the nation tinged by it. Thus English, being the speech of a law-loving people, is full of legal expressions. To show how some of these have, through constant repetition, become commonplace, I quote a short passage from Shakespeare :—

Percy is but my *factor*, good my lord,  
To *engross up* glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will *call him to* so strict account  
That he shall *render* every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the *reckoning* from his heart.

—Henry iv., p. 398. (*Globe Ed.*)

It is a fact not well known perhaps that every public school has a dialect; or at least an idiomatic phraseology peculiar to the place. Marlborough, Cheltenham, and the later foundations have such modes of speech, differing little from University slang, but abounding with favourite words which have an ephemeral existence and are ousted by new favourites. The old foundations, however, really seem to exhibit traces of obsolete terms, preserved like their libraries from a remote time. Wykehamists say that they “thoke” instead of sit; and “splice a hoggis” instead of throw a stone: and it would be interesting if their representatives could tell us the origin of these quaint terms, whether they have survived the deluge of years, or—which seems less likely—are merely odd vulgarisms that remain sterling because they have caught the Wykehamist fancy.

Clifton, of course, has its shibboleth. The fashion at present seems to be to describe everybody as a “rook;” and some time ago—how I don’t know—the Americanism “peert” for pert, gained currency.

Can this tendency to use strange words be turned to any good account with us? I suppose not; but here is a suggestion for those who like day dreams. If properly organized and seriously taken up, by the means aforementioned, there might be disseminated through the School revived Saxonisms which should give a distinctive character to the School dialect, and should accustom us to a still stronger proneness to use Saxon modes of speech. This would harmonize with the tone of the time; for what with a mediæval Morris and the many followers of Carlyle, we shall soon find Saxon idiom the fashion. Supposing such an attempt were made by any enthusiasts, all efforts in this direction must proceed from the top not the bottom of the School; they must be in earnest, not in fun; and

must be used in everyday talk till used unconsciously, not as expletives, of which nobody knows the meaning but which everybody laughs at. I don't mean to put myself forward as advising such a step. The attempt might be of little use, or even of some damage; and it would, like all innovations, be ridiculed till understood. If there is anything of practical benefit in the idea, no doubt the many learned friends of our Scientific Society will see how far it is practicable, and take steps accordingly. But literature will probably be its own regenerator in this respect. While Matthew Arnold talks of *geist* and *Philistines* we shall see other literary men telling us that they are *forpined* of such barbarisms, and have a *wanhope* of ever seeing the language recruited anywhence but from its own resources.

E. BEAN.

*Novo cuidam puero interroganti quare in ludis litterariis tot barbati exstarent respondet e juniore schola parvus puer.*

Nate recens,<sup>a</sup> barbæ fuerit quæ causa, requiris;  
 Antiquus socius<sup>b</sup> carmina pauca canam.  
 Intonsi menti tacitè nascentis origo  
 En tibi longævo tempore parva fuit.  
 JANus erat quondam sapientem pascere barbam  
 Assuetus; ludi<sup>c</sup> tum caput<sup>d</sup> ille fuit.  
 Incomptosque gerens crines ad sæcula longa  
 Morem avium Princeps tradidit; ipse abiit.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup>*Nate recens.* Schol. Optime illud *recens* pueris novis in schola attribuitur. Cf. Anglica lingua Oxoniensi, e. g. 'freshman.'

<sup>b</sup>*Antiquus socius.* Malè Paleius 'ancient ally.' Rectius cum Peile reddes, 'old fellow': et notabis quantum parvus puer e juniore schola de se ipso putat. Cui quidem longo tempore assuevimus; nonne corrigendum est?

<sup>c</sup>*Ludi.* Pater indignans: Haud dubiè 'ludus' dicit scholam, qua operari laboriosissimè stulti parentes credunt pueros suos. Schol. In scholis sæpe ludos athleticos habent; unde nomen. Ed. Malè utrique assenties; *ludus* enim a *non ludendo* dicitur.

<sup>d</sup>*Caput.* Schol. Insignissimus iste honor, caput ludi esse. Unde illud, quod in proverbium quoque vetustate venit 'O quid esse necesse est ibi esse.'

<sup>e</sup>*Ipsè abiit.* Pessimè interrogat Paleius 'Quo?' et tentat jocum facere. *Hermannus.* Notabis excellentiam hujus brevissimi dicti; non plorat, non fundit lacrimas inanes; tantum dicit de optimo illo ludi capite 'has left.'

Ast alii subeunt; imitanda figura capilli  
 Nunc capiti ludi cuique videtur honor.  
 Scilicet ornatus mirè venerabilis exstat;  
 Mox trabeam<sup>1</sup> sumet: calcea tigna<sup>2</sup> geret.  
 Credo equidem, nec vana fides, non tempus habere,  
 Quo radant se; operis pondus habent nimium.  
 Discere enim sextâ formâ repetita<sup>3</sup> necesse est;  
 Horrendos versus diraque multa<sup>4</sup>, puer.  
 Fama volat—non incertus modo rumor inanis—  
 Nos cunctis ludis plus tolerare operis.  
 Quin etiam mos ad formas venit inferiores;  
 Quintaque<sup>5</sup> jam gaudet barbigeru puero.  
 Inde genus tandem barbatum crevit, et ecce  
 Horridulos juvenes quatuor esse vides.  
 Setigeros<sup>6</sup> potius buccatus<sup>7</sup> dixeris: at si  
 Hoc tulerint ad me septima transtra<sup>8</sup> decus,  
 Insignis spatiar malè<sup>9</sup> buccas horridus ambas;  
 Crinis erit labris barbaque—si potero.

C. B.

<sup>1</sup> *Trabeam*. Optimè Schmidt; 'gown.' Scholares enim et omnes Universitatis alumni trabeas gerunt.

<sup>2</sup> *Calcea tigna*. Schol. Abstrusum quiddam et inexplicabile. An 'alte calcatus' vult dicere, sicut puellæ stultissimæ hujus ætatis. *Holmes*. So the Scholiast knew 'girls of the period.' Ed. Nimirum hoc vult dicere 'mortar-boards.' Probabiliter mortarium ferebant principes alumni, quo domum ædificarent; ut ait Henrici primum: 'Balbus murum ædificabat.'

<sup>3</sup> *Repetita*. '*Rep.*' Schol. De quo explicare ad pueros minimè necesse erit.

<sup>4</sup> *Dira multa*. Ed. Horridi sanè sunt cruciatus sextæ formæ. Ad quod Horatius noster 'multa tulit fecitque puer.' Si omnes explicarem, Cliftonianum librum implerent. At nolo.

<sup>5</sup> *Quinta*. sc. forma., 5th Form.

<sup>6</sup> *Setigeros*. Rectè Gossrau, 'Bristles.'

<sup>7</sup> *Buccatus*. Mirè Paleius erravit: pinguis ait 'sarcasticè dictum.' Optimè Peile iterum 'cheeky.'

<sup>8</sup> *Septima transtra*. Schol. Puero in Juniore Schola septem sunt trajiciendæ formæ, donec ad sextam pervenerit. Quod si absurdius dictum videtur, ad sextam septem formas ducere; sciat lector 'duas quintas, tres quartas, duas tertias' dicere voluisse poetam.

<sup>9</sup> *Malè horridus*. Recte interpretaberis, 'awfully rough.' Sic enim veteres codd. A. B. Z. 3 et Vat. *benè*. Utrumque pendet a cogitatione in animo scriptoris.

## LEIGH COURT.

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I don't think many of the School know much about Leigh Court. What knowledge there is does not go much further than the fact that such a place exists and belongs to Sir William Miles; also that it is "somewhere on the other side of the Suspension." But some will know it better and will be aware that Leigh Court possesses a very fine collection of old masters—old masters which resemble many other masters in one respect, namely, that they are indeed masters of arts. No doubt these few have been there to see them; but for those who have not, let me try and say something about it. So ye favoured few who are conversant with what I am going to say, turn over the page and go on to P. M.'s last poem; but you who have not may continue to read, and I hope more fellows will go and see the place in order that, if for no other reason, they may expose this article in the next *Cliftonian*, showing up its absurdities and fallacies.

The first time I went to Leigh Court was in company with four others on a pouring wet day. But I should first say to obtain entrance at all, you must make an application, in writing if you like, at Sir W. Miles's Bank in Bristol. You will then be favoured with a ticket admitting a party of five, the sole day of admittance being Thursday,—most convenient for the College. So five of us set off one very wet Thursday to see the pictures, minus umbrellas of course, consequently we were not dry when we arrived there. We first reached a lodge with iron gates, but no one being visible we made ourselves heard, and an old woman soon appeared. We commenced, could we come in, we wanted to go and see the house, but the portress answered very decidedly, no, we couldn't. Now this was a blow, a very decided blow, and a score for the old woman. We tried argument and reasoning, "Why can't we go through?" but she was not a logician, so only remarked, "No, you can't," and promptly went indoors. This last remark, followed by so well executed a manœuvre, was crushing, and admitted no answer. We went on, however, and passed through Leigh, keeping straight on till we arrived at another lodge, at the door of which we

knocked. Now the door was a delusion and a snare, being in the form of an arch; but instead of opening like any ordinary well-disposed door, it turned on a pivot in the middle, so that as you pushed one side in, the other came out. Smith knocked at the door and pushed it open before him violently; suddenly round it went on the pivot, and Smith disappeared rapidly propelled through by a ligneous attack on his rear guard. Wisdom came by sad experience, and the rest of us went through very carefully. Our entrance certainly was not as dignified as it might have been. Down through a road well hedged in, straight on till we came to a branch path, then to the right, and we find ourselves in front of the house. But of the house we will say nothing, we have only to do with the interior; the interior I say, but we were not in yet, and were standing there literally soaked, so wet we hardly liked to ring. However, we eventually did so, and entered.

Once in the house, our difficulties were over. All we had to do was to gaze at and admire the pictures, which we certainly did for a long time. I leave it to a worthier pen than mine to dilate on them; suffice it to say that no one, no matter how inartistic, could help being struck by many of them. Who could possibly stand in front of the "Ecce Homo" and then say he could not see much in old pictures? Only two colours used, brown and red, and yet how perfect; I think perfection has been reached once. Then one of Da Vinci's, "The Deity:" but I cannot write art criticisms; only go and look for yourself, and go, go, and go again to see them, they can never pall on you. Suddenly discovering it was past four, the hour for closing, we "began to go," but were courteously invited to stay and see everything without hurrying. Certainly I think few would care to have five dripping school boys promenading through their rooms, and yet we were pressed to stay on and finish. But this was only one specimen of the manner we were received all through our visit, and for which I am sure we all felt grateful. We set out on our return home, the rain still pouring hard, and the road all up hill; but in spite of this we had plenty of topics of conversation in all we had just left. This was one of the jolliest afternoons I have ever spent here. People who in the future may go will no doubt, for the time, feel aggravated at not being allowed entrance at the first lodge; but really it is very little shorter, and I am sure after all the owner of the gallery does for the sight-seeing visitors they should do what little they can to comply with his wishes. The second time I went the day

was finer, the party very different, and again I spent an "awfully jolly" afternoon, if I may use such unparliamentary language in this eminently respectable publication. And so, after having tried it in all weathers, I can confidently pronounce that no stress of weather should prevent a visit to Leigh Court, for the pleasure you will receive on arrival will amply repay the slight trouble.

M. A. Y.

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## FROM ALCÆUS.

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### I.

#### TO HIS BROTHER.

From the ends of the earth thou art come  
Back to thy home :  
The hilt of the sword in thy hand  
With gold and with ivory's grand ;  
Since for Babylon's host a great deed  
Thou didst work in their need,  
Slaying a warrior, an athlete of might,  
Royal, whose height  
Lacked of five cubits one span—  
A terrible man.

### II.

#### WINTER.

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven  
A storm is driven :  
And on the running water brooks the cold  
Lays icy hold.  
Then up ! beat down the winter ! make the fire  
Blaze high and higher !  
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee  
Abundantly :  
Then drink with comfortable wool around  
Your temples wound !  
We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear  
With wasting care ;  
For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,  
Nor nothing mend :  
But this is our best medicine—with wine fraught,  
To cast out thought.

K. T. L.

## FROM SAPPHO.

## I.

## EVENING.

EVENING, all things thou bringest,  
Which dawn spread apart from each other ;  
The lamb and the kid thou bringest—  
Thou bringest the boy to his mother.

## II.

## MIDNIGHT.

The moon hath left the sky ;  
Lost is the Pleiads' light ;  
It is midnight,  
And time slips by ;  
But on my bed alone I lie.

## III.

## THE GRAVE.

Lo ! Thou shalt die,  
And lie  
Dumb in the silent tomb :  
Nor of thy name  
Shall there be any fame  
In ages yet to be or years to come :  
For of the flowering rose,  
Which on Pieria blows,  
Thou hast no share ;  
But in sad Hades' house,  
Unknown, inglorious,  
Mid the dim shades that wander there,  
Shalt thou flit forth and haunt the filmy air.

K. T. L.

## EDMUND BURKE IN BRISTOL.

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THE life, the character, and the brilliant genius of Edmund Burke have excited the enthusiasm of so many essayists and biographers, that any general remarks we might make on this powerful orator and eminent statesman would seem trite and common-place.

His connection, however, with this great city possesses for us an especial interest; and we think the contemporary local accounts may furnish some striking points that illustrate at once the character of this great man and the times in which he lived. With our present ideas of the bustle and turmoil of a general election, which begins and terminates on the same day, we find it difficult to realise the length of time it occupied during the last century. We are no less struck with the brevity and meagerness of the weekly newspapers,—for daily papers were a luxury then almost exclusively confined to the metropolis,—and with the bombastic inflated style adopted by their correspondents.

On October 7th, 1774, the Bristol election began, which lasted till the third of the following month, and resulted in the election of Cruger and Burke. The poll on the first day lasted only one hour, and each of the three candidates who had then been nominated scored only eleven votes. A week later it was rumoured that Burke, who had just been returned for Malton, in Yorkshire, would throw up his seat and stand for Bristol, and in the *Journal* for that date some letters appeared inveighing against his past political career. His talents had already raised him to such an eminence as to command the admiration of friends and foes alike. “Would you rush,” says an animated correspondent, “upon a sword which bears point and edge against you, merely because it shines with uncommon lustre?” By this time several election skits and jokes had appeared both in prose and in verse, of which the following was one of the most popular:—

A Contrast.—Cruger ! Burke ! And Liberty for ever !  
 Brickdale and Burke,—O, how they sound !  
 A Penny and a Thousand Pound !  
 A Cock-boat and a Man-of-War !  
 An Atom and a radiant Star !

Burke now left Malton by coach for Bristol, and such was his indomitable energy and insensibility to bodily fatigue that he accomplished his journey in less than two days. Though he had not slept a moment since he left Malton, he ascended the hustings immediately on his arrival, and after resting himself for a few minutes, addressed the electors in a speech that won universal applause. With reference to America he advocated that moderate policy of concession, which, if adopted, would have certainly postponed, and perhaps have altogether prevented, the independence of America. He now issued his address to the electors, in which he emphasized the fact that he would not have presumed to stand as a candidate had not a deputation of citizens invited him to Bristol and his Malton constituents given their consent.

His political opponents now resorted to calumny, and three very different charges were brought against him. That he was (*a.*) a Roman Catholic educated at St. Omer's ; (*b.*) unfavourable to religious liberty ; (*c.*) a Dissenter, or at least partial to Dissenters, and an enemy to the Church on this account. These charges are refuted by an individual who styles himself Philo-Veritas, and as his letter gives a concise and accurate account of the early part of Burke's life it may be worth quoting from :—"Mr. Burke is descended from Protestant ancestors, was educated in the Church of England, sent from thence to the University of Dublin, where he took his degree ; from thence to the Temple ; from thence was called to Parliament ; never was at St. Omer's during his minority, nor since, but passing through on a tour to Paris. The university degrees and the seat in Parliament require solemn engagements on admission, utterly incompatible not only with Popery, but with a secret attachment to it. Mr. Burke had always supported the Established Church, and strenuously opposed the bill for establishing Popery in Canada. Though tolerant, he was not a Dissenter ; but had given Nonconformists his hearty support for the repeal of the penal laws." The close of the poll showed the following result :—Cruger, 3,565 ; Burke, 2,705 ; Brickdale, 2,456 ; Lord Clare, 283. The editor gives in full the speech of Cruger, with which he seems to have been provided before its

delivery. "Mr. Burke," he says, "likewise addressed the hall in a very nervous and eloquent speech, which we would gladly present to our readers; but no copy thereof having transpired, we trust the public will not charge us with negligence or inattention, as it is not only our greatest pleasure but interest to oblige them." The unsuccessful candidate Mr. Brickdale seems to have threatened a petition; by which many hundreds even of his own votes would be disqualified. Burke made a most cutting allusion to this on returning thanks to the electors:—"I have never asked a question of a voter on the other side, or supported a doubtful vote on my own. But how should I appear to the voters themselves? If I had gone round to the citizens entitled to freedom, and squeezed them by the hand. 'Sir, I humbly beg your vote. I shall be eternally thankful. May I hope for the pleasure of your support? Well! Come. We shall see you at the Council-house.' If I were then to deliver them to my managers, pack them into tallies, vote them off in court, and when I heard from the bar, 'Such a one only! and such a one for ever! He's my man! Thank you, good sir. Hah! my worthy friend, thank you kindly. That is an honest fellow. How is your good family?' Whilst these words were hardly out of my mouth, if I should have wheeled round at once and told them, 'Get you gone you pack of worthless fellows! You have not votes. You are usurpers. You are intruders on the rights of freemen! I will have nothing to do with you! You ought never to have been produced at this election, and the sheriffs ought not to have admitted you to poll.'"

In concluding his speech he insists on his right to vote according to his conscience and independently of his constituents in powerful and eloquent language, and displays that proud spirit of freedom so characteristic of him throughout his political life.

He continued to represent Bristol in Parliament for six years, at the end of which time he again presented himself to the electors. But finding his canvass did not make satisfactory progress, in a manly and spirited speech to the burgesses he declared his intention of retiring from the contest. The interest attaching both to the man and to the occasion will be a sufficient apology for somewhat lengthy quotations from it; though it is with reluctance we dwell upon the indelible disgrace which Bristol thereby incurred:—"I am not in the least surprised, nor in the least angry. I have read the book of life for a long time

and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me but what has happened to men much better than me, and in times and in nations full as good as the age and country that we live in. To say that I am no way concerned would be neither decent nor true. The representation of Bristol was an object on many accounts dear to me, and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it, and it is in general more unpleasant to be rejected after a long trial than not to be chosen at all. But, gentlemen, I will see nothing but your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have done for me." \* \* \* \* "I have served you in Parliament for six years. What is passed is well stored. It is safe and out of the power of fortune. What is to come is in wiser hands than ours, and He in whose hands it is best knows whether it is best for you and me that I should be in Parliament or even in the world. Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman\* who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

\* \* \* \* "I confided perhaps too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright, and I am bold to say that I ask no ill thing for you, when in parting from this place I pray that whoever you choose to succeed me may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my ability to serve and my fortune to please you."

\* Mr. Richard Combe, one of the candidates.

## Γῆ ἡρινὸν θάλλουσα.

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SHUT not deaf ears, though one again  
 Should try them with a well-worn theme ;  
 Forgive this song, though it should seem  
 The burden of a world-old strain.

For spring is old at once and new,  
 And still the often-echoed chord,  
 Another touch may well afford,  
 And touched again, yet echo true.

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Break forth, break forth, sweet spring, with flowers,  
 With warmer lights, with waxing days,  
 With all the tender-budding sprays,  
 That clothe in green the quickened bowers.

Break forth, break forth, sweet spring, with flowers  
 Break forth, and let thy noise be heard  
 In music of each wooing bird,  
 In step of myriad-dancing showers.

Trill out, trill out, ye birds of spring,  
 Trill out your loves through vocal woods,  
 Blithe promise of a hundred broods,  
 To make the summer landscapes ring.

Put on, put on your green, ye trees,  
 Let all your frozen juices thaw,  
 And every thirsty leaflet draw  
 The life from out the flustering breeze.

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O life, glad life, and spring, and birth  
 Of life in every torpid heart :  
 Once more the latent pulses start  
 To throb and course through all the earth.

Ay spring is new at once and old ;  
 Ay and the often-echoed chord,  
 Once more may melody afford,  
 As round once more the year is rolled.

T. H. W.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 8TH.—The sixth meeting for the term was held on Friday, December 8th. Fifty-two members and visitors were present. The following donations were acknowledged:—Two fish spines from Aust by Wills ma.; human skull, a trunk fish, skulls of sheep and turtle by Stone ma.; skull of Hottentot by J. Rossiter, Esq.; some fossil corals by J. E. Jose (O.C.); an additional donation of about 500 specimens of lepidoptera by Rev. J. Greene; a fiddle made by the natives of Cape Verde had been presented by C. Miller (O.C.); the President, however, stated that he should return it as it could not be included in the list of articles required for the Museum. M. J. Ward then read a paper on "The Sea Serpent." Much interesting information on this subject was added by Messrs. Gibbons, Allen, Greene, and the President. The thanks of the meeting were given to Ward for his paper. The President announced that the Committee had elected Professor Lawson, of Oxford, an honorary member. The monetary accounts were then read by the Treasurer and passed.

DECEMBER 15TH.—The seventh meeting for the term was held on Friday, December 15th. Thirty-nine members were present. The following donations were acknowledged:—Ten pounds to purchase the Palæontographical Society's Books by T. Proctor, Esq., honorary member; fine specimens of stalactitic iron, iron ore, and pig iron, from the Forest of Dean by H. J. Greenham, Esq.; some seed vessels of the Sacred Lotus (*Melumbium speciosum*) by Professor Lawson, honorary member; a specimen of a large tree fungus (*Polyporus ulmarius*) by C. T. Blanshard (O.C.); a collection of local dried plants, mainly made by Mr. Thwaites, of Ceylon, by Rev. J. Heywood; collection of local fossils by J. Rossiter, Esq. The Office-bearers elected for next term were Stone ma., *Secretary*; Allen, *Treasurer*; Rev. J. Greene, Warren ma., Don ma., and Pearce, *Members of Committee*.

FEBRUARY 2ND, 1872.—A preliminary meeting was held on Friday, February 2nd. Twenty members were present. The President announced the election of W. D. L. Macpherson, Esq., as an honorary member. The directors of sections elected for the term were as follows:—*Archæology*,

W. D. L. Macpherson, Esq. ; *Zoology*, Pearce ; *Botany*, M. J. Barrington-Ward, Esq. ; *Geology*, J. G. Grenfell, Esq. ; *Entomology*, Stone ; *Physics*, Smith ma. ; *Chemistry*, Wood ma. Ogle brought forward the following motion, "That at least two meetings of each section be held every term." The motion was seconded by Wood ma., and carried by a majority of 12 votes. McBride and Macdonald were elected members of the society.

FEBRUARY 9TH.—The first regular meeting for the term was held on Friday, February 9th. Thirty-nine members and visitors were present. The President in a short speech alluded to the loss the Society had sustained in the death of Canon Mosely, an honorary member. The following donations were acknowledged :—250 plants from G. Maw, Esq. ; stuffed specimens of male and female red grouse (*Lagopus scoticus*), and black grouse (*Tetrax tetrax*) by Rev. J. Heyworth ; a brick from the old Roman Baths of Minerva at Bath by Stone ma. ; fossil plants from the coal measures, and a specimen of hæmatite by Oliphant ma. ; some birds' eggs by Hill ma. ; large number of tokens of the 17th and 18th centuries by Davis ; a specimen of the skull of rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*), in which the upper incisors had grown abnormally, by Carver ; egg of nightingale (*Phylomela luscinia*) by Wilkie ; a number of coins and metals by Gibbons ; an abnormal hen's egg by Mrs. Percival ; skull of jay (*Garrulus glandarius*) by Twist ; lower jaws of hedgehog (*Erinaceus europæus*) by Cole-Hamilton ; skin of lesser grebe (*Podiceps minor*), eggs of merganser (*Mergus merganser*), arctic tern (*Sterna macroura*), covering of picked dog fish's egg (*Spinax acanthias*) by Swinburne ; coral from the Indian ocean by M. J. Barrington-Ward. Wills ma. then read a paper on "The Oolite at Minchinhampton." The President stated that the "Archæological Society of Ireland" had, at his request, granted this Society their transactions from 1870 and onwards. Bird terts., Fulford, Routh, Stone terts., Jones, Douglas ma., Sumner ml., Firth, were elected ordinary members from eleven candidates.

FEBRUARY 16TH.—The second meeting for the term was held on Friday, February 16th. Forty-five members and visitors were present. The President stated that the Committee had elected A. S. Paul (O.C.), an honorary member, and that he had elected Twist and Carver Junior school members. Gibbons then read a paper on "The Roman Wall from Solway to the Tyne," and exhibited many drawings.

## SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

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This Society has undergone a complete change since last term. We hope that Old Cliftonians will not believe this to be the result of a mere love of alteration. The languishing condition of our debates for the last three terms has been so marked that the time for some decided step had fully come. We have introduced a constitution which has stood its test well in other debating societies ; one of which we have some experience ourselves, and which we believe will put new life and vigour into what was lately a listless, prosy delivery of speeches. The following are its chief points :—

1. That the constitution of this Society be altered ; a Government to be formed, consisting of three members, President, Vice-President, and Secretary. The Government to chose subjects for debate and to provide proposers, opposers, &c.

2. That a Government resign after two defeats, or after one by a large majority.

3. The Head of the School shall preside as usual over the debates ; and his office shall not be changed except that he be addressed in the same manner as the Speaker in the House of Commons.

4. That, on the resignation of a Government, the Speaker choose some member of the Society as President to form a new Government ; the President to select his own colleagues.

5. The Speaker shall take the chair on Saturday evenings at 8 precisely ; and his decision shall be final in all points of etiquette or formality or order during debate.

6. That the debates be held every week ; and that the Society meet in the Library—the supporters of the Government to sit on one side of the room, the opposition on the other.

The first debate was held on Saturday, February 24th, and as a trial of the new system was successful. The subject was, "A lawyer is not bound to reject a client because he believes him to be in the wrong." The speakers were : with the Government Cluer, Crosse, Robinson, Rücker, and Rawlinson. For the opposition : Prinsep, Ivens, Don, Younghusband, and Warren. On the division the numbers were Ayes 8, Noes 9 ; majority against the Government, 1.

## HONOURS.

E. N. P. Moor, First Class in Classical Moderations.  
W. A. Smith, Junior Student, Christ Church, Oxford.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Last term six members of the Sixth Form left, Brunskill (B.H.), Stewart (B.H.), Brownlow (S.H.), Powell (D.H.), Walsh (T.) from the classical, and Williams (B.H.) from the modern side. The new Sixth fellows are Dakyns (D.H.), Stutfield (D.H.), Bird ma. (S.H.), Nash (T.), Jenkins (D.H.), and Rawlinson (S.H.) on the classical, and Vicary (H.H.) and Carrington (B.H.) on the modern side. The heads of houses are the same as last term.

The following are the members of Big-side Levée for this term:—

|                |                      |
|----------------|----------------------|
| T. H. Warren   | } <i>Ex officio.</i> |
| C. W. Boyle    |                      |
| H. G. Tylecote |                      |

For the Classical Sixth: Cluer, Claxton, Budd, and Stevenson.

For the Modern Sixth: Don ma.

For the Upper Fifth: Pearce and Darley ma.

For the Lower Fifth: Lang.

For the Modern Fifth: Baxter ma.

For the School House: Rückerand Luxton.

For the Town: Smith ma. and Bush ma.

For Brown's: Robinson ma.

For Dakyns's: Stutfield.

For Harris's: Wood mi.

The usual fives ties will be played this term, and we believe that a prize for single hand fives will be again given this year.

It has been settled that the match against Upper Tooting will take place at Upper Tooting on July 29th, and that against the M.C.C. at Lord's on July 30th and 31st.

The School House Debating Society still continues to flourish. It is some time since we have given a list of their subjects, and since then the following motions have been discussed:—"The Republic is not a desirable form of Government," carried by three. "The members of the Commune are to a great extent deserving of our sympathy," lost by two. "Napoleon was Wellington's superior in military genius"; the house was equally divided, the president gave his casting vote for the motion. "Supernatural appearances are incompatible with reason," carried by one. "England will not long hold her present place among nations"; the house being equally divided the president gave his casting vote against the motion. "Compulsory education will be beneficial to England," carried by three. "Emigration should be encouraged by Government"; as the house was equally divided the president gave his casting vote for the motion. "Home rule should be extended to Ireland," lost by six. "The separation of her colonies would not be disadvantageous to England," lost by two. On Dec. 16th the usual supper took place. This term: Feb. 10th, "The system of hereditary succession is the best suited to a nation," carried by eight. Feb. 17th, "Capital punishment ought to be abolished," lost by two.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge.—W. E. Evill second in the high jump, 5 ft. 1 in., and second in the hurdle-race.

A. W. Brodie won the strangers' handicap of 150 yds. at Christ's College, Cambridge, time,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  secs.; and, on the following day, the quarter-mile strangers' handicap at Corpus Christi; time,  $48\frac{2}{3}$  secs.

Magdalene College, Cambridge.—F. C. Wyvill second in the 200 yds. hurdle race, and second in the 100 yds.

Trinity College, Oxford.—N. Lucas was first in the high jump, 5 ft. 2 in.; first in the broad jump, 19 ft. 2 in., and second in the half mile. R. F. Brunskill was second in the broad jump, 17 ft.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in.

In the International Match lately played between England and Scotland, three Old Cliftonians took part, S. Finney and J. A. Bush on the English, and E. M. Bannerman on the Scotch side. Finney's play received such high commendation from the London papers as has seldom been given by football critics. It certainly was the great thing of the day; we can only regret that his fine run-in did not result in a goal.

## FOOTBALL.

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### COCK HOUSE v. SCHOOL.

This match, the last of the season, extended over two days, and resulted in the somewhat unexpected defeat of the School by the Cock House (Brown's.) A peculiar interest attached to it from the fact that for the first time in the history of our football Cock House and School House were not synonymous terms. Nor did it in its issue prove unworthy of interest. Looking back upon it now when the football season of 1871 is a thing of the past, and when the excitement of rival interests has somewhat abated, we can more fairly do honour to the victors, and as for the vanquished, we can perhaps see in some measure to what they owed their defeat. The victory of the Cock House of 1871 gave proof that in Rugby football mere weight is not quite everything, and that five and twenty need not necessarily despair of holding their own with five and thirty provided they go the right way to work. In this case, though the actual victory turned on a clever and also lucky drop-kick, we must also remember that it was the play in the scrimmages which made such good fortune possible.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, DEC. 14TH.—The Cock House having won the toss, their Captain proceeded to choose the upper goal, thus gaining for his side a slight advantage of ground. Yet at first the weight of the School seemed likely to carry the day, and for the first few minutes they kept the ball near their adversaries' goal. Gradually, however, they allowed themselves to be driven back, until the play was about in the middle of the ground. At this period a dispute arose between the heads of the two sides, and while the attention of the School was somewhat diverted, Brown's seized the opportunity, and with a happy rush one of their forwards, G. Pearse (O.C.), carried the ball in and secured a touch down. The try at goal, however, was unsuccessful. After this the game was carried on with no very great advantage to either party, although on the whole perhaps the Cock House had slightly the best of it.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, DEC. 16TH.—On this day Brown's appeared minus one or two of the old fellows who had aided them to such purpose on the previous day, while the ranks of the School displayed an overwhelming number

of "O.C.s." With this great superiority of weight they seemed likely to carry all before them, and, indeed, they did so for the first quarter of an hour. Gradually, however, they were driven back by the Cock House, who, by dint of playing admirably together, managed again and again to carry the ball through the scrimmages. At last, while the ball was in dangerous proximity to the School goal, by a drop-kick, one of several attempts more lucky than the rest, Boyle secured for his side the only goal of the match. The two sides now changed over, and with the hill in their favour the School made desperate efforts to retrieve the fortune of the day. They succeeded so far as to obtain two or three touches down, and one unsuccessful try at goal. Where on one side all played well it is difficult to give any one special commendation, still we cannot pass by unnoticed Boyle's good play and equally good generalship. Their Old Cliftonians too, especially Pearse, McNiven and Taylor, contributed very material assistance, as did also H. G. Dakyns, Esq. For the other side Finney (O.C.) played in his usual style.

The following is a list of the Old Cliftonians playing, in giving which, as it is made from memory, we must apologize for any chance omissions. For the School:—Pearson, Finney, Fox, Tovey, Mogg, Davies, Tagart, Paul, Morris, Jose, May, Nash, Ashby. For Brown's:—Pearse, McNiven, Taylor, Riddell, Cook, Humphrey, Bachelor.

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The following is the complete list of last season's Caps:—

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| *T. H. Warren    | R. A. Read       |
| *A. R. Cluer     | *D. Pearce       |
| W. Claxton       | J. Allen         |
| *C. W. Boyle     | J. C. Prinsep    |
| *R. B. Don       | W. B. Woodforde  |
| A. Budd          | C. Strange       |
| *W. A. Smith     | C. Wood          |
| *R. F. Brunskill | J. Riddiford     |
| *C. C. Stevenson | W. Mason         |
| R. W. Rücker     | R. P. Washbourne |
| *D. Walsh        | W. Gribble       |
| *W. E. Robinson  | R. Bush          |
| T. Williams      | F. Taylor        |
| O. J. Stutfield  |                  |

\* Badges.

## BIG-SIDE RUNS.

THURSDAY, FEB. 8TH.—The first run this season was, as usual, over the short Penpole course. A very small field of hounds started. Hewson led till a short way past the Trym, when Pearce began to make the running, and easily distancing every one came in five minutes before the next hounds. The time was very good for the beginning of the season, being only two minutes longer than the same run last year in the middle of term. The ground was in very bad condition, especially the low fields :—

*Hares*,—Don ma. (S.H.) .. .. } 4 h. 9 m.  
Claxton (H.H.) .. .. }

*Came in.*

Pearce (D.H.) .. .. 4 h. 13 m.

*Under 15.*

Trevor mi. (S.H.) .. .. 4 h. 20 m.

George mi. (D.H.) .. .. 4 h. 22 m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17TH.—This run was over the bridge. The hares started along the road to Leigh Court, and after a short turn to the left bore away in the direction of Portishead over a great deal of hard running ground in the shape of uphill and ploughed fields. On reaching the Abbot's Pool they struck off to the left, and a long series of fields at length brought them out on the Leigh road home. Here they turned and ran down to Ashton, passing through Ashton Court, and coming home up the hill. The hounds lost the scent continually, owing to a high wind and considerable rain, besides being delayed about a quarter of an hour on a false track. Eventually, when they came to the Leigh road, they ran straight home, thus cutting off about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of the course taken by the hares :—

*Hares*,—Pearce (D.H.) .. 4 h. 32 m. 30 s.  
Cluer (S.H.) .. 4 h. 34 m.

*Came in.*

Hewson (D.H.) .. 5 h. 0 m.  
Darley ma. (S.H.) .. 5 h. 0 m. 15 s.  
Tebbs (D.H.) .. 5 h. 0 m. 30 s.  
Don ma. (S.H.) .. 5 h. 2 m. 15 s.  
George mi. (D.H.) .. 5 h. 2 m. 30 s.  
Ivens (T.) .. 5 h. 3 m. 55 s.

## LITTLE-SIDE RUNS.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3RD.—Short Penpole course. These runs are compulsory to fags, and take place once a week. A field of about 50 started :—

Hares,—George mi. (D.H.) .. } 4 h. 29 m.  
Cox (T.) .. .. }

*Came in.*

Wilson tert. (T.) .. 4 h. 36 m.  
Trevor mi. (S.H.) .. }  
Fowler-Jones (D.H.) .. } 4 h. 36 m. 30 s.  
Holmes ma. (T.) .. }  
Robertson ma. (H.H.) 4 h. 37 m.  
Block mi. (T.) .. 4 h. 37 m. 30 s.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10TH.—There was again a good muster of runners, and the contrast with Big-side is rather unfavourable to the latter. The small fellows run well together, and the number of those "in" is very creditable. The course was the short Penpole reversed :—

Hares,—Trevor mi. (S.H.) .. } 4 h. 13 m.  
Block mi. (T.) .. .. }

*Came in.*

Fowler-Jones (D.H.) 4 h. 27 m.  
George mi. (D.H.) .. 4 h. 27 m. 15 s.  
Taylor ma. (H.H.) .. 4 h. 27 m. 45 s.  
Jackman (B.H.) .. } 4 h. 29 m.  
Heard (D.H.) .. .. }  
Smyth (H.H.) .. .. 4 h. 30 m. 45 s.  
King mi. (S.H.) .. } 4 h. 32 m.  
Ley (D.H.) .. .. }

THURSDAY, FEB. 15TH.—Under the care of two Big-side runners the hares took a new course. Crossing the Downs in the direction of Westbury, they turned down the lane opposite the Clifton Cricket Club ground, and by keeping to the right across some hard fields reached the road to Kingsweston. They followed this up to Kingsweston Down ; on the Down they turned to the left and came out by the road to Shirehampton, returning home along the ordinary Penpole course up the Stoke fields. The hares ran extremely well, doing the distance in 61 minutes. The hounds all went wrong ; a large number cut off about a quarter of the run, and of the rest none went as far as Kingsweston Down. We

append the names of those who ran farthest, though they receive no marks :—

*Hares*,—King mi. (S.H.) .. } 4 h. 1 m.  
 Thruston (S.H.) .. }

*First Hounds.*

Trevor mi. .. } 4 h. 28 m. 30 s.  
 Ley .. }  
 George mi. .. 4 h. 29 m. 30 s.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND.—Short Penpole course.

*Hares*,—Wilson tert. (T.) .. } 4 h. 12 m.  
 George mi. (D.H.) .. }

*Came in.*

Tebbs (D.H.) .. 4 h. 25 m.  
 Clark (B.H.) .. 4 h. 26 m.  
 King mi. (S.H.) .. 4 h. 26 m. 30 s.  
 Ley (D.H.) .. 4 h. 26 m. 45 s.  
 Marsh (B.H.) .. 4 h. 27 m. 30 s.  
 Dester (T.) .. } 4 h. 27 m. 45 s.  
 Strachan ma. (T.) .. }  
 Heard (D.H.) .. } 4 h. 28 m.  
 Lawford (B.H.) .. }  
 Thruston (S.H.) .. 4 h. 28 m. 15 s.  
 Anderson (D.H.) .. 4 h. 28 m. 30 s.  
 Smith sext. (S.H.) .. 4 h. 28 m. 45 s.

# FURTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE RACQUET COURT.

|                              | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------|---|----|----|
| W. H. Lock .. .. .           | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| Rev. P. A. Phelps .. .. .    | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| C. A. Burroughs .. .. .      | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Rev. H. W. Mort .. .. .      | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| F. N. Humphrey .. .. .       | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| W. B. Addison .. .. .        | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| S. M. Maycock .. .. .        | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| W. H. Anderson .. .. .       | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| H. W. Fell .. .. .           | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Rev. J. Heyworth .. .. .     | 5 | 0  | 0  |
| C. Tovey .. .. .             | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| G. W. Rundall .. .. .        | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| J. A. Neale .. .. .          | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| N. Lucas .. .. .             | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| S. N. Fox .. .. .            | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| G. Hooper .. .. .            | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| F. W. Goodwyn .. .. .        | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| J. Collins .. .. .           | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Sir C. W. A. Oakeley .. .. . | 2 | 0  | 0  |

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editors of the Cliftonian.*

GENTLEMEN,—Would you give the following suggestion a place in the forthcoming number of your *Cliftonian*.

Proud as I am of my school, I do not consider that it has yet obtained every requirement, that it need feel such *mauvaise honte* in asking for subscriptions. Several Old Cliftonians of my acquaintance have told me that they would have been happy to subscribe to the racquet court had they been asked. Some one told me that the rule was only to apply to Old Cliftonians who had been in the Sixth, but I know one of those favoured ones who told me the same tale.

Could not a remedy be found in a Sixth fellow being appointed to write to the Old Cliftonians? He would be more likely to remember their names than a master, and could nearly always get their directions from the secretary.

I am, gentlemen, yours obediently,

OBBOG.

GENTLEMEN,—In the hope that the following suggestion may find insertion in *The Cliftonian*, I venture to observe what a general advantage would be gained if the subjects for the prize compositions competed for at Midsummer were set in the Class Lists published at the end of the Christmas term. If any objection should be raised on the ground that it would interfere with the preparation of the holiday task in the Fifth Forms, why should not the Sixth, being exempt from such tasks, have the opportunity of doing them in the Christmas holidays, or this term when there is little or no football and cricket to play. During the short Easter vacation probably in the large majority of cases they are neglected entirely, and once returned to College all spare time is devoted to cricket; and so they are deferred till the end of term, when they are sure to injure the examination of those who spend a proper amount of time on them; or as was the case generally last year, they call forth remarks that there are evident signs of hurry and carelessness. Trusting that this will receive attention as soon as possible,

I am, yours,

PROVIDENS.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel much diffidence in entering a protest against a rule passed last term, to the effect that “it shall be lawful to pick up the ball except when dead on the ground.” My reasons for protesting are briefly :

(1.) That it gives too much scope to half-backs, who had even before more than their fair share of the game.

(2.) That it yet further discourages dribbling, in which Cliftonians appear to singular disadvantage when playing with others.

(3.) That it gives occasion to the adversaries of the carrying game to scoff, and is putting one more obstacle in the way of a universal code of rules.

I am, gentlemen, yours,

M.

[We insert this because it comes from an Old Cliftonian and our pages are open to all who have real or supposed grievances. But we must add our own comments to it. To begin with, our modification of the rule was prompted by the fact that the old one which allowed a player to take up a *bounding* as distinct from a *rolling* ball was constantly evaded and tacitly admitted by the school to be unnecessary ; and also the distinction between *rolling* and *bounding* in a Rugby ball is far less than between rolling and dead on the ground, as has been proved during the last season. In answer to “M.’s” objections, although our reason given should be enough, we say (1) we *want* the half-backs to have more play and to see fine running in the Close and not loose kicking ; and the general opinion of those who have seen the games here is that the “forwards” are the persons who get an undue proportion of the play to themselves : assuredly the whole backs do not : (2) the Rugby game does not wish dribbling to be introduced into half-back play ; surely “M.” must have forgotten his experiences of football here : (3) the opponents of the carrying game are quite at liberty to scoff at us for making running with the ball an essential feature in the game ; if “M.” admires the association rules, we doubt not that he will find opportunities for playing them ; for ourselves we prefer a hard match with one goal kicked after five days’ play to 7 goals dropped in an afternoon.—EDD.]

## CHARLES DICKENS.

SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the death of Dickens, to remove the feeling of disgust an admirer would have felt, had an adverse criticism been passed on him immediately on his decease; it would have been like sacrilege to have taken the earliest opportunity to abuse him when he had only just been laid in our great mausoleum, followed to the grave by a sorrowing nation; it would have been an assumption too galling of superior wisdom to have denied any heroic qualities to the departed and lamented hero. But now he must pass in every way in the *Fortnightly* and in *The Cliftonian* through fires great and small to try if this be true gold that has been sovereign over so many hearts.

Let us then think of him sternly and judiciously before we admit him amongst the glorious literary heroes of the past; and if these remarks be thought too harsh and one-sided by some of my readers, let them recollect the usage of the Roman Church, which, before it admits a new saint into its calender, holds solemn judgment on his merits, and, lest no one should oppose his exaltation, uses an advocate to draw attention to his faults. This is the Devil's advocate. If this paper offends you, think, if you please, the writer is the feeble representative of his sombre majesty standing at the gate of your hearts to forbid the entrance of a new image to fill up some of the empty shrines.

It is well that we should have some opinion about Dickens, for no man of our time has been so widely read; rich or poor to all he is familiar, he seemed to join every class under the appellation of "gentle reader."

Now this popular man must have been either a demigod or a humbug, and the strong presumption is in favour of his being a humbug from the comparative scarcity of demigods. We will attempt to follow up our presumption. A novelist is a delineator of life and character. His first requisite is truth and fitness of interpretation. The life we live in, though we think we know it so well, is still

like a foreign language to us, and our great spirits from age to age translate it for us, so that we may learn and understand ourselves in a less imperfect way : they are the guides leading us into the store houses of our hearts and showing us treasures of great price that we knew not of. To these men we owe a debt of gratitude too large to imagine, but we must be sure that all the guides are conversant with the human heart, that they are real doctors to administer a medicine to minds diseased, no quacks ; for these latter we have scorn and condemnation.

The chief praise has been accorded to Dickens for his life-like portraits ; for his being true to the very life, for his holding the mirror up to nature. If it be so he is one of the elect. But let us take one or two of his characters—Sam Weller, Pickwick, Jingle, Pecksniff. They begin with having unnatural and unusual names, and seem to be handicapped in their chance of being accepted as realities. But as to their characters.

First the popular boots and valet. Did you, gentle reader, ever hear of any valet behaving as he behaved ? Is his character really to the life ? Are his racy conversations full of studied jokes, or do they seem the things a valet would say ?

Did such beings as Pickwick, Jingle, and Pecksniff, I will not say exist, but have a possibility of existence ? Are they not farcical or pantomimic representations of humanity, a libel, a burlesque on mankind ? There is a spurious truth so like truth as to be often taken for it, but really it is rank falsehood ; Dickens has perhaps got the spurious truth. It is a thing to test carefully ; for there is no more fatal poison in life than this spurious truth—a black lie under the white veil of truth.

We may divide Dickens's works always into two distinct parts, (1) comic, (2) pathetic. First let us take his comic vein. This certainly has not played the least part in gaining his popularity. Now comedy is a word to be used reverently. A joke is not necessarily comic. Remember Aristophanes, Menander, Swift, Butler, and Shakespeare, they have been comic writers. There is something often taken for comedy. In this style Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the Great Vance have written ; this is the farce, this is the pandemic comedy in its polluted and filthy state ; having lost all its old grace it has become popular.

Under which of these shall we place Dickens. Does his comic vein seem to you to have anything in common

with Hudibras, or with Dogberry and Verges, with Touchstone and with Puck? Or does it seem like the farces on the London stage, played for pit and gallery before the stalls and boxes fill? The answer is easier than you may think, Dickens has been dramatised times out of number, into comedies never, into farces often.

Sam Weller comes night after night on many a stage in varied form the idol of the gallery, the false god they worship as their idea of a fair actor's part. His comic characters higher in the social scale depend for their success mainly on a few distinct traits of what Dickens considered the true English character. As to make-up they are large, stout, and with very red cheeks; they eat enormously, and have a decided preference for roast beef and plum pudding. His comic gentlemen are doubly failures—neither comic nor gentlemanly. Dickens never could draw a gentleman: solemn or comic he drew always too much in such attempts as he made from his inner consciousness.

Now let us turn to his touching side. Nell has been the cause of more tears than Hamlet—very probably, but that is but little proof of true pathos. Tears and laughter come easily to the eyes of habitual Dickens readers. They are Heraclitus and Democritus in one, they are ever ready for their cue to roar with laughing or to melt to tears at the touch of this enchanter's wand. His pathos, as the *Spectator* says, seems "treacly rather than sweet," it is surfeiting on rich food where the agony is piled up so high, and nausea is the result.

His comedy we have said is unlife-like; his pathos is still worse, it is absurd; his situations are grotesque rather than tragic. To be great you must be simple: Dickens has absolutely no simplicity. Let him rest his fame on his comedy, that is not such hallowed ground as pathos, the sacred fount of tears. Here let no fools rush in where angels fear to tread; this at least let us guard from Dickens. Antigone is here and Dido; are Smike and Nell to come too? Here lies the burning heart of Shelley, here Keats and Byron with many another shade; and is this Dickens's place? Look whom you match him with, you who say he is a classic and worthy to be ranked with the great of old. Turn from admiration of him and read the minglers of tears and laughter that have been great names long ere his time, and then you will never think hard or unfair the strictures passed by one who is now at least a willing Devil's Advocate.

A. N.

## THE BIRTH OF A SOUL OR STAR.

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**PLANET of Light, awake !**  
 The multitudes of shadows break  
 Around, above, beneath thy bosom heaving !  
 Behold thine angel sent  
 To set thee in the fiery firmament ;  
     With face of morn,  
     With might new born,  
 He comes divinely cleaving  
 The clouds of chaos like a garment torn.  
     Planet, for whom  
 Yon place hath waited in the sphere  
     Of heaven, appear !  
 Stay not, delay not in the womb !  
     The voiceless tomb  
 Hath bound thy feet of flame too long  
     From light and song.  
     Sing forth before His face  
     Who with His rod of grace  
     Hath quickened thee to be  
 Music and motion at the Master's knee !

Lo ! from the solid blackness sundered  
     The new-born star ascendeth !  
 From night and chaos disencumbered  
     Her prison-house she rendeth :  
 Now sails along the deep  
     With swift and lucent sweep :  
     Sustained above the wasteful dark  
     She rounds and rings her arc  
 With clash of wings angelic and with cry  
 Unknown till now amid Heaven's minstrelsy.

So at thy voice, O Love !  
 Man's soul doth move :  
 The breathing of thy breath  
 Bids her awake :

Her pinions shake :  
 She shudders in the place of death ;  
 Then forth doth fare  
 Through pure empyreal air,  
 Joining the sisterhood of souls that sing  
 To God for ever in celestial spring.

O eyes, to whom is given  
 A ray of heaven !  
 O voice that canst control  
 The sleeping splendour of the soul !  
 What God, what grace  
 Shall lift me to behold thy face ;  
 That I too, even I,  
 Or ere I die,  
 May live and sing and be as one  
 Who wheels around the sempiternal sun.

K. T. L.

## GODS AND HEROES.

### PART II.

I HOPE that it will not be considered an infringement of the rights of my title to introduce under it a goddess for a few minutes to such as may trouble themselves to read this. There is no attempt here to classify the deities of the ancient world. I spoke in my last paper about Zeus, because he is the supreme god to all the Aryan nations. Call him by what name we may, he is still found the omnipotent, occupying, indeed, a strangely compound position ; yet in spite of his mixed attributes and of the power which Fate and even some of the inferior deities have over him, I think the perfect reverence paid towards him and the simple sincere faith exhibited at least in Homer's epic, might have taught many in the present day to refrain from the controversies of dogmas so rife among us. But we are turning now to a goddess whose character, as in the ancient mythology, presents perhaps the most varied aspect of all.

Aphroditè, daughter of Zeus. It is curious and noteworthy to remark how many of the deities that inhabit Olympus have sprung from the supreme Father, the father

of gods and men. Tradition enough is preserved about the overthrow of the old dynasty of Kronos and the establishment of the new under Zeus; but, as soon as the latter is settled, the courts of heaven are almost instantly peopled: no Euemerists have given us the dates of Pallas or Apollo or Erôs. The birth of Aphroditê is well known; the foam-goddess, "sprung of the seed of the sea," rose up from the waves off Cythera in all the marvellous beauty of face and form that was idealised by poets and painters, and most of all by sculptors in the Greece that worshipped her. Yet I think that in the conception of her character most persons fail to grasp the spirit of those Greeks to whom she was a goddess, divine, ever young, fairest of all in heaven or earth. At present, many overlook her divinity entirely. Her functions so various, extending from the heaven-inspired rapturous love of beauty and grace and worth down to the commonest marriage-bond, have blinded the eyes of those who gaze upon her. To most who hear of her now, her intrigues with Ares, her love for Adonis, the wounds received in battle before Troy, and her intercourse with mortals upon earth seem to have deteriorated from this most powerful of the goddesses and reduced her from her high Olympian throne to be the mistress of low debauchery and revelling. This is a mistake into which readers of Greek mythology are very apt to fall. I tried to state how similar notions had become attached to Zeus himself, owing to an imperfect understanding of his character; but they have not detracted in reality from his supreme position over all the gods: in the case of Aphroditê, I think, the lower elements have been powerful enough to outweigh in most minds the high and noble office of that goddess. Doubtless, she was in the beginning the goddess from whom emanated the divine concord, the love that holds heaven and earth together; to the poet the universal harmony of nature, seen in all things created by the master-hand; and to the ordinary worshipper a goddess with power to bind the hearts of men in mystic and godlike union, ministering to them all the gifts of a holy pure ideal love. Aphroditê, while being in herself the impersonation of all physical beauty, was also the inspirer of admiration for beauty in others. Any but the most pronounced cynic will admit that there is no principle which acts upon the life of the world so effectually and powerfully as love; and even a would-be follower of Diogenes, while quite capable of stifling in himself all that would naturally bestow itself upon others, is forced to allow that he would

not preach his doctrines as suitable for the whole of mankind, though he approves and draws some good from them for himself.

On the whole, then, my chief case against the modern conception of Aphroditê is that it takes its idea from the later history of Greece; that its gaze is fixed upon the πάνδημος and not upon the Οὐράνιος Ἀφροδίτη; that it demoralises what was a high and noble character as present to the mind of the prophet who preached of this goddess; and that, having thus formed a wrong standard for itself, it condemns in this particular the worship of the Greek world. The greatness of this error and the lamentable results that come from it can scarcely be over-estimated. That any persons after reading of the brightest spot in the pages of past history should only derive therefrom an idea that one of the main objects of religious worship was merely a coarse and brutalized sensuality realised is very much to be regretted. Even our modern poets do not aim high enough. The "Idalian Aphroditê, beautiful," is hardly the description of one whose rank is as high as that of Herê or Pallas. The perfect statue of the latter goddess is one of the best pieces of work our poet laureate has done; but even he has hardly appreciated the divine presence in his picture of Aphroditê that follows. I can hardly draw a better comparison between the heavenly and earthly conceptions of this goddess than by suggesting the contrast between the statue of Erôs Ouranios and those of "the boy Cupid." The difference is as marked as that between Homer's powers of appreciation and those of the decasyllabic versifiers of the last century. For Aphroditê, in her original deification in the mind of the man, whoever he was, on whom first dawned the inspiration that Love was the guiding principle of the universe, and deserved to be worshipped among the deities to whom men paid reverence, I claim as high a position as she then had. But

"'Tis hard to settle order once again,"

and it rather seems as though the element generally held to be predominant in the character of the goddess of beauty will continue in many minds to detract from her position as a goddess indeed. That such was the case in the later days of Greece, no one can deny; perhaps many will even say that such was the inevitable and proper result of this worship: yet by so saying they tacitly admit that the case was better once, that the goddess was recognised as divine, living in cloud-capt Olympus, and shedding

over man her benign and gracious and humanising influence, and that it was only after the lapse of time and the decay of a religion doomed to fail that Aphrodité was changed as were the other deities and lost her original attributes in the coarse worship of the Pandemos.

We may add to these remarks a few suggestions on the influence of the Roman Venus—an entirely different character—upon modern writers. The high esteem in which the Latin poets were held on the revival of classical literature, though now considerably decreased, has left its stamp upon us in this particular. The Roman character is almost diametrically opposite to the Greek. For centuries the Republic grew, extending its power by foreign conquest and maintaining it at home by strict military discipline. Poetry and taste of any kind seem only to have arisen after the principles of corruption had begun to take root in Roman society. The reaction against the long years of a systematic discipline almost as high as the Spartan resulted in every species of debauchery and luxury. The poets of Rome lived in a state of artificial civilisation; and consequently took their tone from it. They have few ideal conceptions on such subjects as their gods. Sacrifices were still offered to Jupiter and all the deities in their fasti; but faith in them had long disappeared. Under these conditions it was difficult for a Roman to approach anywhere near the high and magnificent grandeur of the Greek poets. Homer had stamped his impression upon the Greek world some centuries before the historical era; but no one had done this for the Roman; and it was not only the absence of veneration for their gods but also the positive contempt for them which rendered it impossible that their conception should equal those of the Greeks. Virgil wrote at a time when the religion of Greece had been dead, to all practical purposes, for about two centuries; Ovid's *Fasti* may have been very good as a reference for the ministers of religion, and are exquisite in his never-ending felicities of expression and elegant narration; but there is not a particle of faith in them from beginning to end. In such a manner the Romans had to introduce Venus, merely because she had been a goddess in the times of their fathers and was mixed up with their legends of Troy; but it was not to her honour that their verses were written, and the result, only too manifest now, is that an utterly mistaken conception is formed of Aphrodité from the study, or it may be only partial acquaintance, with the Roman Venus.

C. B.

## E P I T A P H S.

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Most people, I believe, have some peculiar weakness, which by force of circumstances might easily be developed into a species of monomania. For instance there are a considerable number of persons who seem to have a passion for collecting something or other, coins, crests, autographs, fossils, stamps, or butterflies, it matters little what it is, so long as the objects are of a convenient size and tolerably portable; for no one would collect bootjacks or second-hand pulpits merely for the pleasure of possessing a fine assortment of them. Be this as it may, I have a vivid remembrance of having a bad attack of "foreign stamps," in the days when I was young, and in consequence of which I was insolvent for a whole term, but at last I made the painful discovery that my treasures were a snare and a delusion originating for the most part in the fertile brain of a bookseller. *Hinc illae lacrymae.* In my despair I wavered between going to sea and taking prussic acid, but finally I joined a botany class and shared my study with a fellow who attended the Laboratory. Here I would fain draw a veil over my self-imposed tribulation. A Big-side run was nothing to it. Our joint domain was the scene of awful explosions and the constant source of odours which only varied in their loathsomeness. I soon began to keep a calendar and long for the holidays. Such is life. From that time a settled melancholy came over me; I forsook Wheeler's and cut fagging, I frequented the Zoo' on half-holidays and ceased to eat the Sunday pudding. This could not last long, and after a time I rallied, but feeling that only the most lugubrious atmosphere could ever be congenial to me, I began a collection of epitaphs.

Most of these I found to be chiefly remarkable for their incoherence, though here and there one occurs which is brief and to the point; *vide* the following from a churchyard in Norfolk:—

"God works a wonder now and then,  
He thought a lawyer  
Died an honest man."

The worst of it is that all the people who have epitaphs appear to have been so good that the monotony of reading their inscriptions becomes quite oppressive, and one begins to wonder, like the little girl in the story, "Where all the naughty people are buried." Here for instance is a lady buried in Gloucester Cathedral who appears to have put salt on the tails of all the cardinal virtues:—

"She was pious and just, courteous to all,  
But very remarkable for her love  
To her sober and virtuous relations,  
And abhorred the vicious and extravagant,  
For whom great sorrow daily she expressed;  
But now she's entered on eternal rest."

Warrington Church-yard supplies consolation for any disconsolate spinster on whom beneficent nature may have bestowed a turn-up nose or a deficiency of outline, by hinting at the wholesome lesson that all virtuous and gifted creatures are ugly, thus:—

"This maid no elegance of form possessed,  
No earthly love defiled her sacred breast;  
Thus was she saved from the deceiver man,  
Heaven meant it as a blessing. She was plain!

Allusions to physical infirmities are common, such as,

"Here lies in peace poor Martha Day,  
Who would, if she could, but she couldn't stay:  
She had a bad leg, and a baddish cough,  
But her leg it was which carried her off."

"His constitution was but weak, I own,  
But his physicians skill was weaker grown;  
For they by mercury accelerated his doom  
And caused him to be laid within the silent tomb."

(Stourport, Worcestershire.)

St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool, thus briefly records the decease of one whose misfortune it was not to be properly appreciated till too late:—

"He lived and died lamented."

Near Leamington is a somewhat similar one:—

"Poorly he lived and poorly died,  
Was poorly buried, and nobody cried."

Here are two well calculated to give you an idea of epitaphs in general, the one from its utter disregard of grammar, the other from its wholesale adulation:—

"Him never shall again return to we,  
But we all hope ere long to go to he."

(Kettering, Northampton.)

She was—but words are wanting to say what—  
 Think what a wife should be, and she was that."  
 (Great Malvern.)

The following from Kinnersley Church-yard needs no  
 comment:—

"Here sweetly sleeps in hopes of Zion,  
 John Jones, the landlord of 'The Lion';  
 Resigned unto the heavenly will,  
 His widow keeps the business still."

ZERO.

### FROM IBYKUS.

Ἦρι μὲν αἶ τε Κυδώνιαι.

In spring Kydonian fruit is fair  
 Watered of rills, from rivers where  
 The garden of the nymphs doth blow  
 Untrodden, where the grapes do grow  
 Beneath the shady tendrils' twine  
 And leaves luxuriant of the vine.  
 But ah me, desire  
 That slumbereth at no tide  
 Hurling from Kypris' side,  
 Like Thracian blast that flares with levin-fire  
 With scorching frenzies swart  
 Doth my inmost heart  
 Hither and thither sway in ruin dire.

### FROM ARCHILOCHUS.

Ἐχουσα θαλλὸν μυρσίνης ἐτέρπετο.

With a myrtle-spray she played  
 With a rosebud fair,  
 And her hair  
 Did all her back and shoulders shade.

T. H. W.

## CYMBELINE.

DURING the two days preceding this on which I write, I have read "Cymbeline" for, I am ashamed to say, the first time. This play is by no means one of the most popular that Shakespeare has written, nor is it so well known as many that are really inferior to it; facts which have induced me to attempt writing this article in the hope that some may be persuaded to give themselves the pleasure which I have lately enjoyed. "Cymbeline" deserves to be read if for no other reason at least for this: that in it we meet with the most womanly of Shakespeare's women. He may have drawn other female characters that are more striking, that dazzle us with their bursts of passion or fierce concentrated energy; but as the careful elaboration of a nature whose every trait is presented to us, Imogen must be ranked second to none. We all acknowledge the power of the genius which conceived Lady Macbeth, but we doubt if we shall ever recognize a Lady Macbeth among the women of our acquaintance. But in the fresh and healthy character of Imogen, so true to nature, the case is otherwise; that many an Imogen has existed and still exists so far from detracting at all from the merit of having drawn the character is in itself the very proof of that merit.

Into the story of this play I have no time to enter; but this is of little moment, for to those who have read "Cymbeline" it would be superfluous, and those who have not will, I hope, take the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with it. It has been pointed out that through each of Shakespeare's plays there is some fixed idea running which connects the different parts into one harmonious whole. The object of "Cymbeline" is to contrast truth and fidelity with cunning, deceit, and slander. In effecting this we are first introduced to life at a court where an unscrupulous queen is taking advantage of her husband's weakness to secure her own advancement and the ruin of others. We are shown the means by which she hopes to be able "to work her son into the adoption of the crown,"

and the results which follow her cunning treachery. We then see the spectacle of one true heart "convinced of another's infidelity by the power of slander—

" Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world."

The action next presents a contrast by leading us into a scene of rustic simplicity where she, who is faithful against all hope, finds other natures as pure and truthful as her own. The genuine life in these wilds is opposed to the hollowness of the court. Here honest labour earns its own reward, here

" Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard."

These new characters become themselves involved in the plot, which ends by fidelity triumphing over deceit, teaching us that virtue which has been tried and which has stood the test has a higher value than that which has never been assaulted.

With regard to the characters of this play, we have already said enough to show that in Imogen centres the real interest. Hers is a nature eminent for its thorough reality: there is no false sentimentality about her, tender as she can be at times, and her love for Leonatus is not the passion of a moment, but the deliberate choice of years. It is not from a mere impulse she wishes she were "a neat-herd's daughter and her Leonatus a neighbouring shepherd's son," but it is from a conviction that splendour and power do not imply happiness. When assured of her husband's infidelity she yields for a moment to all the bitterness of the thought, but at once showing the strong side of her nature she resolves to follow him and win him back, or at least convince herself of his falseness. To effect this she is not afraid even to assume the part of a page, to

" Forget to be a woman—change  
Command into obedience—fear and niceness  
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage ;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and  
As quarrelous as the weasel."

In the concluding scenes this loving but strong nature still further develops itself. When Imogen finds herself beside

what she supposes the headless trunk of her husband, deep as is her grief, she does not even then give way entirely. How inexpressibly tender are the words in which she says—

"I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh."

When in the end all her sorrows are over, her husband restored, and her two brothers found, she testifies to her real disregard for courtly power by answering, when her father says that through her brothers coming she has lost a kingdom, "No, I have got two worlds by it."

Side by side with Imogen we have the almost equally perfect character of Leonatus Posthumus. Even courtiers acknowledge that in his very boyhood he was

"A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature  
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards."

We find it difficult to pardon him for allowing Iachimo to test his wife's fidelity, but even this fault serves to show how thoroughly he trusted in her, and how great was his belief in the strength of a pure nature. The ideal of a grand manly character is realized, if it ever was, when he resolves to return to Britain to fight and die for his country. Disguised as a peasant he only desires to do his duty, and shuns all praise for himself: he wishes "to shame the guise of the world, and begin the fashion, less without and more within." Of a piece with this is his bitter self-accusation before the king, which, however, is amply made up for when the lost Imogen again lies upon his breast, to "hang there like fruit till the tree die."

There are other characters which deserve more than a passing notice. In the wicked, unscrupulous Queen, and Cymbeline the weak plaything in her hands; in the imbecile Cloten, "too bad for bad report," and the generous young peasant-princes, we might find much worth speaking of; but if enough has been said to induce those who do not know this play to make themselves acquainted with it, the object of this paper is gained.

S. C. E.

## BRUTUS.

Soon my life's sun the blood-stained western wave  
 Will touch, about to plunge into the mere,  
 Where lies full many an unsuccessful brave  
 From an untimely bier.

Like as the wave, which rushes with a roar  
 Against the rugged Tænaréan rock,  
 Comes, broken, back from the resounding shore,  
 A foam-sheet from the shock,

So to the charge went fortune, army, friends,  
 Against Octavian's serried soldiery ;  
 Alas ! their doom nor shield, nor spear forbends,  
 They perish gloriously.

As with the billow sinks the high foam-crest,  
 So must the leader with the army fall.  
 I dread not, for with Cassius I shall rest  
 In Orcus' gloomy hall.

Strato, stretch forth for me the weapon bright,  
 That noble men in after age may see  
 How Lucius Junius Brutus fled the light,  
 With limbs from fetters free.

L. A.

## HONOURS.

W. Claxton, Scholar Trinity College, Oxford.

## THE ATHLETICS.

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THE athletics were held on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 1st and 2nd. Heavy rain had fallen for more than three days previously, and a considerable amount in the morning of the first day, so that the ground was simply soaking and the times consequently rather slow. Eventually however the afternoon was quite fine, and the sun shone out with tolerable heat. The attendance was very good, the Grand Stand being nearly filled after the first hour, and the visitors in the Close came in great numbers. On the whole the arrangements were well carried out; the unfortunate mistake in not taking the time for the quarter mile was owing to the fact that the runners were started with very little notice, it being the final heat. Rain fell during the greater part of the morning of the second day, and consequently the ground was more slippery than ever. Nevertheless the attendance of visitors was again good.

I.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches.—First heat, (1) Baker tert., (2) Alford. Second heat, (1) Hewson, (2) Herapath. Third heat, (1) Tatham, (2) Wills mi. Final heat, (1) Hewson, (2) Tatham. Hewson came away very decidedly from the beginning, and won easily by 3 yards. A yard between second and third. Time, 12 seconds.

II.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; prize given by W. F. Trimnell, Esq.—First heat, (1) Gildea, (2) Bush mi. Second heat, (1) Jones mi., (2) Moggridge. Final heat, (1) Jones, (2) Moggridge. This was a neck and neck race all the way, and though Moggridge seemed to be running very easily, Jones won by about 3 inches. Moggridge won the second prize last year, which consequently fell to Gildea, who came in third.

III.—HIGH JUMP; under 5 feet 2 inches.—This event was substituted for the Open High Jump because of the state of the ground. (1) Batchelor, (2) Strachan mi. Height, 4 feet 8 inches. The jumping was very good indeed; Wills mi. especially did well, Macdonald's jumping being the prettiest of all. The winner cleared his height very neatly. Ball mi. was third with 4 feet 5 inches.

IV.—FLAT RACE; quarter mile; open to all; prize given by the Rev. J. Greene.—First heat, (1) Boyle, (2) Lang. Second heat, (1) Robinson, (2) Warren. Final heat, (1) Boyle, (2) Robinson. A moderate start was effected, Boyle getting well away first; Lang stumbled in the first 20 yards and lost some ground by it. Boyle kept his lead all the way; within 300 yards from home Warren made an effort and came up second, but soon after fell behind. On entering the straight at the top of the ground Boyle was still leading by about 4 yards; Lang did his best to spurt in but the order remained unchanged. Owing to a mistake the time was not taken; it would not have been very fast, because of the easy pace at which the finish was made.

V.—FLAT RACE; half mile; under 5 feet 5 inches.—(1) Merritt, (2) Rücker. After the start, which was very well effected, Clarke went away with a considerable lead, which he increased to about 20 yards on finishing the first lap, Strange running second. Soon after this Merritt caught them up and came on steadily; on the second time of passing the post the order was Merritt, Clarke, Rücker. About 250 yards from the finish Rücker put on the pace and caught up Clarke, passing about 10 yards in front of him; the run-in was not very good, as the first two spurted too soon and were both rather exhausted. Merritt won by about 17 yards; a dozen between second and third. Time, 2 mins. 20 secs., being one second more than Baxter's time last year.

VI.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 4 feet 8 inches.—(1) Wills mi., (2) Boulton. Time,  $12\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. Wills won easily by 5 yards in very good time; a foot between second and third.

VII.—FLAT RACE; 300 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches.—(1) Hewson, (2) Tatham. This was a very good race throughout. Tatham started with a good lead of quite 15 yards, maintaining this till within 40 yards from home; here Hewson spurted well, and coming up hand over hand with a good stride won easily by 6 yards. Time, 44 seconds.

VIII.—FLAT RACE; 200 yards; Junior School.—First heat, (1) Gildea, (2) Bush mi. Gildea led all the way and won as he liked by about 7 yards. Second heat, (1) Moggridge, (2) Maw terts. Stewart led till about 50 yards from home; here he was fouled by Maw in passing and fell; he was admitted to run in the final heat. Final heat, (1) Moggridge, (2) Gildea. Moggridge ran in

the third place till entering the straight, when he spurted well and eventually won by 3 yards. Time, 29 seconds.

**IX.—FLAT RACE;** one mile; open to all; prize given by the Head Master.—(1) Tylecote, (2) Pearce, (3) Gilmore. This was the principal event of the day's programme, and excited a great deal of interest. Tylecote went away from the start at a great pace, leading by quite 15 yards on first passing the post, the others running easily behind, Pearce second, Stevenson third, Gilmore fourth. Tylecote kept on his lead at a good pace for the next lap, Stevenson falling into the rear and making way for Gilmore in third place. In the third lap Gilmore made his effort and nearly caught up the leaders at the 300 yards; but he fell back, and Pearce drew away and passed Tylecote. This advantage he maintained till about 250 yards from the finish, when Tylecote put on his spurt and passed him; and after entering the straight, though Pearce did his best to recover, he was unable to come near Tylecote, who won a very fine race with a good finish by about 15 yards: not more than 12 between Pearce and Gilmore. Time, 5 minutes 8 seconds.

**X.—FLAT RACE;** half mile; Junior School; prize given by Rev. A. Kemble.—(1) Richardson, (2) Thatcher. This race was very well run. Thatcher started at a good pace and led after the first 70 yards, running with a good stride: Richardson and Woodburn about 10 yards behind him, evidently saving themselves for the distance. On passing the post for the second time the same order was maintained, all running steadily. About 250 yards from the finish, the pair behind began their spurt; Richardson, who had timed himself very well, drew away after a good struggle with Woodburn, and passing Thatcher won a very good race by 12 yards. Woodburn gave up about 30 yards from home, as he could only have come in second, and won the second prize last year. Time 2 mins. 45 secs.

**XI.—HURDLE RACE;** 120 yards; 10 flights; open to all.—First Round—First heat, (1) Boyle, (2) Ford. This was a close race, won by about a yard and a half. Second heat, (1) Robinson, (2) Gribble. Won easily. Third heat, (1) Tylecote, (2) Washbourne mi. Won by nearly 2 hurdles, 10 yards between second and third. Second Round—First heat, (1) Gribble, (2) Boyle. Second heat, (1) Tylecote, (2) Robinson. Final heat, (1) Robinson, (2) Tylecote. Tylecote got a yard better over the first two hurdles, but lost his stride soon after: Robinson, who had been running him very close, here came forward, and clearing the last flight a trifle in front won by about

a foot. The time was very good, especially considering the state of the turf. Time,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

**XII.—OLD CLIFTONIANS' RACE; 300 yards.**—(1) E. J. Davies. Time,  $35\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. Davies ran in splendid form; no one ever came near him, and he won by at least 40 yards in as good style as we have ever had on our ground. A good race for second place between Fisher and Tovey resulted in favour of the latter by a foot.

**XIII.—STEEPLE CHASE; under 5 feet 5 inches.**—First heat, (1) Heath ma., (2) Gooding. Won by 20 yards. Second heat, (1) Rankin, (2) Merritt. Third heat, (1) Swindell, (2) Strange. A walk over after the first 6 flights. Final heat, (1) Merritt, (2) Swindell. The winner soon showed to the front, and, having the inside hurdle, kept his lead very well throughout: Swindell came up at the last flight but one, and leaping the last hurdle simultaneously with Rankin, only just got into second honours by a neck.

## SECOND DAY.

**I.—FLAT RACE; quarter mile; Junior School; prize given by Rev. B. Hartnell.**—(1) Woodburn, (2) Moggridge. Time, 13 seconds. The winner led the whole way.

**II.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; open to all; prize given by Rev. E. Harris.**—First heat, (1) Gribble, (2) Boyle. Second heat, (1) Warren, (2) Wrigley. Final heat, (1) Gribble, (2) Warren. Time,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. Gribble ran magnificently, having the race in his hands the whole way, and won by about 2 yards. Boyle, who was a yard behind Warren, got a bad start.

**III.—HIGH JUMP; open to all; prize given by Mr. Wheeler.**—(1) Robinson, (2) Ford. Height, 5 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Robinson having been first last year, Tylecote, who was third, got the second prize. Considering the bad state of the ground Robinson's jump was very good.

**IV.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; under 5 feet 5 inches; prize given by Mr. Maggs.**—First heat, (1) Clarke, (2) Cowper-Coles. Second heat, (1) McArthur, (2) Merritt. Third heat, (1) Swindell, (2) Tebbs. Final heat, (1) Swindell, (2) Merritt. Time, 12 seconds. This was a good race well won, as Swindell nearly fell at starting and thus lost ground considerably: nevertheless he gained on Merritt rapidly, and was finally first by about one yard.

**V.—BROAD JUMP; open to all; prize given by Joshua Saunders, Esq.**—(1) Robinson, (2) Tylecote. Distance,

17 feet 5 inches. The ground was so slippery that most fellows fell on making their first attempt, and even when they got somewhat accustomed to it the distance was spoilt.

VI.—FLAT RACE; 200 yards; under 4 feet 8 inches.—(1) Wills, (2) Boulton. Time 29 seconds. Won splendidly by about 20 yards.

VII.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL; prize given by E. M. Oakeley, Esq.—(1) Boyle, (2) Tylecote. Distance, 105 yards 1 foot 4 inches. Boyle's throw was better by two yards than last year. Since both he and Tylecote are previous winners, the prizes fall to Taylor and Strange, who were third and fourth.

VIII.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; under 4 feet 6 inches.—(1) Stewart qrts., (2) Boyd mi. Pluckily won by a couple of yards. As Boyd was second last year the second prize fell to Twist.

IX.—FLAT RACE; half mile; open to all.—(1) Lang, (2) Pearce. Time, 2 minutes 10 seconds. About a dozen started for this event. Lang led from the first, and during the last three quarters of the race kept at about an uniform distance of 15 yards in front of Pearce. Boyle, who for a time was third, gave up at the end of a round, and then the two winners had the race in their own hands.

X.—HIGH JUMP; Junior School; prize given by Rev. R. B. Poole.—(1) Barnard, (2) Gildea. Height, 4 feet 3 inches.

XI.—FLAT RACE; 100 yards; Junior School; under 4 feet 10 inches.—Gribble,† Sangster.† This was a capital race, resulting in a dead heat. Gribble and Sangster afterwards ran off the dead heat, when the latter won.

XII.—HURDLE RACE; quarter mile; open to all; prize given by Mr. Wilkinson.—(1) Tylecote, (2) Robinson. Time, 70 secs. This is probably the most exciting race which was ever run in the Close, certainly the most exciting of this year. On the issue of it depended whether Tylecote or Robinson got the challenge cup, and for the first half of the race they kept almost side by side over every hurdle, then Tylecote gradually drew ahead and won easily.

XIII.—STRANGERS' RACE; quarter mile hurdle race.—(1) Johnson.

XIV.—CONSOLATION RACE; open to all.—(1) Baker, (2) Clarke. The winner was first by about a yard.

XV.—CONSOLATION RACE; under 5 feet 2 inches.—(1) Herapath. For this race George was second.

CHALLENGE CUP: H. G. Tylecote.

## SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

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**SATURDAY, MARCH 2ND.**—The Government, Rücker, Robinson, and Cluer, brought forward the motion that "England's non-intervention policy has been of advantage to the country." There were only 12 members present, but the speeches were above the average. For the Government the speakers were Robinson, Cluer, Rücker, and Warren. For the Opposition Ivens, Leonard, and Luxton. On the division the numbers were:—Ayes, 8; Noes, 4; majority for, 4.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH.**—Eighteen members present and a large number of visitors. The subject was "A Government scheme of emigration would be beneficial to our country." The speakers for the Government were Robinson, Don, Cluer, and Rücker; for the Opposition Claxton, Brown, Ivens, and Prinsep. On the division the numbers were:—Ayes, 8; Noes, 10; majority against, 2. This was the second defeat of the Government, who accordingly resigned.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 16TH.**—The new Government consisted of Leonard, Don, and Smith. Their motion was "It is undesirable as a permanent arrangement that denominational schools should be supported by public money." The attendance was rather small, but the subject, as was natural, called up a good deal of feeling, and the speeches if not much to the point were at least lively. For the Government the speakers were Smith ma., Younghusband ma., and Leonard; for the Opposition Ivens, Cluer, and Rücker. The numbers on the division were:—Ayes, 4; Noes, 10. The Government resigned in consequence of this defeat.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 23RD.**—A rather full meeting attended by more members of the Society than on previous occasions, with a fair attendance of visitors. The new Government had been formed as follows:—President, Ivens; Vice-

President, Wills; Secretary, Douglas. Their subject was "The Income tax, as levied at present, is unjust." The speakers for the Government were Wills, Budd, Smith ma, Douglas, and Nash (O.C.): for the opposition, Robinson, Smith quarta, Cluer. On the division the result was Ayes, eight; Noes, ten—majority against two. On a motion of private business the Government being in opposition to the unanimous opinion of the House tendered their resignation.

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## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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MARCH 1st.—The third meeting for the term was held on Friday, March 1st. Forty-one members and visitors were present. The President stated that the Committee had elected J. E. Jose (O.C.), an honorary member. The following donations were acknowledged:—A number of coins, principally foreign, by A. Douglas; eggs of barn owl, red-backed shrike, little grebe, parrot, chiffchaff, house martin, swift, kingfisher, greenfinch, lesser whitethroat, and lark by H. Wills; lead and copper ores by H. Richardson; two specimens of polished marble from the Clifton carboniferous series by R. Donovan; polished corals, from Clifton, by J. Gibbons; two rulers made from sub-fossil trunks of the Yew and Oak, found fifty feet below alluvial soil at Cardiff, by A. Cruttwell (corresponding member); the skins of the grey phalarope (*Phalaropus lobatus*), curlew sandpiper (*Tringa subaquatica*), purple sandpiper, turnstone (*Streptilas interpres*), knot (*Tringa canutus*), oyster catcher (*Haematopus ostrilegus*), Dunlin (*Tringa variabilis*), by M. Richards, Esq., F.L.S.; a few minerals, by H. Wills: gold in quartz, that had been found by an O.C. in Australia by J. E. Jose, Esq. *Notodonta dictasoides* (Lep.), Scotch form, and two male specimens of the rare *Cerura bicuspis* (Lep.), were exhibited by Rev. J. Greene, and given by him to the Museum collection of Lepidoptera; three pieces of French paper money (1793) by Rev. F. Armitage. S. Douglas read a paper on "Automata" on which Messrs.

Greene, Gibbons, J. Stone, H. Stone, Hewson, and Ward spoke.

MARCH 8TH.—The fourth meeting for the term was held on Friday, March 8th. Fifty-three members and visitors present. The following donations were acknowledged:—A heron, by C. F. McNiven (O.C.); three provincial tokens of the eighteenth century (Devizes, Bath, and Salisbury), by J. Chitty; an Indian elephant's molar tooth, by R. Donovan; a blind-worm (*anguis fragilis*) in spirits, by C. Onslow. The President stated that the Committee had elected Rev. J. Heyworth an honorary member. The President then read a criticism on Part II. of the Society's Transactions from "Nature" and a letter from Professor Sedgwick, Cambridge, the latter of which on the proposal of Rev. J. Greene was ordered to be entered on the minutes. The Secretary read a letter from Rev. Canon Kingsley on the last number of the Transactions. E. Crosse then read a paper, part I., on "Glaciers." On this paper Messrs. Grenfell, Greene, and Kent spoke. W. Oliphant next read a paper on "The effect of music on animals," on which Messrs. Gibbons, Paul, Greene, Stone, Ward, Routh, and Stevenson spoke. F. L. Penney was elected a corresponding member. P. Ogle proposed and G. Dakyns seconded a vote of thanks to the President and Secretary for the manner in which they had edited the last number of the Society's Transactions.

MARCH 15TH.—The fifth meeting for the term was held on Friday, March 15th, in Big-school. About 400 members and visitors were present. The minutes of the last meeting having been read, the President after a few remarks introduced to the meeting Mr. W. Lant Carpenter, F.C.S., who at once began to deliver a lecture on "Life in the depths of the Ocean." The lecture was illustrated throughout with numerous diagrams. At the close the Head Master thanked Mr. Carpenter, in the name of the meeting, for the interesting and suggestive lecture they had just heard from him. Mr. Carpenter in acknowledging the compliment mentioned that if the lecture had been in any way a suggestive one and likely to lead any of the audience to enquire deeper into the matters which he had so briefly touched upon, his purpose was served and he was amply repaid for any trouble incurred in preparing it.

## MISCELLANEOUS

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**HOUSE HAND FIVES TIES.**—The first drawing resulted as follows :—

|               |   |               |   |               |
|---------------|---|---------------|---|---------------|
| School House  | { | Town          | } | Brown's a bye |
| beat Harris's |   | beat Dakyns's |   |               |

### SCHOOL HOUSE *v.* HARRIS'S

The School House were represented by Rücker and Tylecote, the latter playing for them in the absence of Luxton, Harris's being represented by Claxton and Tweedie. As was expected the School House obtained a very easy victory, for though Claxton played fairly well, his partner was evidently quite unequal to the general style of play. The scores were, we believe, in the first game, School House 15, Harris's 2; in the second, School House 15, Harris's 4.

### TOWN *v.* DAKYNS'S.

This match proved a much better one than that above narrated. The Town were represented by Warren and Ford, Dakyns's House by Pearce and Hewson. It was expected that the Town would defeat their opponents comparatively easily, but in the first game, although they led for the first 5 or 6 points, they were ultimately caught up and beaten by Dakyns's, the score finally standing at 15 to 13. Dakyns's owed this victory chiefly to the clever way in which they played the balls after the first serve, catching them before they touched the ground. In the second game, however, the Town led with a brilliant innings on the part of Ford, in which he scored some 8 points straight off, and this game, as did also the third, resulted in an easy victory for the Town, who thus were winners in two out of the three games of the tie.

The second drawing of the ties resulted as follows :—

|              |   |             |
|--------------|---|-------------|
| School House | { | Town a bye. |
| Brown's      |   |             |

### SCHOOL HOUSE *v.* BROWN'S.

This match was played in the middle court on Tuesday, March 26th. Rücker and Luxton represented the School

House, Boyle and Robinson, Brown's. In the first game there was some slackness on both sides, only relieved by a few very good rounds. The School House kept about 2 points ahead through this game and won with the score—School House 15, Brown's 13. In the second game Brown's led with 4 points straight off. The School House then caught them up and play went on evenly up to 11 all, when the School House went away and won by 3 points. Luxton's playing elicited considerable applause from the spectators.

**FINAL TIE.—SCHOOL HOUSE v. TOWN.**

This match was played on Wednesday, March 27th. Tylecote played for the School House, Luxton being absent from illness. The Town, represented by Warren ma. and Stuart, got innings, but failed to score anything. The School House made 7 in their first innings, and won as they liked, the score standing at 15—2. In the next game, which was if anything more lively than the first, the Town only scored 1 point throughout. Warren played a losing game with great spirit, but his partner utterly failed. Rücker's play is well known, and Tylecote backed him up admirably; the latter's innings were the best in the two games.

**HAND FIVE TIES.**—The competition for the prize offered by F. M. Bartholomew, Esq., for single hand fives has resulted as follows:—

*First Drawing.*

|               |   |                   |   |              |   |
|---------------|---|-------------------|---|--------------|---|
| Cluer         | { | Prinsep           | { | Ford         | { |
| beat Hewson   | { | beat Robinson ma. | { | beat Duncuft | { |
| Rücker        | { | Luxton            | { | Rawlinson    | { |
| beat Tylecote | { | beat Jenkins      | { | beat Payne   | { |

*Second Drawing.*

|            |   |                |   |              |  |
|------------|---|----------------|---|--------------|--|
| Ford       | { | Prinsep        | { | Luxton a bye |  |
| beat Cluer | { | beat Bush      | { |              |  |
|            |   | Rücker         | { |              |  |
|            |   | beat Rawlinson | { |              |  |

*Third Drawing.*

|             |   |           |   |
|-------------|---|-----------|---|
| Rücker      | { | Prinsep   | { |
| beat Luxton | { | beat Ford | { |

*Fourth Drawing.*

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| Rücker       | { |
| beat Prinsep | { |

Rücker, as the winner in these ties, had now to play Warren ma., last year's winner, handicapped 5 points. Two games were played resulting as follows:—

- |   |   |                          |   |                     |
|---|---|--------------------------|---|---------------------|
| 1 | { | Rücker .. .. 5 + 10 = 15 | } | Rücker winning by 8 |
|   |   | Warren ma. .. .. 7       |   |                     |
| 2 | { | Rücker .. .. 5 + 10 = 15 | } | Rücker winning by 3 |
|   |   | Warren ma. .. .. 12      |   |                     |

Boyle, the winner of 1869, declining to play, Rücker thus gets the prize.

The Houses have gained prizes at the Athletics as follows:—

School House:—Open events; Mile, half mile, steeple chase; second in broad jump; second in hurdle race; second in throwing the cricket ball; under 5 feet 5 inches, second in half mile; under 5 feet 2 inches, second in 100 yards, second in 300 yards.

Town:—Open events; 100 yards, second in high jump, second in 100 yards; under 4 feet 8 inches, 200 yards and 300 yards.

Brown's:—Open events; First and second in quarter mile, third in mile, hurdle race, high jump, broad jump, throwing the cricket ball, second in steeple chase; under 5 feet 2 inches, high jump.

Dakyns's:—Open events: second in mile, second in half mile; under 5 feet 5 inches, half mile, second in 100 yards; under 5 feet 2 inches, 100 yards, 300 yards.

Harris's:—Under 5 feet 5 inches, 100 yards, second in steeple chase; under 4 feet 8 inches, second in 200 yards, second in 100 yards.

The following are the marks of the first three for the Challenge Cup:—

|          |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Tylecote | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 40½ |
| Robinson | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 37  |
| Boyle    | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 18  |

At the meeting of the Oxford University Athletic Club A. W. Brodie, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was first in the quarter-mile handicap, open to both Universities.

At the meeting of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, E. J. Davies was first in the broad jump, accomplishing 21 ft. ½ in., and was also second in the hurdle race,

120 yards. In the quarter-mile, A. W. Brodie was first, doing it in  $50\frac{3}{5}$  secs. Both Davies and Brodie thus gained the right of representing their University in the sports at Lillie-bridge.

Caffyn has been engaged as cricket professional for the XI. during May and June, Dryland at the same time coaching the XXII. and looking after the ground.

The matches already arranged are—

|                                  |                    |    |             |      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|----|-------------|------|
| Exeter College, Oxford, May 11th | Sherborne          | .. | July        | 4th  |
| St. John's Coll., Oxon, " 20th   | Lansdown           | .. | "           | 13th |
| Cheltenham Coll., June 3rd & 4th | M.C.C. (at Lord's) | "  | 29th & 30th |      |
| Old Cliftonians, " 10th & 11th   | Upper Tooting      | "  |             | 31st |
| Clifton Club, " 27th             |                    |    |             |      |

The open Big-side Run cup has been won by Pearce (D.H.) with an average of 25 marks. The cup for the Little-side runs (open to fags) has been won by Trevor mi. (S.H.) with an average of  $24\frac{1}{2}$  marks.

The term ends on Friday, April 12th.

This term the Scientific Society has issued another number of its transactions. It differs from the former number only in a few minor improvements in arrangement, but it contains in addition two woodcuts illustrative of one of the papers. We extract the following from *Nature*:—"The Clifton College Scientific Society has just issued the second part of its transactions, containing the records of its proceedings from February to July, 1871. The president and secretary state in their report that the papers read at the society's meetings have been as numerous as previously, and the attendance of members and visitors has in no degree fallen off; and that, although there is still much to be desired in this respect, yet the number of working members is steadily increasing. The various sections of botany, zoology, entomology, geology, archaeology, chemistry, and physics have, on the whole, done good work, the least satisfactory reports being in the case of zoology, chemistry, and physics. The great event of the half-year has been the long expected opening of the new museum and botanic garden, both of which institutions are well deserving of support from those outside the school who are able to assist in furnishing them. The botanic garden is already one of the very best to be met with anywhere in the provinces. Among the papers read before the society and printed in the transactions, the following have struck us as especially excellent:—‘A scientific visit to Cheddar,’ by the President and J. Stone;

'The Church of St. Mary Redcliff,' by R. W. Wilson ;  
'The coalfield of South Wales,' by A. Cruttwell ; 'The birds  
of Clifton,' by D. Pearce ; and an admirable paper on 'The  
Spectrum,' by W. A. Smith."

The following appeared in the *Athenæum* :—"The Clifton  
College Scientific Society has issued part two of their  
transactions. This society is active, and many of the papers  
published have a far more than local interest."

At the Inter-University sports on March 25th Davies  
cleared 21 ft. 5 in. in the broad jump, thus securing this  
event for his University. At the Amateur Champion  
meeting two days afterwards he was first with a jump of  
22 ft. 7 in., the longest on record.

Brodie was second in the quarter-mile both at the  
Inter-University sports and at the Amateur Champion  
meeting, being beaten on each occasion by R. Philpot  
(Trinity, Cambridge).

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## BIG-SIDE LEVEE.

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The following measures have been passed at Big-side  
Levéé:—

- (1.) That the Athletics be held on Easter Monday and  
Tuesday.
- (2.) That a prize be given to the fellow who gets most  
marks in the Little-side runs this term, the com-  
petition to be for fags only.
- (3.) That no one be allowed to take a fives-court, either  
in his own name or any other, for more than one  
hour a day.
- (4.) That no one be allowed to take a fives-court before  
he has answered his name at morning calling-over.
- (5.) That the final tie of the House hand five ties must  
be played off by Easter Tuesday.
- (6.) That the first drawing of these ties must be played  
off by Thursday, March 21st, the second drawing  
by Wednesday, 27th.
- (7.) That Brown's House be made the bye in the first  
drawing.

BIG-SIDE RUNS.

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TUESDAY, FEB. 27TH.—The course was the long Penpole, the great run of the season. The field was as usual very poor, mostly composed of small fellows, some of whom made the running far too early and succumbed after the first four miles. On reaching the Point Cluer and Tylecote were well in front, and Merritt some distance behind them. The hares, not knowing the course properly, kept too much to the left and ran about a mile and a half in the direction of Avonmouth; after crossing the road, they seemed to discover their mistake and struck away to the right over the long stretch of fields. Hitherto the jumps had been easy, at least practicable; but from this point they were decidedly well-chosen and difficult. The order of the hounds was maintained for about three miles more, until Cluer came to grief in a jump and was unable to go on for some minutes. Tylecote then had a good lead, accompanied however with the disadvantage of having to find the very scarce scent. About this part of the run the hares struck on the old course. Cluer soon came gradually up, passing Merritt, and by degrees recovering his position in front. After about two more miles of field work chiefly ploughs, the leading hounds met with a serious check that delayed them about ten minutes, and some of the stragglers came up. The scent was at last found; and when the hounds emerged into the road to Henbury the run home began. Here Merritt, who had been running pluckily all the way, gave up and walked home; about half a mile further on Tylecote followed his example, and Cluer and Tebbs were left alone in front. They ran on at a good rate down to Westbury, but after beginning the uphill work their pace was very moderate, and no attempt was made to force it throughout the remainder of the way. Eventually Cluer came in about 20 yards ahead in the run-in,

seven minutes after the hares, doing the whole run in 1 hour 53 minutes. Owing to the mistake of the hares the distance was about two miles more than last year. George mi. and Ley came in under 15; of the rest of the field no one appeared till just before lock-up:—

*Hares*,—Darley ma. (S.H.) .. 5 h. 1 m. 30 s.  
Hewson (D.H.) .. 5 h. 3 m. 30 s.

*Came in.*

Cluer (S.H.) .. .. 5 h. 8 m. 0 s.  
Tebbs (D.H.) .. .. 5 h. 8 m. 5 s.

*Under Fifteen.*

George mi. (D.H.) .. .. } 5 h. 42 m. 30 s.  
Ley (D.H.) .. .. }

## LITTLE-SIDE RUNS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2ND.—This run was over the bridge. The hares ran down to the Ashton meadows, keeping along the fields by the railway until some way past the village of Long Ashton, and then turned up the hill, running home along Beggars' Bush Lane. The hounds were constantly delayed by loss of scent, and consequently came in rather late:—

*Hares*,—Fowler-Jones (D.H.) } 4 h. 9 m.  
Ley (D.H.) .. .. }

*Came in.*

Robertson ma. (H.H.) .. 4 h. 37 m. 30 s.  
George mi. (D.H.) .. 4 h. 38 m.  
Taylor .. .. 4 h. 38 m. 15 s.  
Teague .. .. 4 h. 39 m. 30 s.  
Trevor mi. (S.H.) .. .. 4 h. 41 m.

# CRICKET.

## TYLECOTE'S SIDE v. BOYLE'S (12 a side.)

*Played on March 7th and 9th.*

### TYLECOTE'S SIDE.

| 1st Innings.                             | 2nd Innings.                 |
|------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| H. G. Tylecote, run out ... ..           | 0 c Read, b. Robinson ... 6  |
| A. R. Cluer, b Robinson ... ..           | 4 b Boyle ... .. 5           |
| Rev. H. J. Wiseman, b Boyle ... ..       | 2 b Robinson ... .. 4        |
| T. W. Lang, c and b Robinson ... ..      | 16 b Boyle ... .. 0          |
| W. C. W. Rawlinson, b Boyle ... ..       | 7 b Robinson ... .. 0        |
| J. Darley, c Key, b Robinson ... ..      | 1 b Boyle ... .. 6           |
| E. C. B. Ford, b Boyle... ..             | 51 c Read, b Bartholomew 2   |
| C. J. Stutfield, c Baxter, b Robinson... | 6 c Pearce, b Robinson ... 3 |
| E. A. Smith, c Boyle, b Robinson ... ..  | 4 b Boyle ... .. 4           |
| C. Strange, b Taylor ... ..              | 11 run out ... .. 0          |
| A. H. Heath, c Read, b Taylor ... ..     | 3 not out ... .. 2           |
| A. E. Carnegie, not out... ..            | 7 sub., b Robinson ... .. 25 |
| Byes 2, w 12 ... ..                      | 14 Byes 3, w 6... .. 9       |
|                                          | <hr/>                        |
|                                          | 122 66                       |

| 1st Innings.                          | BOYLE'S SIDE.               | 2nd Innings. |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------|
| R. P. Washbourne, b Lang... ..        | 0 absent ... ..             | 0            |
| F. M. Bartholomew, c Lang, b Carnegie | 7 b Lang ... ..             | 8            |
| C. W. Boyle, b Lang ... ..            | 6 c Smith, b Lang ... ..    | 6            |
| W. E. Robinson, b Carnegie ... ..     | 14 b Lang ... ..            | 4            |
| H. C. Baxter, b Carnegie ... ..       | 3 b Lang ... ..             | 19           |
| F. Taylor, absent ... ..              | 0 b Stutfield ... ..        | 12           |
| J. Luxton, c Lang, b Carnegie ... ..  | 0 absent ... ..             | 0            |
| R. W. Rücker, c Ford, b Lang ... ..   | 5 c Ford, b Lang ... ..     | 2            |
| R. A. Read, b Lang ... ..             | 0 b Stutfield ... ..        | 4            |
| D. Pearce, c Ford, b Carnegie ... ..  | 3 not out ... ..            | 5            |
| R. E. Bush, not out ... ..            | 1 absent ... ..             | 0            |
| J. Key, st Tylecote, b Lang... ..     | 1 b Stutfield ... ..        | 1            |
| Byes 0, w 1 ... ..                    | 7 Byes 3, 1 b 4, w 4 ... .. | 11           |
|                                       | <hr/>                       |              |
|                                       | 47 72                       |              |

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CLIFTONIAN."

DEAR SIR,—I wish with your permission to correct an error appearing in my paper on "Dialectical Regeneration." A late member of Winchester School tells me that the term "splice a hoggis" is wrong, it should be "splice a *hollis*," and the phrase originated from the name of a house occupied by a Mr. Hollis, from which Wykehamists, it seems, used to get small stones to fling. I quoted the phrase at two years' memory, and at the time of writing the paper knew no Wykehamist in the neighbourhood to correct it by.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

E. BEAN.



END OF VOL. II.





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